

The Australian

Over 830,000 Copies Sold Every Week

# Women's Weekly

PRICE

15c

New Zealand 15c  
New Guinea 33c  
Malaysia \$1.00

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

August 16, 1967

Announcing  
our spectacular  
**SPRING FASHION  
PARADES...**

Pages 28-29

16-page lift-out  
**CITRUS  
COOK BOOK**

A look at  
the lives of  
**TWIGGY and  
THE SHRIMP**





Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 33c; New Zealand, 15c; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne 3001.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 489P, G.P.O., Brisbane 4001.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide 5001.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth 6001.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compres Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 81-83 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

AUGUST 16, 1967

Vol. 35, No. 12

## OUR COVER

● Topflight New York designers Geoffrey Beene and Adri designed these two elegant, springlike float fashions for evening. Both designs are in organza with contrast applique motifs, and show all the chic and verve for which American couture is justly famous. These garments are part of our Vogue International Fashion Collection which will be seen in parades in Sydney and Melbourne (see pages 28, 29).

## CONTENTS

### SPECIAL FEATURES

Twiggy and The Shrimp . . . 3-5  
CITRUS COOK BOOK  
Centre lift-out

### REGULAR FEATURES

Compact . . . 17  
Australian Almanac . . . 23  
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain,  
Ross Campbell . . . 26  
Travellers' Tales . . . 33  
Teenagers' Weekly . . . 35, 36  
House of the Week . . . 44, 45  
Stars . . . 57  
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 67

### FICTION

Out of the West, Gillette  
Jones . . . 46  
Stirling's Folly, Louis  
Auchincloss . . . 49  
Pride, R. W. Alexander . . . 59  
Try Again, Irma Schmidt . . . 65

### FASHION

Bridal Fashions are Pace-  
setters . . . 25  
Spring Fashion Parades . . . 28, 29  
Fashion Frocks . . . 54  
Needlework Notions . . . 64  
Butterick Patterns . . . 67

### HOME AND FAMILY

Gardening: Beautiful  
Peonies . . . 39  
Family Affairs . . . 41  
Collectors' Corner . . . 42  
Recipe Contest . . . 43  
Prize Recipe, Home Hints . . . 53  
Abroad with Margaret  
Sydney . . . 55  
Transfer . . . 66

# War — from Israeli air-raid shelter

● Christine Wherrett, the 23-year-old daughter of a Tamworth (N.S.W.) doctor, saw the heartbreak and triumph of the Middle East war. She was working in an Israeli kibbutz when the conflict started.



● Christine Wherrett, of Tamworth, who was caught up in the Israeli-Arab war.

CHRISTINE, who returned to Sydney last month, said that except for a brief interlude of panic, she had never doubted the Israel victory.

"From our shelter, we could hear the explosions, the firing, the tanks rumbling past over our heads and we felt proud of the men who were going bravely into the very teeth of the Syrian attack," she said.

"The tough, wonderful spirit of the Israelis, their fierce independence, their patriotism expressed so violently in their songs were so infectious that, although I am not a member of their faith, I felt I belonged to their country."

Christine, a vocational guidance officer in Sydney, decided 18 months ago to have a look at the world.

After touring Europe, she went to England, where, for a few months, she taught in an East End secondary girls'

school, which, she said, was "quite an experience." "After the first week, I felt I had learnt a lot about human nature and heard every swear word that had ever been invented," she said.

When the time came for her to return home, Christine arranged to break her journey in Israel and work in a kibbutz.

## Work for keep

"The Israeli kibbutz, run like a collective farm, attracts a lot of temporary workers," she said. "You work for your keep and food and have plenty of free time in which to look around."

"The agency in Tel Aviv sent me to the Mahanayim kibbutz in upper Galilee, about three or four miles from the Syrian border. I arrived there about three weeks before the war started."

"Accommodation for temporary workers consisted of a single bedroom in a group of little buildings. The permanent occupants live in two

rooms, living and bedroom. They are not lush apartments by any means, but the warmth of the people overrides that.

"The floors are concrete, the beds hard, and the washing facilities a little primitive, but if you adapt yourself — and I did — it is a most enjoyable life."

"We started our daily eight hours' work at 5 a.m. and finished at 1 p.m., giving us the afternoons free."

"The first week I spent my eight hours a day ironing. But for the rest of the time, until war started, I was out in the orchards, picking pears, apples, talking, singing, and laughing with the other workers. It was really good fun."

"The temporary workers I met were most interesting and from all walks of life. Just before the war started — and during it — many apparently had left their jobs at a moment's notice to come over and help."

"One young man had been an English TV scriptwriter; a French boy had been studying medicine."

"We were well fed. Breakfast and lunch consisted of tomatoes, cucumber, lettuce, cottage cheese, boiled eggs, bread, and a kind of thin yoghurt."

"Dinner was a stew or sausages with vegetables and noodles or spaghetti. Our one occasional luxury was halva, a sort of sweet made from crushed nuts."

"Our first indication of trouble was when the Army suddenly moved in around us a week after I arrived."

"No one really worried about the move. The atmosphere was so calm, so happy, that you just couldn't imagine war, but when Nasser blocked the Gulf of Aqaba, people did become a little panicky."

"We listened to the news every half-hour and many of the temporary workers got telegrams from home sending them money to return quickly."

"Then all the tourists started leaving Israel and I thought I should go, too. I went to Tel Aviv to try to get on a plane, but none was available."

"A week later, when things settled down, I managed to book a seat on a plane, but, by this time, I didn't want it. I had made plenty of friends in the kibbutz and in the Army and

they kept telling me that everything would be all right."

"Israel, they said, was well supplied with food, the Army was well equipped, and they were sure the Arabs couldn't reach us. So back I went to Mahanayim."

"On the day war broke out, I had made arrangements to go to Eilat for a few days, so that when there was an urgent knock on my door I just called out, 'I'm not working today, I'm going to Eilat, let me sleep!'"

"Back came a voice saying, 'You are not going to Eilat. You are going down into the air-raid shelter. War has been declared.'"

"We stayed in the shelter for only about half an hour. We had been sent there as a precaution against the Syrians attacking at the same time as the Arabs."

"I didn't think very normally during that period. I rushed off to Tel Aviv to find the streets deserted and planes buzzing overhead — ours or the enemy's, I couldn't tell — so I hopped into a taxi, went to a hotel, and dived into their air-raid shelter to find Ilse Konrads and a friend sitting there."

## Into shelters

"They had tried to get to Eilat that morning, and spent practically all day hopping in and out of slit trenches."

"The following morning, the city was pretty quiet and we heard that all the enemy airfields had been wiped out. Everything was a bit confused, but we thought, well, why bother trying to get out now, so back to Mahanayim again, and Ilse and her friend came with me."

"When the girls arrived, they found Syria had declared war and the people in the kibbutz had moved into the air-raid shelters."

"And that's where we stayed for the next few days, venturing out when it was quiet to have a wash. I was given the chore of washing up."

"We had a direct telephone line to the Army, so we knew what was going on. The at-

mosphere was one of confidence and calm."

"We heard the men going into battle across the Syrian border."

"Ilse Konrads was the most unruffled member of our group all through this. I don't think anything could crack her amazing calmness."

"When hostilities were over, she and her friend decided to stay on in the kibbutz and work to repay its people for the sanctuary given them."

About a week after the war ceased, Christine was taken on a tour of the occupied Syrian territory, where she saw burst boxes of ammunition, "with Russian writing all over them," lying scattered over the ground, burnt-out tanks, damaged and rusting anti-aircraft guns.

"We moved very cautiously along an Israeli track, making sure we didn't come on any landmines, and explored some of the deserted bunkers, where we found political cartoons showing Israel being trampled on by the Arabs," she said.

"A little deserted village stood so forlornly in the sun. You could see its people had hastily grabbed a few belongings and had fled in terror as the fighting drew near."

"But, standing on Syrian soil and looking across to Israel is fascinating—Syria, barren, harsh; Israel, green, lush, and producing."

Just before she left Israel, Christine, with Ilse Konrads, tried to swim in the Dead Sea.

"It is quite a ludicrous experience," she said. "The salt content is so high, you just can't get below the surface — and Ilse really tried. I found you can sit in the sea in the same way you would sit in an armchair."

"Ilse was going to Spain when she left Israel, and then to France to see her brother John, who is swimming instructor at the Club Du Lys, near Paris."

"I felt very sad leaving Israel and all the wonderful people I met."



● Christine with a French medical student on the kibbutz where both were working.





So alike, so different

# TWIGGY

—naive, nice



# The SHRIMP

—a sadness,  
and shrewdness

● The world's best-known international models today are Twiggy and Jean Shrimpton. Yet neither had a thing to start with except long legs and a "look." And neither aimed at fame.

*Their stories are OVERLEAF*

Page 3





Both stories  
by  
**MAUREEN  
CLEAVE**



# SHRIMPTON

• "The hostile, take-it-or-leave-it face of British youth"

A SINGLE photograph of Miss Jean Shrimpton's famous face may cost many hundreds of dollars.

To make it famous, Miss Shrimpton has done little more than wear the clothes required of her, attend a race meeting in Australia with neither hat nor gloves, and have two notable boy-friends: the photographer David Bailey and the actor Terence Stamp.

Her public pronouncements have been dignified but few. Indeed, seldom has anybody been seen so much and heard so little.

"In my profession," she said without bitterness, "you've got to be a failure in the end; Twiggy is now more famous than I, and someone will come after her."

"It's a natural progression, and you have to accept it because you have no option."

She became famous because, through no fault or merit of her own, she was identified with that American fiction *Swinging London*.

People analysed her face and found the essence of *Swinging London* in it; it was the vacant face, the lost face, the hostile face, the take-it-or-leave-it face of British youth.

By nature unsuited for the part in almost every sense, few people can have put so little work into their public image.

She neither drinks nor smokes. She does not take drugs or wear giddy clothes. She is bad at dancing. In the swinging sense, a dull girl.

She is very shy and slightly defensive; she has a disconcerting and socially disastrous habit of saying nothing unless she has something to say.

## Honest, direct

When she made the film "Privilege" with Paul Jones, I don't think she spoke to him until it was time for the bed scene.

"Then I felt I ought to say something," she said.

She is now 24, an extremely likable and engaging person with a circle of totally committed friends who think her beautiful, generous, and intelligent.

She lacks the blinding self-centredness that is often found in the famous. She is simple, honest, and direct.

"I'm 24," she said. "I can't be a virgin, even my father knows that. I hate this sweet virgin thing girls put on."

"My mother will say about someone in the village: 'She's such a nice quiet girl,' and she's not at all."

"She thinks Elizabeth Taylor is immoral; I think she's

probably rather moral. She loves the man and she gives up everything for him, and that's basically right."

As her career has depended entirely on herself, one can only suppose her to be singularly astute.

She has charted her own course with such skill that she need now work on average once a week. Doing commercial work abroad she can earn £500 (\$1250) a day.

She has worked out an enviable life for herself with plenty of leisure among friends in agreeable surroundings.

One could not but admire the way she dealt with the outraged Australians.

"People," said Miss Shrimpton on television, "are more important than clothes, and the people here," she continued, lying in her teeth, "have been marvellous to me."

It was an inspired quote.

She drives a small modern car and she lives in a tiny, sweetly pretty house in Knightsbridge.

She adores the little house, is forever painting it and buying things for it, and she will tell you the price of them all.

She chatted away, eating a stick of Brighton rock, getting some on her hair.

"I had lots of people round this weekend, and, do you know, they ate 16 cremes brulees. I'm trying to learn to cook, but I'm very clumsy. Sometimes I think my fingers are dead."

"It cost 25 quid, that patchwork quilt; I think it just saves the bedroom from being incredibly tarty."

"That flower lavatory was 17 quid, and I got an even nicer one for 14."

"It's nice to earn money, because you can own nice things."

"Clothes don't interest me very much; they don't give you anything, do they?"

"I wish that chrysanthemum wouldn't die; they said in the shop it would last ten days, and I've turned the heating down and everything. Dying under my nose like that, it does depress me."

"The house is a great consolation to me."

"One has to be careful with the front door, though. Some little boys came and said could they go to the lavatory, and when they'd gone I found they'd snatched my purse."

"In fact, Knightsbridge is a bit smart for me. I really did want to live near Camden Town; it's more homely, and you have the market and that lovely pet shop."

When she talks her face is much more animated than is usual with models.

Indeed, one is much less conscious of the visual beauty

of her face than of her physical presence, her sheer, healthy, physical perfection; she has a remarkable walk, full of grace and energy, and she is flawlessly made.

"My body," she said, "gives me no trouble at all; it's like a good animal — it sleeps well at night."

Her parents, with whom she has Saturday lunch — she has Sunday lunch with Terence Stamp's parents in Plaistow — live in Buckinghamshire on a farm; her father is a builder risen, as his daughter will tell you, from plumber's mate.

"I get on with my father. When I first met Bailey he did not speak to me for a year."

"Bailey had a wife, and my father thought that if I got pregnant he would be gone; but when he realised he loved me it was all right."

"I agreed with my father, really; parents can't sponsor something they think is disastrous."

"You can't expect them to condone love affairs, and



• Terence Stamp

deep down they're right. I wouldn't wish my children

"But they realise now that my way of life isn't so wrong."

"I would like to have children, and I would hope to be very close to them; but how do you bring up a girl? You can advise her, but you can't prove it to her."

"Boys are easier."

She is devoted to her mother.

The Shrimpton girls went to a convent near Slough; the nuns thought Jean quite clever enough to go to the university, but she left with eight 0 levels to do typing.

Her dead fingers ruled out any progress with typing, and she became a model.

"The minute I see a beautiful woman," she said, "I look down at her legs. I like beautiful women."

"I like to look at them because their faces have a certain sadness, even if it's only because they're losing their looks."

"I have double chins and bags under my eyes, but I

would never dream of doing anything about it."

"Crumbs, if I can't learn to live with my age, I've really failed, haven't I?"

In one sense alone did she strike a genuine contemporary chord; she was, when you come to think of it, the first of her generation to admit openly that she lived out of wedlock with a man; in those days even film stars maintained they were just good friends.

"I couldn't see the point in lying about it," she said.

"At the time Bailey and I were going to get married and I couldn't bear the hypocrisy of lying."

"I was with him for three years and everything was fascinating and new. If life isn't super from the ages of 17 to 20 something is wrong."

"It was all very lyrical; we lived in a hovel with holes in the ceiling."

"There was one room and I had the bed and Bailey had the sleeping-bag on the floor."

"All we ever ate was sausage, egg, and chips."

"We had dogs and three lovebirds and it was my fairytale."

"But the nice things, you lose them; you can't ever hold on to anything that's super."

One thing she slightly regrets is having known so few men.

"I've only known two in my life," she said.

"But, in fact, I like to share myself with someone. I think fidelity is important."

"This country is terribly immoral nowadays. But I couldn't be one of those girls who get kicked out in the mornings."

"So many kids hang round these pop groups; the girls get into the beds and they don't care who gets in with them. I don't condemn them. I think it's sad."

"It's friendship that counts through in the end, though. Terry and I are much more friendly than ever now."

She has, as you will have guessed, a romantic nature with a Victorian emphasis on sadness; a sadness that is to be found in her own face.

"Sadness is such an appealing thing; small boys have more than little girls; you saw it in 'Lord of the Flies' — those tough little faces with wispy blond hair."

One is hardly surprised to find her fond of "Ten of the d'Urbervilles."

"I marked a passage in that," she said.

"Do you remember when the girls in their muslin skirts come to the water and Angel Clare has to carry them across? And their skirts got caught in the hedge and the butterflies fly out and get caught in the muslin. Can anything be more beautiful?"





# TWIGGY

• "I expect I'll marry Justin. Losing him would be like losing my hair"

**T**WIGGY'S real name is Lesley Hornby.

She has two sisters called Shirley and Vivienne, and she lives—as she has lived all her life—with her devoted family in a small house in Neasden, in North-West London.

Her father is a studio carpenter. In Twiggy's opinion, the job has advantages:

"Say they're doing chocolate: Have-a-break-have-a-bite; well, they might have to break 50 bars of chocolate to do that and my dad can bring all those bars home—fifty bars."

It is an ordinary little house with an ordinary little garden in which Twiggy spent the childhood of an ordinary little girl.

She played with dolls and prams, and on Sundays they would go out for a drive in the car. "We always had a nice drive Sundays," Twiggy said.

When she was 11, her mother taught her dress-making; when she was 13 she wore white socks and hated boys; when she was 14—and this is the whole point about Twiggy—she became a mod.

Her idols were the Beatles. She went to dances with a gang of girlfriends wearing fitted suits with mid-calf, tight, tight skirts, nylon macs, and soft flat shoes.

She had one boyfriend who after a week stood her up.

When she was 15 she met Justin de Villeneuve, who bowed low and called her Little Princess. This was the outstanding event of Twiggy's girlhood.

The London "Daily Express" printed a picture of her face and said it was the face of 1966. Twiggy sat on her bed and cried for joy.

When she was 16 she became a model; when she was 17 she became a household word.

There is no need to put this in a nutshell, because this is all that ever happened to Twiggy.

Yet tailor's dummies in shop windows now look like Twiggy; the girls in the street look like Twiggy.

This is because she represents the finest flowering of the English female mod.

She is an exaggerated and fascinating version of the skinny mod shape, with long arms, no curves.

Twiggy is now 17½. She has the most beautiful complexion; it is said with awe in the fashion world that no spot has ever been seen on it.

There are a few freckles, and the Almighty himself must have decided their delicate placing.

She has large, very dark blue eyes, fine wrists, and a wonderfully slender neck.

She is not, in the normal sense of the word, thin. She is not scrawny or scraggy.

She is strangely without vanity; her only concern is that her cheeks are too fat; she spends a lot of time pinching them in the hope of making them gaunt.

Let it be said at once that she has the sweetest, most generous, most trusting nature in the world. Pity their simplicity, it says in the hymn, but simplicity is Twiggy's forte.

She roars with laughter; she describes vividly how she was sick in the night.

Though she is not a Cockney, she has a Cockney accent of such richness and ripeness that the Americans understandably confuse her with Eliza Doolittle. "Look," she said confidentially, "Olive stopped bitin' my nyles."

She says "Eh?" and "Pardon?" when she doesn't hear, and "Wot a cheek," and "You rotten thing," and "BEAST" when she doesn't like what she does hear.



• Justin de Villeneuve

She has a monstrous appetite but, in spite of the smart restaurants she visits, an unsophisticated taste in food.

My trout arrived at lunch-time in its entirety.

"Oh," said Twiggy faintly, "it's got the head on. You're not going to eat it, are you?"

Her favorite taste is licorice. She rarely reads.

She believes that home is best. "I love my mum and dad," she said.

She staggers home laden with presents from Dior; hand-embroidered nighties and negligees for her mother, hand-made underwear for her sister.

She buys her own underwear from the children's department of Marks and Spencers.

She is exactly the right sort of person to be a celebrity because, her perceptions undulled by learning, she enjoys it all so much.

"Look, look," she mutters with winks and nudges, in case you miss the name Twiggy on the doormat.

She was thrilled by

America, where her body-guard was an ex-Mr. Universe; thrilled to discover that Mr. Universe's arm was fatter than her waist.

She is thrilled by the white car a firm lent her.

In fact, going for a drive is still Twiggy's idea of a good time. What would she do that evening?

"I think we'll go for a nice drive, won't we, Justin?" she said.

The secret of Twiggy's niceness is, of course, Justin.

Twiggy can afford to be innocent only because Justin is worldly; Twiggy can be childish only because Justin is grown-up.

He fights every battle, makes every decision, takes the blame—even for her thinness. (Old ladies write him letters saying he must not deprive Twiggy of soup and porridge.)

Twiggy thinks the light shines out of him.

"When I'm 25," she said, with easy confidence, "I expect I'll marry Justin. I could not imagine life without him. It would be like losing my hair."

The precise nature of their relationship has long baffled the fashion world; it should be sinister; instead it is playful, happy, and touching.

They tease each other, play fisticuffs. "You saw him do that, didn't you?" demands Twiggy.

She sits on his lap and he makes quacking noises down the back of her neck.

He is fascinated by her, and as protective as an old hen.

"I did a bit of modelling, and I know the heartbreak," he said.

"Who's got the most handsome boyfriend in the world? Tell her, Twigs."

"Me," cried Twiggy, and kissed his hand.

Justin de Villeneuve is 27. His real name is Nigel John Davies.

He is of sturdy and compact build and good-looking, with sloping green eyes and bushy hair.

His suits come from Paris (a cream gabardine one, the day I was there, with lemon shirt and spotty tie) and he likes gadgets in silver from Tiffany's—a silver telephone dialler, for instance.

He has his little eccentricities, such as the glass of sweet sherry his secretary brings him every afternoon on the dot of five.

He has done things like hairdressing, modelling, and interior decorating. He has been married but separated from his wife for some time.

Eight years ago he changed his name to go with the interior decorating. "They didn't have this working class thing going at that time, you see," he said.

His father is a bricklayer.

He claims—and his success and the number of his enemies would seem to bear him out—to be a very tough businessman indeed.

Justin met Twiggy when she worked part-time in a hairdresser's on Saturday mornings to earn money to go dancing on Saturday nights. She was still at school.

Whether on first sight he treasured up some grand design for her is not known, but he took her out for nine months before he suggested she have her hair cut.

## Worth a million

The hairdresser cut her hair, summoned a photographer to take her picture, and put the picture on the wall of his salon. The "Daily Express" borrowed these pictures and said they were of the face of 1966...

Justin, Twiggy, and Twiggy's father now own, in three equal parts, Twiggy Enterprises Ltd. This combines with other companies and becomes things like Twiggywigs, or Taramina Textiles.

There are Twiggy dresses all over the world, including Zambia and Hong Kong. Justin reckons she is worth—to quote a round figure—a million English pounds.

With or without him—and let there be no mistake about this—Twiggy would have been a fine model.

One thing Twiggy knows about is clothes, and the grandest magazines want her for their grandest dresses.

The range of expression on her face, that knowing look in her eyes, Twiggy has got from heaven only knows where.

She can look sexy, vampish, hostile, arrogant because—one can only assume—she has seen people look like that on television.

The child of the television age, she has effortlessly soaked it up.

"When you put on a ball dress," said Twiggy, who is hopeless at explaining it, "you try to walk all dainty. You act the part."

She carries on as she did before.

She goes to bed at 10.30 with her old mongrel dog at her feet. She washes her hair in her bath twice a week.

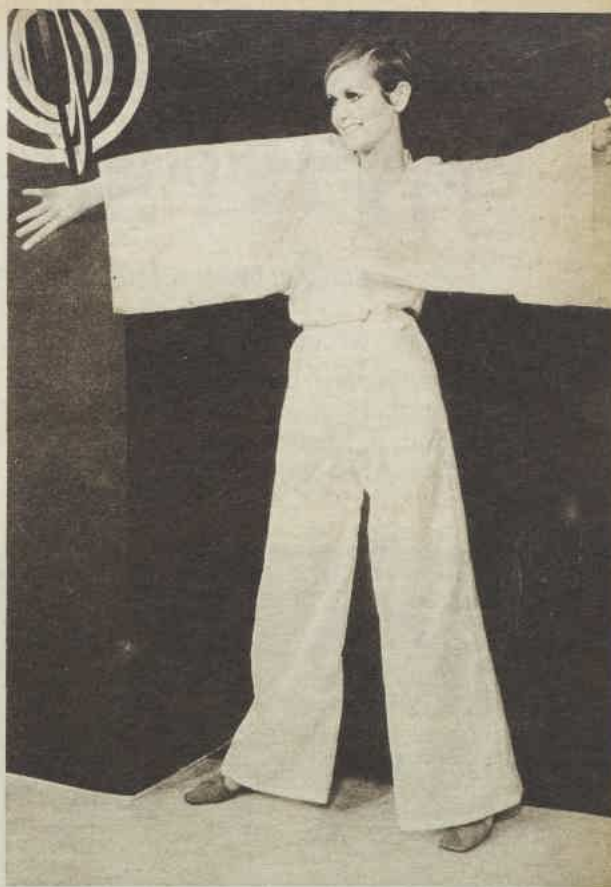
She spends her pocket-money on records and sweets. She helps Justin choose his suits, and abandons her future to his care.

She doesn't mind the thought of growing old.

"I believe in God," Twiggy said.

"I don't," said Justin. "Just-IN," cried Twiggy, genuinely shocked. "Justin, you know you wouldn't be here if it weren't for God."

"Yes, all right," Justin said.





# **NEW!** Sunsilk Vitamin shampoo

*conditions hair to glowing health, controls dandruff with regular use.*

Sunsilk Vitamin Shampoo—and only Sunsilk Vitamin—contains HEXANTHENOL. Hexanthenol is an active vitamin medication that works in two ways. Its active vitamin conditions hair, makes it positively glow with health. Its effective medication controls dandruff. Your hair will shine

as never before when you shampoo with Sunsilk Vitamin. Sunsilk Vitamin Shampoo is available in glass bottles, the shatterproof clear plastic Shower Pack or the new twist-top bubble. There's a Sunsilk Shampoo for every type of hair to make it soft, shining, manageable.







# "Mamma Lena," her people say, "please talk to me tonight"

● Mrs. Lena Gustin broadcasting to Australia's Italian community. They send her 300 to 400 letters a day.

THE record starts to spin on the turntable, the needle comes across and down, and voices sing softly, "Mamma Lena, Mamma Lena . . ." The orchestra picks up the tune, the rhythm quickens to a rumba, a male voice starts singing in Italian.

Just another good Italian dance number? So you would think unless you understood the words. For the song was written in honor of Sydney woman Mrs. Lena Gustin, known to Italian migrants as Mamma Lena, the woman who brings them news from home.

Mrs. Gustin has been broadcasting to the Italian community of Australia for ten years. As well as her daily news reports, she has two evening programs a week.

In these, against a background of nostalgic music, she talks about Italy, passes on messages between relatives and friends, and gives advice to Italians newly arrived in Australia.

The song, "Mamma Lena," by Nino Cavallero, expresses the feelings of her listeners. It goes:

"Mamma Lena, you bring hope to our hearts and lessen our sorrows and nostalgia; you bring hope that we will see Italy again some day . . . Mamma Lena, please talk to me again tonight with your sincere voice which sounds like the voice of an angel . . . You are the mother of all Italians."

The record can be found already in more than 1000 Italian homes. But it is not only for her cheering words over the radio that Lena is loved.

For the past eight years

she has worked as a voluntary delegate for an Italian organisation, ANFE (National Association for Family Migration).

She has interpreted for new arrivals, taken them to hospitals, explained medical benefits and insurance schemes, pointed out Australian laws and customs, and helped in the many other difficulties a family in a new country faces.

Praise of her work flowed back to Italy, where her

I sat in on Lena's three-hour Monday night program, "Arrivederci Roma."

As I listened, she talked to her Italians about Italy and its people, played requests, and passed on messages. (Her programs are bilingual, with another announcer giving the English version.)

She came to a letter appealing to a young Italian who had not written to his father in Italy for three years.

they have lived in an unpretentious bungalow with their two children.

We sipped liqueurs to take the chill off the winter's night while Lena and Dino told me about their work.

Dino was a journalist and program producer in Italy, and so produces her radio show. He also manages a travel agency in Petersham.

"I could not handle it all without Dino," Lena said, smiling fondly at him.

Lena gets on with her busy day at home.

Sometimes Italians will ring and ask if they can see her to talk about their problems.

Her news program is at 6.30 p.m., and on Mondays and Wednesdays this is followed by her three-hour program. Then Lena and Dino come home and read through their letters, discuss program ideas, select records, and prepare notes.

At 10 p.m. they switch

friends, but we never have the time," said Dino. "We have never been on a holiday together. For our 25th wedding anniversary, Christmas two years ago, we all took two days off at Bondi Beach."

Lena and Dino are proud of the way their children have adapted. Rosalba is a third-year Arts student and Robert has started a mechanical engineering course.

But the first years in Australia were a struggle for the whole family.

For 18 months they shared a home with a German family in Bankstown. "We got on very well," Lena said. "No one spoke English, we did not speak German, and they could not speak Italian, so there were no quarrels."

Lena was a university graduate fluent in French and Spanish and Dino was a journalist, but because neither of them spoke English they could not get work for the first six months here.

"We knew we had to expect this and were prepared to take unskilled work to get started," Lena said. "Dino's first job was in a factory."

"I thoroughly enjoyed my work in a coffee shop. There I learnt English and was able to observe Australian customs. I still consider my 18 months there as the best education I ever had."

Although their present busy life excludes such things as holidays and other luxuries, neither Dino nor Lena would change it.

"If Lena had put all her energies into a fruit shop or something, we would have been rich by now," Dino laughed. "But instead we are happy."

—BARBARA MARTYN

Page 7

## In Australia she's "the mother of all Italians"

former countrymen recently honored her with the Cross of the Cavaliere, Italy's second highest award. Only five or six women possess it.

When I called on Mamma Lena at station 2CH her green eyes twinkled as she acknowledged her nickname.

"Recently I got a letter from Italy addressed to 'Signora Lena Gustin, Mother of Italians, Sydney,'" she said.

"The Post Office was stumped and sent it to the Italian Consulate, who forwarded it to me."

Lena appealed: "Come now, just a little effort. Think of what it will mean to your father—it will lift that anguish and worry which must be in his heart."

At the end of the program a telephone call came from a cafe proprietor, who said the boy was there working for him and had promised to write.

Mamma Lena smiled her satisfaction.

She and her husband, Dino, invited me to their home the next evening for a further talk. For nine of their 11 years in Australia

She turned to me with a laugh and said, "We are a little unusual, we have been married 27 years and we are still in love. Perhaps it is because we have been so busy trying to help other people we have had no time to quarrel."

Their day is a long one. They rise in time to hear the 6.45 a.m. news from Italy on a radio installed at their home by 2CH. They combine the Italian news with general and local news.

Dino then goes to work at his travel agency while

on to hear the midday radio news from Italy. (Sydney is nine hours ahead.)

At about 11 p.m. their son, Robert (19), and daughter, Rosalba (21), both now at university, return from studying in the libraries, and the family have their dinner and "together time" before retiring.

(Work and study give them little time to be together, but they cherish that time and are a close family.)

"We keep saying we will build a better home and go on holidays like our



● Lena and husband Dino sort through new records for the program.



● A powerful radio installed in her home brings daily news from Italy.





# All eyes are on

## METTERS

## fiesta



MODEL: LF20

# METTERS

### METTERS LIMITED:

- 154 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
- MERIVALE STREET, SOUTH BRISBANE, QLD.
- MAIN ROAD, MOONAH, TASMANIA

- GORDON STREET, FOOTSCRAY, VIC.
- MANCHESTER STREET, HILTON, S.A.
- SALVADO ROAD, WEMBLEY, W.A.



## Make meal time 'fiesta' time

All five of the exciting new 1967 Fiesta models are packed with time and effort-saving features—from the LF12's ringer/timer to the automatic rotisserie on the luxurious LF20. Fiesta brings elegance and efficiency to your kitchen—here are just some of the wonderful labour-saving features:

- ★ **Swept-up back, recessed cooking top**—wipes clean in seconds—stops messy over-edge spilling.
- ★ **Snap-out elements**—elements come right out with a flick of the wrist. Elements and cooking top cleaned in seconds.
- ★ **Push-button Grillelevator**—automatic grill tray adjustment. Push the button to Hi, Lo or Midway for perfect grilling every time.
- ★ **Plate warmer**—a roomy compartment warms plates and keeps already cooked foods hot.
- ★ **Spatter-free rotisserie**—automatically cooks meat and poultry evenly—retaining all the delicious natural flavours.
- ★ **Lift-off door**—lightweight door lifts right off quickly and easily—and goes on again just as simply.

There are FIVE sparkling new 1967 Fiesta models. One of them is right for you—and so is the price. See the complete range now at your nearest Metters retailer or Council Showroom.

4070/PFC



# HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF MISERABLE

## The telephone as an instrument of self-torture

WHETHER you're going to call a man for a date or whether you're going to wait to be called, why not take a moment to ponder what a marvellous aid to anxiety the telephone actually is.

If you're waiting for an important call, you can neither leave the house nor call anybody else in the meantime, or else you'll miss it.

The telephone effectively strips your personality of all its non-audio charm — all smiles and winks and other facial expressions that help to convey subtlety and clarify your meaning — and heaven help you if you don't have a beautiful voice.

Then, too, when you speak on the telephone you never know quite what's going on at the other end of the line. You can't see the facial expressions of whom ever you're talking to, so you really never know where you are with them.

Perhaps they're bored. Or dripping wet. Perhaps they've put the receiver down and walked away. Perhaps someone else is with them, listening to what you're saying, and they're exchanging funny faces and other signals, and they can scarcely contain their laughter about what you say.

Perhaps you're saying something unflattering about someone and just at that moment his line gets crossed with yours and he overhears everything you say.

With all this in mind, let us now proceed to the actual grisly business of telephoned invitations for dates.

## Waiting for a phone call

How can you make yourself miserable while you wait for the young man's call, and perhaps even discourage him from asking you out once he does call?

Begin by assuming that, if the young man is going to call you, it will be on the day after the party, some time after work. But (and this is your first anxiety) does he know how late you work?

He doesn't. Suppose he calls shortly after 5 p.m. and again at about 5.30 and he doesn't find you in either time because you work till 5.30 and don't get home till 6. Will he try again at 6?

Maybe he won't. After all, an attractive man like that doesn't need to spend all his time calling up girls who aren't ever home. Maybe you should leave work at 5, just to be on the safe side. But

what if you should get tied up in traffic?

Maybe you should sneak out at 4.30. Better yet, why not say you're sick and take the whole afternoon off? That way you'll be sure to be home when he calls.

That is the next step, then: You must take off the entire afternoon and wait for his call. Station yourself right next to the telephone and don't leave it for a second. Needless to say, by the end of the evening, he will not have called.

What a fool you were to think he'd call. As if you were the only girl in town he'd ever asked for a telephone number.

Still, he did ask for your number and he did say, "I'll call you." The fact that he did ask must have meant he was at least considering calling you — at least at the moment he asked for your number.

Maybe you said something between the time he asked for your number and the time he said goodnight — something which disgusted him.

Probably all you said was, "It was nice meeting you." Surely there's nothing wrong with telling a person it was nice meeting him.

And yet, you never know. Giving him your number and telling him it was nice meeting him might have been pushy.

Maybe he just asked you for your number so he could get away from you gracefully.

Not a bad little anxiety. But here's a better one:

Maybe he's been trying to call you all night and the phone hasn't rung because it's out of order.

You must find out if this is true. Pick up the phone — don't be disappointed when you hear a dial tone. Just because you hear a dial tone doesn't mean your phone is working. You must conduct a more conclusive test.

Call a girlfriend. When she answers, say, "Don't ask me to explain, just call me right back," then hang up. Don't be dismayed when she calls you right back.

This is the moment for your anxiety: Maybe he was trying to call you while you were checking to see if the phone was working and he got a busy signal.

Enough anxieties for a single night. Go to bed.

The next day, decide he's never going to call and don't leave work till the regular time. Just as you

arrive home and are about to open your door, you might hear the phone ring.

Scramble frantically for your keys. Your purse will fall to the ground, but you'll get the key into the door while the phone is still ringing; you'll just have time to race across the room, trip on the rug, and pick up the receiver as the ringing stops.

This is the moment to decide that you don't care if he ever calls — that you're not going to spend the rest of your life glued to a lousy telephone just because some half-wit said he might call you.

Just go about your normal evening routine. If he calls, fine; if not, that will be fine, too.

Make yourself dinner. Wash your hair. Do everything you would normally do if you were just staying home and not expecting anyone to call. But turn off the water in the tub and switch off the dryer every four minutes because you thought you heard the phone ring.

Maybe the reason he

hasn't called you is that he simply hasn't been home.

Maybe you should look up his number in the phone book and just give him a call, and if he isn't home you'll know that's probably why he wasn't calling you, and if he is home you can just hang up.

This is not a good idea. Here is a better one: Maybe you gave him the wrong phone number. After all, how often do you call your own number? You might have got it wrong — reversed the last two digits or something. And if he did call and found out you'd given him the wrong number he probably thought you did it on purpose.

The poor man! What can you do? You can call him. Look up his number in the phone book. You find it, but now you have another problem — there are three people listed with the same name.

What a fool you'll sound, trying to find out if you've called the right one: "Are you the person who took my incorrect telephone number at a party the other night?"

This is clearly not the way to go about it. What you must do is dial each one in turn, strike up a conversation based on something you discussed at the party, and then, if it's the wrong man, you can just hang up, and it won't be that embar-

assing because he won't know who you are. Unless, of course, all three of them are cousins.

This is an absurd anxiety. Go ahead and call, just as you planned.

But while you're getting up the nerve to call, the phone rings. It's him! Start to reach for the receiver, then check your hand in mid-air. Why pick it up on the first ring? Do you want him to know how anxious you are? Let it ring twice. Better yet, let it ring three times. Now pick it up.

And there's nobody there. How do you feel now — letting him get away when he finally got home and called you! Now you surely have to call him. Quickly, before he leaves the house again!

Try the first number. And you're in luck — it's the right man!

Tell him who it is. Say, "Did you just now try to call me?" There will be silence. "I'm afraid not," he'll say.

Isn't it wonderful? You

have now mastered the basic rules of telephone-torture in a man-woman situation.

one where the person invited cannot accept without placing himself in a humiliating position. Here are two variations of this form:

(1) "What are you doing Saturday night?"

(2) "Do you have any plans for Saturday night?"

The only way to accept such an invitation is to reply:

"I don't have a thing to do Saturday night unless you ask me out."

The person replying also faces the danger that the question wasn't an invitation at all, but merely a casual inquiry into his popularity.

Once it has been established that the person you are inviting is willing to accept your invitation, the final step is to make whatever you have planned sound as unappealing as possible.

Thus:

(1) "Some girls I know are throwing a party, and they're creeps, but it might not be that bad. Do you want to go?"

(2) "My uncle gave me these two free tickets to this concert, which will probably be pretty boring. Do you have any interest in going?"

when it's more convenient. Or would you prefer that I didn't bother you at all?"

There are two effective types of rejection-inducing invitations.

(1) The invitation that hasn't been extended far enough in advance for the person you're inviting to accept, even if he wants to go:

"Can you go to a New Year's Eve party — tonight?"

(2) The invitation that has been extended so far in advance that the person you are inviting cannot gracefully decline if he doesn't want to go:

"Can you go to a movie with me three weeks from Thursday?"

We prefer the latter invitation, since it has the added advantage of displaying a lack of confidence so degrading that it taints anyone who might accept it.

Which brings us to form.

The proper form for a rejection-inducing invitation is

have to face the ordeal of going out.

There's still some hope for you, however. You may still be able to ruin the evening, have a miserable time, and make certain that your date will never take you out again.

How to accomplish this task?

## Ten ways to kill a good evening

(1) Don't be ready when your date arrives. Make him wait at least a half-hour — especially if he is anxious to get to a play or film at a specific time.

If you live alone, make him wait in the hall. Otherwise, see to it that he is entertained by your room-mate, your parents, or any shaggy, friendly pet which will leave hairs of a contrasting color on his suit.

(2) Kill any plan for the evening that your date suggests: Thus:

KILL 1:

"You want to go dancing?" "I'm not a very good dancer."

KILL 2:

"Would you like to see a play?" "I never understand them."

KILL 3:

"How about having Chinese food?"

"Chinese food doesn't agree with me."

(3) Tell him you are desperate to get married and what type of religious education you expect your children to have.

(4) Talk about your own faults or his. Criticise him for smoking or drinking, or for not smoking or drinking.

(5) Talk about psychoanalysis. Tell him about your own if you're in it, and urge him to get into it, too. If he's already in analysis and you aren't, make fun of him and urge him to get out of it.

(6) Make fun of any romantic gesture your date makes.

(7) Quiz him about any female who walks by and says hello.

(8) Talk about anybody else you've gone out with, are going out with, or would like to go out with.

(9) In a restaurant, ask your date for a bite of whatever he is eating. After you receive it, wait 60 seconds and ask for another. Then another. Sooner or later, even the most passionate of men will petrify at your requests — rejection will be inevitable.

Reprinted from "How to Make Yourself Miserable," published by Random House, Inc., U.S.A.

## Will he call to ask you out? Should you call him? And how to make sure he'll refuse the invitation.

## Opening remarks for telephone calls

There are two types of opening remarks for any call in which you plan to be rejected: Primary Opening Remarks and Secondary Opening Remarks.

Here are two acceptable forms for Primary Opening Remarks:

(1) "You won't remember me, but —"

(2) "You'll never guess who this is."

Both remarks are excellent setups for rejections. They both suggest you're so unmemorable that the person you're calling won't ever guess who you are.

A good Secondary or Follow-up Remark is one which gives the person you're calling the best possible chance to avoid talking to you. Thus:

(1) "I guess I'm calling at a bad time, huh?"

(2) "You sound like you were just walking out the door."

(3) "I'll bet I caught you right in the middle of dinner, didn't I?"

(4) "I'll bet I woke you out of a sound sleep."

(5) "Do you have a moment to talk now? Should I call back some other time

## The ordeal of actually going out

If, despite the stratagems offered above, you've got yourself a date, then you



She is a "thoroughly modern" flapper now

# LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO



MILLIE the small-town girl (Julie Andrews) arrives in New York and makes friends with Dorothy (centre), played by Mary Tyler Moore. The lift in the Priscilla Hotel for Single Young Ladies, they find, responds to stamping, goes best to a tap-dance.



## JULIE ANDREWS

● "Thoroughly Modern Millie," Julie Andrews' sixth movie and third musical film, soon to be released, is a gay send-up of the flappers-and-jazz era when young people acted almost as crazy as today.

The "modern girl," the mod of the times, is a racy figure trying to live 1923 before it gets there, and wearing glad-rags with beads hanging straight in front and down to here. It's the age of bobbed hair, bee-stung lips, buried bosoms, bathtub gin. Into it walks the hopeful Millie, who has come to New York to learn its ways and find a job with a marriageable boss. The story moves as erratically as the charleston, with some old and new songs and satirical glances at silent-film techniques. Millie

and a girlfriend, Dorothy, are unaware that their landlady dabbles in the white-slave traffic as a useful sideline. A young man, Jimmy, flies the girls to a weekend party flung by a frenzied Long Island widow. Finally there's an abduction and a chase, and virtue and jazz-style love triumph over all.

Dorothy is played by Mary Tyler Moore, for the last five years Dick Van Dyke's TV wife, Jimmy by James Fox; the widow by hilarious Carol Channing, the white-slaver landlady by Beatrice Lillie, returning to films after 22 years and stealing scenes after scene.

Ross Hunter produced the film for Universal. The team of Sammy Cahn and Jimmy van Heusen wrote the new songs.

JIMMY (James Fox) flies Millie and Dorothy to a rich friend's party. This scene is a satire on a satire—a deliberate allusion to "Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines," in which Fox had such an amusing role. The action is set in 1922.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1967





BEATRICE LILLIE as Millie's landlady, manager of the Hotel for Single Young Ladies and white-slaver on the side, gets her comeuppance.



VAMP (short for vampire) expression of a flapper trying to look sophisticated transforms Julie's pretty face. In this role she woos her boss (John Gavin), loses him to her girlfriend, then falls for Jimmy.

JOYRIDE for Millie and Jimmy. With his glasses on, Jimmy looks like the silent-film comedian Harold Lloyd, a resemblance emphasised by a rescue episode in which he desperately climbs a tall building.

RIGHT: Carol Channing, another figure from the past, plays a tangle-haired, headlight-eyed society widow.





# Tomato-picking

**Means —  
good pay, but  
many backaches,  
dirt, stains,  
and boredom**



ALL AGES join in tomato-picking. At left, Mrs. N. Franic and her daughter Mary bend to their job at Kyabram East (Vic.).

FLAT country (below) is favored for tomatoes. Shady gum trees make welcome shelters for the noonday rests of pickers with aching backs.

**C**AUGHT in the price-rise spiral, I decided to lift family finances by picking tomatoes. It looked easy and the pay was good.

The pay is 20c per bushel: good if you are among the expert pickers who can average 80 bushels a day. I never got more than 35.

Preconceived romantic notions about picturesque "toilers-of-the-fields" were quickly dispelled when I joined the tomato-pickers. To avoid disenchantment, prospective pickers are advised to expect backache, hard work, dirt, and boredom, in that order.

I worked on a property share-farmed by Mr. Nick Nardella with Mr. Nardo di Petta at Kyabram East, Vic. Kyabram is 15 miles from Shepparton; 125 miles from Melbourne. They supplied tomatoes to a district factory for soup- and sauce-making.

Nick instructed me in correct picking methods. There is an art in picking tomatoes. The idea is to flick the tomato from the plant, leaving the calyx on the plant, not on the tomato. This is hard to do; there is a knack to it.

Trying hard, I sprained my hand. We had to lift the plants without snapping the stems, lay them back to expose the red fruit underneath, remove the ripe ones; turn the plant gently back and over, and do the other side.

This action, repeated thousands of times, becomes monotonous. Very humble in the presence of pickers averaging 80 cases a day, I battled to increase my output to 30. My hands ached; my days were dominated by exhausting backache.

Most pickers stooped from the waist to harvest. I bobbed about in any position that netted me tomatoes and eased my aching back at the same time.

The plants have a natural coating of green-brown substance. We wore rubber gloves to protect our hands. Long-sleeved shirts kept off more dirt.

The more I tried, the harder it seemed to fill those boxes. And those calyxes! Most of mine remained on the fruit, and the factory allowed only a small percentage.

Just when I thought I'd mastered picking correctly, Nick came running up.

By **CLAIRE KENT**

"Why all the squashy ones?" The calyx had been harder to extricate from the large overripe tomatoes and I'd squashed them in the process. My heart sank. I'd never be a good picker, nor would I make 30 cases for the day. Nick gravely showed me how to overcome my faults and happily I made up my tally with larger fruit.

I never exceeded more than 35 cases a day. Nick explained, "It's not a good year. Pickers who previously harvested 150 are getting 70 cases this year."

Gentle voices and lilting laughter of New Australian women pickers drifted across the patch, set in a land of flat, far horizons.

I worked with people from Yugoslavia, Italy, England. Our nationalities differed, but our anatomies did not. We all suffered from backache.

Working outdoors was a change from housework. I

enjoyed meeting people from other lands. They mostly spoke English.

I met Mrs. Nicole Franic, champion picker and mother of four; Guiseppe Paglia, who has studied singing since boyhood and has sung in Belgium and Germany.

Irene Major's soldier fiance, 19-year-old Graeme Martin, spent his leave helping her to pick.

There was Nick Shilloth, born humorist, born horticulturist.

Nick Nardella's second-in-command, Mr. Shilloth, answered my queries about tomato-growing.

"The main varieties are Victorian Dwarf and South Australian K.1, grown for cross-pollination."

He gave me a helpful tip: "Face downwind when picking; it helps keep dust out of the eyes."

Our backs! We wore our woollens tied round our waists to give them extra protection.

Weekends the patch fairly mushroomed with people, from lone schoolboys to complete families. Husky Australian men appeared "to earn a few extra bob," vowing after four hours' picking, "We'll be too weak to carry home our pay-checks."

Teenagers came and played their transistors. Guiseppe sang in a tenor voice that would have graced an opera house.

We worked in all weathers, fresh cold mornings, calm autumn sunshine, choked in "double-header" whirlwinds, which temporarily obscured the other pickers, smothered plants with dust, leaving red tomatoes indistinguishable from green ones.

When we sweltered in century heat, Nick Nardella brought out ice-creams, soft drinks. Icy-cold orange never tasted better, nor the slices of crisp pink watermelon Nick grew.

A bicycle was my means of transport.

Friends decided the idea. "What! Ride 12 miles a day, do seven hours' picking, and housework as well. You'll never do it."

I had misgivings, too. It is surprising when one mounts a bicycle how a formerly unnoticed breeze becomes a diabolically stiff headwind.

I allowed myself 60 minutes' travelling time; 40 if



MRS. CLAIRE KENT, of Kyabram (Vic.), who wrote this article.

no wind. I packed lunch, hot-water flask, waterbag, insect repellent, and rubber gloves. By the time I off-loaded and prepared for picking, the hour was complete!

I surprised a number of people, riding home wearing my stained picker's rig. Minus lipstick, powdered heavily with dust, I looked neither mod nor elegant. Wide-eyed schoolchildren stared curiously; clean, white-shirted men drivers turned for a second look.

I could only guess their thoughts as I pedalled on to where my hungry children awaited my arrival and a progress report of the day's activities.

"What's for tea?" "How many cases did you pick, today, Mum?"

I begged them to be patient while I made myself a cup of tea—four cups of tea.

The two loves of a tomato-picker are baths and drinks. How wonderful it was to slake our thirst and remove that green tomato dirt!

Each night I coped with housework. Beds sometimes went unmade, floors unswept. But we ate.

I made gallons of custard. Fruit was plentiful in the Goulburn Valley. I stewed batches of peaches in triplicate and quadruplicate, enough, alas, to last my family only two days.

Alternate nights I washed and ironed. Housewives might be interested in my "throw-together-stew," which comprises cheap meats, non-starch vegetables, heavily laced with tomatoes.

For those with more time, the following Italian recipe is delicious: Slice and brown 3 onions, 2lb. meat for 20 minutes, secret is to burn it a little; add 2lb. skinned tomatoes for ten minutes; scrape all, including the burned, into a saucepan; stew for 2½ hours; makes a rich puree.

Unable to face naked tomatoes for lunch, I packed dried fruits between my biscuits, ate them under a gum tree, where I rested my weary self each midday.

We picked all kinds of tomatoes from marble-size to soup-plate proportions. Carrying the buckets to boxes, we slipped on them. We sat on them, dreamed about them. We smelled them often! Putrid tomatoes have an odor all their own.

We became inured to wastage. We had to throw away otherwise perfect, large,

red fruit because a grub would be in the underside. We extricated tomatoes from entangling weeds.

The main anxiety of the grower, at harvest time, is that rain will split the tomatoes. A few points can ruin thousands of cases overnight. The grower organizes everything, from planting the seedlings, not by the dozen but by the thousand; cultivates, irrigates, tending the plants to maturity.

His day begins at 5.30 a.m. He supervises the harvest, smooths out pickers' problems (and there are some), loads an average 800 full cases on to a tractor-driven trailer, stacks them at the headland, waits behind to help load the semi-trailer at dusk.

The boxes are wired and rickety and exasperatingly catch on nails as they are lifted. With three handlings daily, they make much work for one man.

In between, the grower copes with a continuous round of irrigating and hopes he will make a profit.

When the factory announced the closing-down date, everyone relaxed. Jokes, banter, and tomatoes were thrown about the patch with happy abandon.

A barbecue celebrated the end of the season. I bought a book, "Speak Italian in 20 easy lessons."

And I reflected that when I filled in my returns for the Taxation Department they would be listed very truthfully under "Income earned by Personal Exertion."

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the Week

Momma once said: "There are certain foods you don't eat on your first date with a girl. Number one is spaghetti, because you are on your best behaviour and trying to impress her with your worldliness. And how can you look worldly with a strand of spaghetti falling off your chin? Or there you are with a strand hanging down your chin and only a quick slurp to save you. Sounds funny? Not when you are 15 or 16. In fact, I think spaghetti is responsible for the expression 'Foreign Entanglement'."

**MOMMA'S MORAL:** "You're never lonely when you eat spaghetti. There's so much to do."



# IF IT WERE YOUR HUSBAND..

● Rodeo wives lead an uneasy, colorful life with their families on the Australian country circuit

AT RIGHT: Action at the Mareeba, North Qld., Rodeo.



AT LEFT: Three wives watch the rodeo: Mrs. Jim McGuire, Mrs. Maurice Height, and Mrs. Jim Smith.

ABOVE: Three-months-married Jim King and his wife.

AT RIGHT: Local girl Christine Daanguard, who was chosen to be Queen of the Rodeo.

BELOW: Darwin Lund, from Canada, with his wife, who used to be a rodeo champion herself and knew the life she was marrying into.



PICTURES BY L. E. TOGNOLA



FOR the 10,000 or more Queenslanders who pass through the turnstiles to see the Mareeba Rodeo, the two-day carnival gives all the thrills of daring horsemanship.

For someone like 20-year-old Christine Daanguard, chosen as this year's Rodeo Queen, the carnival starts a year as a local celebrity.

Everywhere there's excitement. But when you've been married only a few months and your husband is one of the men who will be going into the ring on a wildly bucking horse, you look at it in a different light.

"I feel terribly nervous," said Mrs. Jim King, who was at this year's rodeo with her husband. "Jim has been following the rodeo circuit for two and a half years now, and although he was riding in second-division buck-jumping events he has moved among the first-class riders — and the crowd expect the horses they ride to put on a good display."

Before she was married, "three months ago to the day," Mrs. King had never seen a rodeo. However, she is likely to make up for lost time now, since she and her husband will spend the rest of the year travelling to rodeos all over Australia.

"We were around Victoria before we came here," she said, "and I do enjoy the travelling."

At every rodeo there are some accidents, yet, for the wives who travel the rodeo circuit with their husbands and children, it's essential to adopt a philosophical attitude.

"I used to worry at first," Mrs. Maurice Height said, "but now it doesn't worry me quite so much. After eight years travelling the rodeo circuit you just can't worry all the time."

Mrs. Height, whose husband is one of the riders who manage to reach the finals in most

and her husband is one of several North American riders who have come to Australia to compete in the World Cup Series.

Both she and her husband grew up on ranches, and their fathers used to compete in rodeos during the summer. Consequently roughriding is something she has grown used to.

"I wasn't exactly happy when Darwin was riding the bulls," she admitted, "but now that he's given that up I don't really worry at all."

Riding the brahman bulls is possibly the most dangerous of all the rodeo events.

As well as the adult riders, there are young competitors who enter in calf-riding events, where the risks of injury are not as high. However, for the mothers who have sons coming out of the chutes, the minutes are worrying.

"My young fellow wouldn't give me any peace until I let him have a go at it," one Mareeba woman said. "Still, I'm hoping he'll be satisfied after he's tried it for himself. I don't think I'd like to see him take it up seriously."

But for the women who travel the circuit with their children it's not likely that they can hold such hopes for their sons. These boys live with the excitement of rodeo fever, and their mothers accept the fact that, one day, they'll have two men to watch out for when the chute gates open.

By David K. Wheatley

of the events, watches him ride many times during a two-day carnival. This year at Mareeba she watched the events with two of her friends, Mrs. Jim McGuire and Mrs. Jim Smith, whose husbands were also competing in major events in the current World Cup Series.

Here, to take the prizemoney, the rider must spur his mount to make it buck even harder, and one hand must be kept free during the ride. So there are plenty of falls.

"I've had some anxious moments during the 12 months I've been following the circuit," Mrs. Smith said, "but now I'm learning not to worry quite so much."

Travelling is a love which all rodeo riders' wives seem to share. Mrs. Darwin Lund is well accustomed to long journeys — she is from Canada,



## NEXT WEEK

☆ 32-page  
lift-out  
**THE NEW  
LOOK IN  
HOME  
INTERIORS**



From top decorators here and abroad — the latest ideas for "dressing" every room. Suggestions range from floor coverings to furniture, and the book is colorfully illustrated—to show as well as tell you how to decorate your home.

... and a new look for our  
**CALORIE COUNTER**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

There's a new edition of our popular counter — by following easy directions you make a handy booklet. You can also find your ideal weight—and work out a diet to achieve it.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

## SUPERB SPONGE CAKES



A three-page feature gives hints to help you turn out tender sponges every time—and six delicious recipes.



"Investigate" the first instalment of our great two-part mystery serial **"A WORLD OF STRANGERS"** by famous American suspense writer **MILDRED DAVIS**

**AND . . .**

**LONDON TO KATMANDU  
— BY OLD BUS**

Asia's old romance, modern strife . . .  
**A TRAVELLER'S TALE**

● "Do you know the biggest thrill I ever had in my life? It was getting up the first morning I was back home and giving my family breakfast in bed"

# WHAT A KIDNEY GRAFT CAN MEAN

By **GLORIA NEWTON**

**I** WAS one of the lucky ones. I am so grateful for my new life that I stop every now and again to think how wonderful it is to be up and around doing things for my family.

"And I think, too, of all those people who can't have the chance I was offered, who will just have to lie down and die."

White-haired, shy, retiring Mrs. Mildred Burke sat placidly in the living-room of her neat Merrylands, N.S.W., home relating quite simply the dramatic story of her fight to live only 12 months before.

Then she was only a month away from death, but she was one of the fortunate kidney-disease sufferers in this country — she was given the opportunity to have a healthy kidney grafted into her body and brought back to life again.

"I find it hard talking about myself," she said nervously, crumpling her handkerchief in her fingers. "Publicity is something I never thought I would face, but if by telling you my story I can help people in the position I was in then I will feel that I have repaid a little for the wonderful gift given to me."

"And if the hospitals get the equipment they need, hundreds of people in the same state as I was and who are waiting around to die will get the chance to live as I did."

Six years ago Mrs. Burke was a suburban housewife, happy with her husband and two children, Peter, 13, and Genevieve, ten.

Active, full of energy, she ran her house like a trim ship, spent hours at her favorite hobby, sewing, worked in the school tuckshop, and lived a pleasant social life with her husband and a large circle of friends.

Then, without warning, her whole pattern of life changed. Suddenly everything she attempted seemed an

effort, her energy dwindled away, and she felt tired all the time.

"I would drag myself out of bed in the morning, force myself to cook breakfast for the family, send the children off to school, and then crawl back into bed, and stay there the whole day."

"I couldn't eat and I couldn't cook meals after a while because the very smell of food in the house became completely repugnant to me."

"For a while I just accepted it as a part of growing older, so I didn't go to a doctor. My family just thought I had become lazy."

"When, finally, I did go to my local doctor, he diagnosed kidney trouble and sent me to a specialist."

"He treated me for kidney infection and I was given several blood

## First operation was a failure

transfusions, but I didn't improve. Instead, I turned into a complete invalid, bedridden. Life was miserable and I worried about being a burden on my family."

"My weight just fell away from me until I was little more than 4½ stone and my legs were like shinbones, my arms like matchsticks."

"Then my husband took me to Sydney Hospital to the kidney research clinic, where doctors told him there was only one chance for me — a kidney transplantation."

"Of course he offered to be the donor straight away, and, although the doctors were reluctant to accept him, as our blood groupings are different, he insisted."

"By this time I was on the artificial-kidney machine—ten hours every five days—and I had become more or less resigned to the routine becoming part of my life."

Mrs. Burke leaned forward and held her arms out to show long white scars on their inside. "See the scars? When I was on the machine they had to cut the arm to bring an artery and vein on top of the skin to connect them with a plastic tube. Now the technique is different. It is done under the skin and causes no scarring."

As facilities for a kidney graft were not then available in Sydney,

Mr. Burke flew his wife down to Adelaide and both were admitted to the Elizabeth Hospital, where Mr. Peter Knight, a surgeon, carried out the operation.

"I knew straight away the operation was unsuccessful, I just knew. Oh, the doctors said, 'Give it another week, it may come good,' but finally they knew it was hopeless and they removed the grafted kidney."

"I don't think I felt disappointed. I don't think I felt anything really. You are so numb with unhappiness, with helplessness, you can't feel anything."

"I knew I had an unusual blood



DR. J. H. STEWART, in charge of the Renal Unit at Sydney Hospital, checks the hospital's sole artificial-kidney machine, which each week keeps ten patients alive.





MRS. MILDRED BURKE, who was given a month or so to live just over a year ago when a kidney disease had reduced her weight to 4½ stone. A kidney graft operation saved her life. The picture shows her in her Merrylands backyard.

group, B, and my body just fought against the foreign kidney and rejected it.

"So back to Sydney and to the machine again. I was weak, I was ill, but I desperately wanted to live for my children's sake. My mother died when I was young and I didn't want that to happen to them. I wanted to hang on as long as I could.

"Then one night, about 11.30 p.m., our phone rang. It was Dr. John Stewart, of Sydney Hospital, to say that the Adelaide surgeon had rung to tell him a young boy who had been in a car accident was dying. His blood group was the same as mine and permission had been given to use his kidneys. Could we leave for Adelaide on the first plane available?

"It was a terrible moment for me. This second chance coming out of the blue was like a miracle. But I was tired, despondent, and I hesitated about going through it all again only to see another failure.

"And then I remembered my friends. So many of them, and all of different denominations, had been storming the heavens with prayer for me, and I thought, well, if they have been doing that I must go ahead — everything will be all right.

"We left early in the morning. I

had to be wheeled out to the plane and I remember it was the wettest morning I had ever known and I was afraid the plane would not be able to take off.

"But it did. It left on time, we landed in Adelaide ten minutes ahead of schedule because of a tailwind, and I was on the operating table in the Elizabeth Hospital 25 minutes later.

"When I came out of the anaesthetic that afternoon I knew that I had come to life again. I felt better, alert, bright, and I was

### Crankiness was "a good sign"

cranky — this, the doctors said, was a good sign.

"My progress was a bit slow. I had been really weak before the operation and I had to stay in Adelaide for ten months for treatment. My husband, who is a buyer with a Sydney department store, took leave of absence and rented a small flat nearby to be with me.

"He sent our son to a boarding-school and Genevieve went to stay with my sister.

"But I never looked back. Today I weigh ten stone and am trying to lose weight. I have never felt so well and I have never enjoyed the

humble duties of washing and ironing so much in all my life.

"Do you know the biggest thrill I have ever had in my life? It was getting up the first morning I was back home and giving my family breakfast in bed.

"The operation itself? It is nothing to be worried about. I'm a coward myself, a terrible coward, but it is not a dreadful operation.

"I go and visit the people in hospital waiting for the same operation. It seems to help them to see me and hear me tell them all about my experience. I think they feel the doctors make it sound nothing to calm them, but, well, they can see the living proof of what it is, what it means, when they talk to me. I'm so glad and happy to be able to do this."

Mrs. Burke's fight to live was expensive and would be out of reach for many people. Although no charge was made for the operation, the travelling, the living in Adelaide, the cost of putting her son in boarding-school, and the expense of her husband's ten months' leave of absence came to more than \$2000.

When the desperately needed units are installed in Sydney hospitals the cost of a kidney-graft operation will be about \$1000.

## Many lives will be saved when facilities are more adequate

FIVE hundred people under the age of 50 could be saved each year if proper kidney-transplant facilities were available in Australian hospitals.

This was the figure given by the N.S.W. Minister for Health, Mr. Jago, last May when he announced a \$20,000 Government grant to aid a \$200,000 appeal for research into and treatment of kidney diseases.

Australia, lagging behind other developed countries, has transplantation units at only two hospitals in Melbourne, one in Adelaide, one in Perth, and one at the Prince Henry Hospital in Sydney.

In Sydney, the Sydney Hospital and Royal Prince Alfred Hospital have temporary units which are not ideal but adequate for the operation. Sydney Hospital has the oldest-established kidney unit in the country and the transplantation unit is now being formed in association with this. Also Sydney Hospital will co-operate with Royal Prince Alfred Hospital in its unit establishment.

If those two hospitals are provided with the necessary equipment they, together with Prince Henry Hospital, will be able to cope with the numbers of young people dying from kidney failure in New South Wales.

### Two-hour limit

At present a kidney can be kept alive for less than two hours, which makes the grafting operation a matter of urgency. It is likely that kidneys will be kept alive for much longer in the future, and is hoped that before long a kidney bank will be established along the lines of the eye bank.

Both patient and donor must be operated on in adjoining theatres, and a special sterilised unit must be available for the patient, who is kept there for at least two weeks, as drugs used in that period lower his immunity to infection.

Artificial-kidney machines are needed desperately to keep alive patients waiting for the grafting operation. At present Sydney Hospital is treating ten patients on one machine. Dr. J. H. Stewart, who is on the staff of the hospital's kidney-research section, said the need is for 24 machines.

If both kidneys fail and the bloodstream becomes filled with impurities, the patient will die unless an artificial-kidney machine is available.

Patients whose kidneys have ceased functioning are literally hooked to these machines, which filter the blood, remove the impurities, stabilise the blood constituents, and return it to the body in order to maintain the normal environment exactly in the way a natural kidney performs.

While in other States it is possible, with the permission of relatives, to remove the kidneys from an accident victim after death, this is not possible yet in New South Wales.

At the moment the Corneal and Tissue Grafting Act allows for kidneys to be removed, with the relatives' permission, from people who have died from other diseases. It is hoped the Act will soon be altered to include accident victims.

As the body needs only one kidney to function properly, two could save two lives.

### Doctors' choice

How do doctors choose the patients who can be treated with the present limited facilities?

According to Dr. Stewart, the medical rules as to who will receive treatment are very strict. Some people are more likely to have successful treatment than others for various medical reasons and are listed accordingly.

"Today the success of the operation is about 75 percent—twice as good as it was three years ago," he said.

"In about five years' time the kidney-grafting operation will be common and there will be no problem of who gets it and who doesn't. But we can't move on to that stage until we get at least three units which will also act as a nucleus to train an adequate staff."

At present scientific bodies associated with the problem of kidney disease are combining with the Institute of Urology to form an Australian Kidney Foundation, and part of the money raised in N.S.W. will be devoted to this. Donations can be sent to the Kidney Appeal, care of Sydney Hospital, Macquarie Street, Sydney.



**CRISP...  
LIGHT... TANGY**

You've never  
tasted a biscuit  
quite like  
this before.



**NEW from  
Arnott's**

Arnott's Saltine biscuits have a flavour and texture all their own – the kind of biscuit that teams perfectly with cheese, salads and soups, yet is delicious

plain. Any way or any time you eat them you'll enjoy discovering the exciting, crisp, new taste of Arnott's Saltine biscuits. Arnott's Saltine biscuits go with everything.



**Arnott's SALTINE Biscuits**

*There is no Substitute for Quality*



## Telling the 'hole' story

SEAWEEED, regarded as useless before bright people dreamed up ways to use it in health foods and beauty treatments, now plays a vital role in the rag trade.

One enterprising Melbourne hosiery manufacturer uses seaweed to achieve the latest "window-pane-mesh" look in textured stockings and knee-high socks.

At first these stretchy leg covers—or uncoverers, as the holes expand to a one-inch square "window pane"—were imported from America. But the Australian version is expected to be on sale next month.

To let you into the manufacturing secret, the "hole" thing is achieved by what is called an alginate process.

Now, in case that sounds a bit fishy, here it is in landlubber language. The seaweed is knitted into a

fine mesh, linking together the heavier nylon window "sashes."

After the stocking has been completely knitted, it is washed in a special chemical which dissolves the seaweed but leaves the nylon intact.

These crazy stockings measure a mere couple of feet but stretch to fit any foot or leg size, because they are not shaped at the heel.

What's more, because the stockings are elasticised, they stay up without suspenders—probably the best news of all!

The makers of the "window-pane" mesh claim that, in spite of their product's flimsy look, the stockings are very tough, as the nylon used is 400 denier.

"Window panes" will be available in all the fashion colors, including lolly-pink, purple, orange, flame, and saffron.

• Every year two storks return home to Bavaria with the comforting thought of a \$1750 nest-egg in the bank. Local people collected the money to preserve the chimney, where the birds nest, from demolition.

## HIS PET 'CAT' IS 18FT.

CATAMARAN sailing has become a popular sport in waters around Darwin.

The Darwin Sailing Club, founded a little more than a year ago, now has 42 boats and 500 members, including Wing-Commander Jack Ingate, brother of Gordon, Australia's famous ocean-racing helmsman.

(Jack is pictured below with his 18ft. catamaran.)

"Don't compare me to Gordon," Jack said, laugh-

ing. "I'm still a learner. I've been trying to persuade him to come up here for a holiday. He would certainly beat me in a race while I was thinking about it, but he would be a good teacher."

"We both started sailing on 18ft. skiffs when we were in the Sea Scouts. But Gordon kept it up and I joined the Air Force."

Jack's interest in sailing was reawakened when he was posted to Darwin over a

year ago and met Mr. Tom Strickland, a Western Australian airline manager, who was founder of the Darwin Sailing Club.

At first he used a small 12-footer, but his interest was in the catamaran. So, on a trip to Sydney, he bought his present boat, Ann, and had it shipped to Darwin.

"The waters around Darwin are ideal for the 'cat.' It just glides through them easily."

"We race every Sunday afternoon, and on Saturdays our junior members are taught to sail on ten-footers."

"It's easy to get a crew to race—either members of the club or officers visiting the base."

"I won a trophy last year—the first I have ever won in competitive sailing."

According to Jack, the social life in the club is good.

"We have dances, barbecues every so often, when colored lights are strung up along the beach and around the palm-thatched judging cabana."

Jack said that everyone in the club is thrilled that the 1969 "cat" championships are going to be held there.

"Unfortunately, I'll be posted by then, but I'll be interested, very interested."

★ Germans may well have discovered the world's oldest tree. A fragment of what hundreds of millions of years ago used to grow as a giant tree, but is known today only as a small plant, has been found in Norway by German palaeontologists (who study fossils).



## AIRPORT CAR NAMED COURTESY

• A new type of passenger-service car has been added to the already large and varied fleet of vehicles at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport.

Officially referred to as the "Courtesy Car," it will be used to carry passengers INSIDE the big new terminal building.

Equipped with traction batteries and powered by an electric motor, the "Courtesy Car" can accommodate three passengers with their hand baggage. The maximum speed is three miles an hour, and 26 passenger-handling clerks—all holding driving licences—have been trained to operate the car.

Originally developed by an American firm for transportation on golf courses, the three-wheeled car will assist passengers who have difficulty in walking.

In addition, transit passengers, with a short connecting time between planes, can be conveyed quickly from one gate to another, while mothers with children now have a safe means of reaching the exit.

## COMPACT

### 'OIL' SYSTEMS GO!

★ Rockets that go down deliberately—in fact, they never get off the ground!—are being used these days. While spacemen soar high, American oilmen are experimenting with "mini" rockets, based on spaceship principles, to carry drills down twisting, sometimes almost horizontal, shafts.

## DANDRUFF problems are ended by ... enden



### Only Helene Curtis dares make this promise!

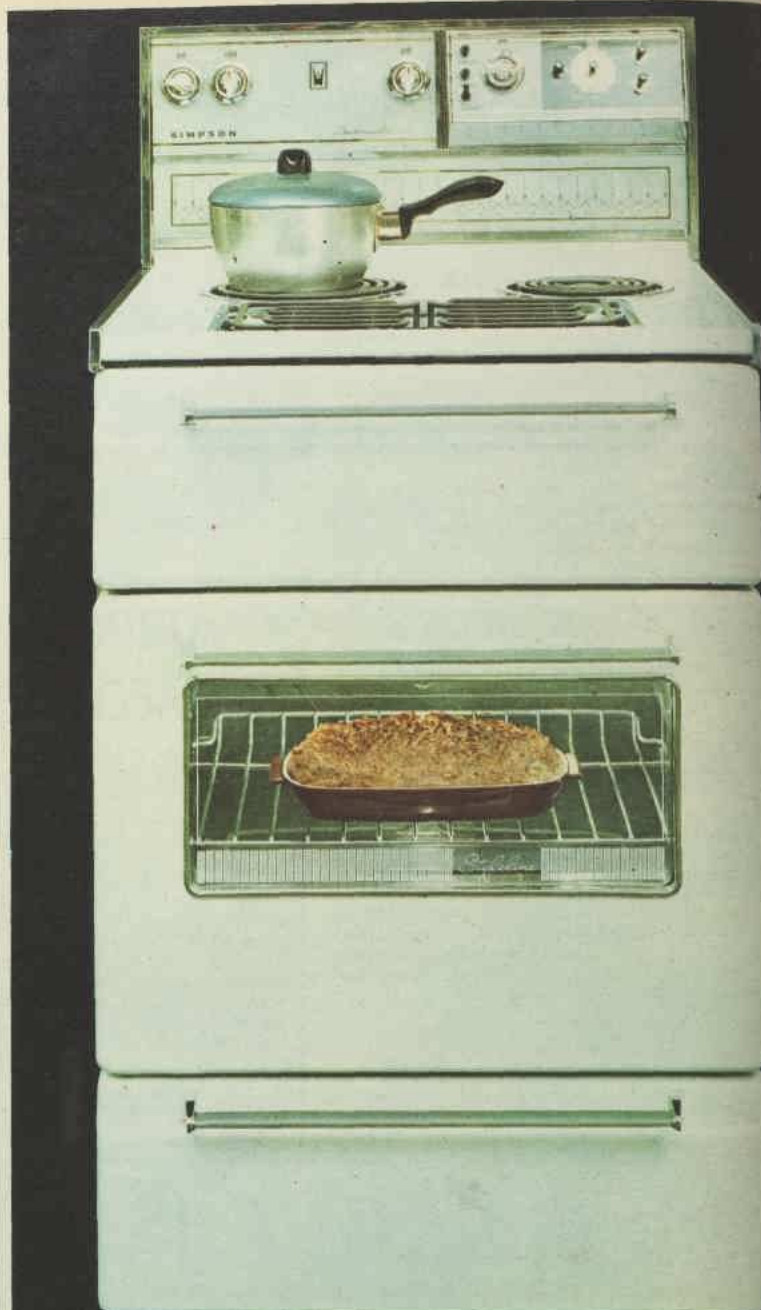
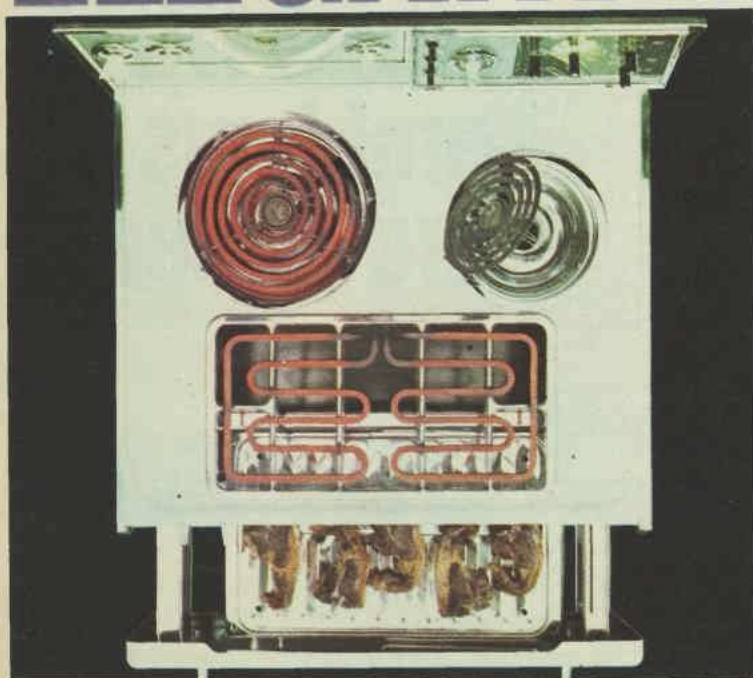
Used regularly, Enden dandruff treatment shampoo guarantees to end the problems of itching scalp and unsightly flaking dandruff. Helene Curtis developed Enden not only to wash your hair and leave it clean, soft, manageable, but also to control dandruff between shampoos. Enden works because it contains one of the most effective anti-dandruff medications known. One person in three has a dandruff problem. If there's dandruff in your family, end it by Enden! Creme or Liquid, from 85c. Available at Chemists, Department Stores and Hairdressing Salons.



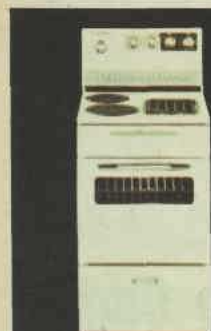
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1967



# SIMPSON ELECTRIC! ELEGANT!!



AMBASSADOR DELUXE



BOSTON DELUXE



BELLEVUE



BELMONT



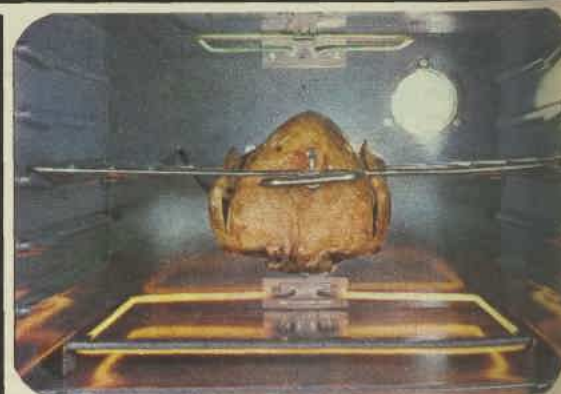
AMBASSADOR

## FAST TOP-OF-THE-RANGE COOKING!

Gleaming porcelain enamel cooking tops, recessed for simple wiping up of any boilovers. Beautiful control panels on all models. Two round hotplates, big grill-boiler hotplate, most with divided control. All hotplates with infinite heat-control switches for perfectly controlled cooking. "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have miracle non-stick griddle plates, for wipe-clean, no-fat cooking. Big, separate grill

## MIRACLE NON-STICK GRIDDLE PLATES!

compartments, smokeless covers and infinitely variable height "grilleators." Ovens are all big family size, with rounded corners, integral shelf runners for easy cleaning. Big, look-in windows, full oven equipment. "Bellevue," "Belmont," "Ambassador" have rotisseries for perfect cooking of roasts and poultry. They even think for you! "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have time-of-day clocks coupled



## Ovens THAT THINK FOR THEMSELVES!

with an oven timer—just set the dial, and Simpson switches on, cooks for the appointed time—then switches itself off! So convenient for every-day modern living. See these five exciting new Simpson Styleline Electric Ranges soon. They bring you a unique combination of features—features you need. There's a Simpson Electric Range for every kitchen plan and budget.

# NEW FOR '67!

## SIMPSON

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FAMILY  
OF HOME APPLIANCES







MONTHLY MEETING for, from left, Mrs. William Klees (formerly Eileen Kirby, inset); Mrs. Geva Suggate (formerly Geva Boxshall, inset); Mrs. Alf Sinclair (formerly Marie Kirby, inset); Miss Muriel Boxshall (also inset); Mrs. Ralph Fergusson (formerly Gladys Boxshall, inset). Four of the group have met once a month for lunch and afternoon tea for 47 years. The fifth, Miss Boxshall, joined the group 20 years ago, and a sixth, not pictured, Mrs. Jim Chambers, has been in the group for 29 years.

## Their "tea parties" span 47 years of friendship

**Q**UITE a few girls maintain friendships from schooldays through to the early years of married life, but four "girls" who have met regularly once a month for 47 years deserve a special mention.

The "girls," now in their seventies, are Mrs. Ralph Fergusson, of Cronulla, her sister, Mrs. Geva Suggate, of Mortdale Heights (formerly Gladys and Geva Boxshall, of Balmain), Mrs. Alf Sinclair, of Toukley, and her sister, Mrs. William Klees, of Leichhardt (formerly Marie and Eileen Kirby, of Leichhardt).

Their friendship goes back even further than 47 years — the two sets of sisters knew each other in their schooldays at Rozelle Public School.

They later renewed acquaintance when they met again as apprentice tailresses at a children's wear firm in old Strawberry Hills (part of Redfern) in pre-World War I days.

"We got a few shillings a week to start," recalled Mrs. Suggate.

"When I retired to marry I was in charge of a bench and I got 20 shillings, which

was a good wage in those days."

One by one the girls married (the men all knew each other) during the World War I period and just after, and began raising their children — 12 in all — in different parts of Sydney.

Now grandmothers to 29 children, they first began meeting regularly when their own families were young, in 1920.

"I can honestly say I've never put off meeting the girls in favor of something

By  
**ANNE OLSEN**

else," said the oldest of the group, Mrs. Suggate, 76.

"Occasionally, of course, one of us may have been ill, but the remaining three would still meet on the planned day."

Mrs. Fergusson said her husband would often ask what they could possibly find to talk about.

"And you'd be surprised at how much we do find," said Mrs. Sinclair, who travels from Toukley to have her "day" at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. Lonergan, of Bardwell Park.

"Meeting just once a month we have so much to tell one another about our

families and our various doings."

Each woman brings her sewing, crocheting, or knitting, and they swap recipes and patterns.

"Strangely enough, we never quarrel. Of course we have our discussions, and we don't always agree, but it wouldn't be any fun if we did all the time — now, would it?" asked Mrs. Sinclair.

A cousin (formerly Ethel Boxshall), now Mrs. Jim Chambers, of Rockdale (not pictured), joined the group 29 years ago, and another sister, Miss Muriel Boxshall, of Connells Point, joined in on the monthly sessions when she retired from her job as a tailoress 15 years ago.

"So now we really are six," they said happily.

Muriel—who is the "baby" of the group being only in her late sixties—is the chauffeur who drives them to and from the meetings.

Each member takes it in turn to play hostess in her own home. And the "tea-party" as they call it, really is an all-day affair beginning with their arrival at 11 a.m.

"One of the secrets of the success we've had is that we all dress as nicely as we can, and we always bring out the best tablecloth and serve up a nice lunch."

"It's not the simple baked-beans-on-toast kind that we would probably have had by ourselves at home either," said Mrs. Klees.

The afternoon tea that follows, usually at 3, is just as formal as the lunch, with the silver and handworked cloth adorning the table.

The day we called on them, a marvellous selection of home-baked cream cakes, reminiscent of those more gracious "high-teas," adorned the sunroom table.

"Needless to say when we get home to our menfolk they invariably get a cold salad tossed up at them."

"After all, we've been eating all day," laughed tiny Mrs. Klees.

Even though some of the husbands are now retired, the "girls" don't let them interfere on their entertaining days.

"My husband always manages to have something else on so he can get out of the house," said Mrs. Fergusson.

Only once a year do all the men meet with their wives. "That's at Christmas when we have our usual day, then the boys join us for dinner and we all play cards afterwards," said Mrs. Suggate.

"We've never missed a Christmas celebration like that in 47 years — it's been wonderful."

# World's cheapest insurance policy

## Premium: about one cent

BAND-AID Strips are the cheapest cover you can buy to insure against infection. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

# BAND-AID

BRAND

## strips



Johnson & Johnson

B44859W1





**DYNAMIC DUO** of the "Batman" series. Far left is Burt Ward as Robin, Batman's young ward and aide, masked, caped, and ready to battle the forces of evil. With him is Adam West as the mighty "Batman."

## THE "BATMAN" WHO FIGHTS EVIL

● "Batman," the zany and legendary character of the comic books, has come to TV. According to one famous American TV critic, the series has also introduced a new type of man.

"Nowadays we not only have good guys and bad guys, we also have bat guys," he said. Heading them is Adam West as Batman.

Batman is really Bruce Wayne, a young millionaire who devotes his life to fighting evil when it threatens.

And evil does threaten, twice a week on the Channel 7 network, when Batman appears. Somehow Batman escapes night after night in a series that sears the nerves and employs every cliff-hanging device known to comic books and hair-raising serials.

—NAN MUSGROVE



**ABOVE:** Batman and Robin zip down the highway in the Batmobile on a mission against United Underworld. Batman and Robin also drive a Batboat, fly a Batcopter.

**LEFT:** The four leaders of United Underworld, from left to right, the Penguin (Burgess Meredith), the Riddler (Frank Gorshin), the Catwoman (Lee Meriwether), and the Joker (Cesar Romero), plot their wicked assault upon the world.

● "Batman" may be seen on ATN7 Sydney, Sundays, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.; HSV7 Melbourne and BTQ7 Brisbane, Sundays, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.; ADS7 Adelaide, Mondays, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.





# *the Rage is Beige*

*only  
Helena  
Rubinstein  
could make  
Beige so  
ravishing!*



*New! Sultry tones to twinkle like a candle  
in the dark. The kind of colour that tells everyone  
you're beautiful . . . that kisses your skin  
like the first radiant touch of spring sunshine.  
Be boldly beige in Helena Rubinstein's  
raging shades of Beige Topaz and Beige Pearl.*



Silk Fashion  
Compact \$1.75  
Refill \$1.15



Silk Fashion  
Liquid Make-up \$1.35



Young Touch  
Compact \$1.65  
Refill \$1.10



Coverfluid  
Foundation \$1.45



Silk Film  
Cake Make-up \$1.60



Silk Fashion  
Face Powder \$1.25



Silk Tone  
Foundation \$1.10

## Helena Rubinstein

Available from selected department stores and pharmacies



# *Well, what do you expect on a bargain holiday?*



## *Luxury like this?*

Then you expect a lot — but you won't be disappointed in New Zealand. Between now and 15th December **Air-Conomy** holidays provide all types and grades of accommodations and they all cost 30% less than you pay at other times of the year. Or would you like to use the two-for-the-price-of-one hotel plan? Between now and 20th October, the second room occupant need pay nothing

whatever for room occupancy at six luxury resort hotels including The Hermitage, Mt. Cook (illustrated). Travelling to New Zealand with your husband, on the Family Fares plan **you** can fly for half fare at any time of the year. Or travel on an **Economy Group Tour**, which also provides a good standard of accommodation. Whatever you want, New Zealand has

it — right now, better and cheaper than you can find anywhere else. Talk to your Travel Agent. He has all the hard facts on high-value, low-cost holidays in New Zealand.

## *New Zealand*

New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau offices are also happy to answer inquiries. They are at 14 Martin Place, Sydney. Phone 25-6631 93/95 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Phone 67-6621 Adelaide Street, Brisbane. Phone 26-152

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1967



BRISBANE'S history began with the selection of North Quay as the site for the city in September, 1824. It is a section of the river bank lying between Victoria Bridge (nearest the camera) and the William Jolly (Grey Street) Bridge in the distance. John Oxley, Surveyor-General of New South Wales, chose it in preference to an earlier settlement at Redcliffe. Brisbane was officially proclaimed a settlement on August 15, 1826.

Picture by MR. CLIFF POSTLE, of the Premier's Department, Brisbane.

# AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

AUGUST 13

**1788** First duel in Australia. Surgeon-General White and Second Assistant Bailmain slightly wounded each other in a pistol duel.

**1806** Captain William Bligh became Governor of New South Wales.

**1864** Search began for the lost "Babes in the Wood." The children were Jane Duff, 7, and her brothers, Isaac, 9, and Frank, 11. Their mother was dead and they lived with their father, a shepherd, in lonely scrub, 15 miles west of Natimuk, in the Wimmera district of Victoria. The three children set out to gather wildflowers and became lost.

Day after day they staggered through the thick bush, their only food leaves, berries, and wattle gum, their only drink dew which they licked off the plants and grass. Their father had organised a search party of 20 men, but after a week with heavy rain they abandoned their efforts.

The father then enlisted the aid of three black trackers, who found the children on the ninth day of their disappearance. They were unconscious and hovered between life and death, but eventually recovered. Each night while they were lost Jane took off her dress and wrapped it around her baby brother. Then she covered him and the other boy with leaves to keep them warm.

The story of the children touched the hearts of people everywhere. Queen Victoria wrote them a personal letter. Sir Philip Dalziel ordered a marble statue to be sculptured of the three children sleeping among the leaves, and Jane was regarded as a national heroine by the people of Victoria.

AUGUST 14

**1642** Tasman set out from Batavia on his first expedition of discovery.

**1841** Birth of the Victorian Aboriginal cricketer Johnny Mullagh. His real name was Muarrim, but his nickname came from a station property near where he was born. Intelligent, with a lively personality, he was a clever all-rounder — a batsman with a graceful style envied by many players, a good medium-pace bowler, and a fine wicketkeeper. When an Aboriginal team toured England in 1868, Johnny obtained the highest individual score, 94. Returning to Australia, he was the mainstay of the local club at Harrow for many years. Mullagh is buried at Harrow with a memorial over the grave erected by local sportsmen. His cricket gear and the club's colors were buried with him.

**1878** Death of Edward Henty, the first permanent settler and grazier in Victoria. In 1856 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly for Normanby and again in 1859.

AUGUST 15

**1826** Settlement at Brisbane officially proclaimed.

**1834** Bill to form settlement in South Australia on Wakefield's principles became law.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1967



• A weekly series  
by Bill Beatty

AUGUST 18

**1786** First announcement of the British Government's intention to form a penal settlement in Botany Bay, New South Wales.

**1809** The Rev. William Cowper, Assistant-Chaplain, arrived in Sydney.

**1824** The Rev. T. Reddall appointed Director-General of Government Public Schools in New South Wales.

**1854** Steamship Great Britain arrived in Port Phillip with several cases of smallpox on board.

AUGUST 19

**1835** Erection of stocks and pillories. The "Sydney Gazette" announced, "Stocks with comfortable accommodation for five couples of ladies and gentlemen who cannot pay the usual fines for indulging at the Shrine of Bacchus have been erected at the corner of Bathurst Street. They are accompanied by a whipping post and have a fine appearance. They are quite an addition to the Scots Church which is nearly completed."

**1836** Colonel Light arrived at Kangaroo Island on his way to take up his appointment as Governor of South Australia.

**1869** Government Act authorising the Tasmanian Main Line Railway Co. to build a line of 3ft. 6in. gauge from Hobart to Launceston. The previous year, the first railway in Tasmania was begun on a line from Launceston to Deloraine. The engines were built by Robert Stephenson & Co. in England. After financial difficulties, the company disposed of its assets to the Government.

**1884** Name of the Fish River Caves, N.S.W., altered to Jenolan Caves, after the native name of a mountain in the district. The legend that the caves were named after a surveyor, J. E. Nolan, is not founded on fact.

**1890** Great maritime strike began. The dispute involved transport workers, miners, and shearers in the eastern colonies, South Australia, and New Zealand for periods of from a fortnight to two months.

In general terms, the unions were contending for what they called "recognition of unionism"; the employers for what they termed "freedom of contract." The strike was fought with great bitterness, as it involved large numbers of workers.

The first recorded strike in Australia was in 1822 when James Straiter, an assigned convict, was found guilty of inciting his master's servants to combine for higher wages and better rations.

AUGUST 16

**1800** Matthew Flinders entered Moreton Bay, Qld.

**1847** Death of Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, artist, writer, and convict. Wainwright was born in London, his mother being the daughter of Dr. Griffiths, a famous literary editor. His grandfather was a distinguished lawyer. The boy's parents died soon after his birth, and he was reared by an uncle, who saw that he received a good education and wanted for nothing.

Thomas was a precocious youth, restless and never satisfied. He took up painting and proved to be a brilliant artist, but suddenly tired of this and decided on a military career. He held a commission in a crack cavalry regiment for some years, then left the Army.

Wainwright next became a noted writer. His friendship with most of the leading writers of the day, including Charles Dickens, resulted in his London apartment becoming famous in literary circles and his dinner parties were always brilliant affairs.

Although he had been left a large legacy, it could not keep pace with his enormous living costs. The need for money was the

beginning of his criminal career. First he forged his uncle's signature on a cheque, which was not discovered until some years later.

Then he is believed to have turned to murder. First he was suspected of having poisoned his uncle to inherit his property; then his mother-in-law, later his sister-in-law, whose life he had insured for £18,000. He was not brought to trial through lack of evidence.

He stood trial for his initial crime of forgery and was sentenced to transportation to Van Diemen's Land. While in Hobart Jail, he painted a number of society belles who sat for their portraits there.

AUGUST 17

**1877** Sir John Robertson became Premier of New South Wales.

**1886** Death of John Woodcock Graves, author of "D'ye Ken John Peel." Graves emigrated to Tasmania with his wife and four children in 1833. John Peel was his best friend, a clever huntsman who kept his pack of hounds for half a century.

One day Peel and Graves were sitting in the snug parlor of Peel's lodge at Caldbeck enjoying the warmth of the log fire. In a nearby room a girl was softly crooning an old Scottish melody.

Suddenly the idea of writing a song to this old air came to Graves. The pen and ink for hunting appointments were on the table. There and then he wrote the ballad "D'ye Ken John Peel." John Peel watched with interest, and, finishing the last line, Graves sang it to him. In his reminiscences Graves said, "As I began to sing it to him, the poor old chap smiled at me through a stream of tears. And I well remember saying to him, 'By jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both run to earth!'"

**1904** Sir George Reid became Prime Minister of Australia.



*FIRST with Lemon and Pineapple*  
*FIRST AGAIN with new...*

Betty  
Sydney

# Passionfruit Meringue Pie



Everyone likes passionfruit! Bake it in a pie with crusty pastry and meringue topping and they'll love you for it! Betty Sydney makes it so easy with this new one-pack mix . . . all you add is one fresh egg and water. You'll make the most delicious Passionfruit Meringue Pie everytime you bake. Now's the time to bake a pie . . . a scrumptious Betty Sydney Passionfruit Meringue Pie — you'll be so proud you did!

Page 24



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1987



# BRIDAL FASHIONS ARE PACE-SETTERS



● Traditional appeal of a high-line coat-dress in cotton-backed shantung with removable train. Buttons and pillbox are hand-beaded. Mother of the bride wears blue ribbon-lace coat over shantung dress.



● Demure young-girl look for the 1967 bride features Swiss cotton in full-length with long, frilled sleeves and embroidered flouncing run through with pink ribbon. Matching bonnet picks up the pink ribbon theme.



● For the mini-bride, pretty embroidered organza, deeply scalloped at hem and sleeves. On the hair, a looped ribbon cluster. Bridesmaid's frock is orange cotton brocade with front bow and there's a matching hair-bow.



● Live-happily-ever-after bridal design is charmingly simple and A-line. The fabric is white shantung, and wide, elbow-length sleeves are sheer overlaid with lily of the valley. Maid's cap, which holds the floor-long veil, repeats the flower motif and adds green velvet ribbon ends on one side. All designs shown are from a special collection put together by Kara Salon.

- Here, in a flutter of bridal-white with some attendant color, are six widely different wedding outfits. They are part of a story-book parade of fashion surprise entitled "Safari Into Fashion," to be shown at 6.30 p.m. in the Grand Ballroom, Wentworth Hotel, Sydney, on Thursday, August 10. The parade aids the Women's Hospital, Crown Street.





## STOP! DON'T RUN AWAY FROM IT!

How long have you been running away from the very idea of using Tampax menstrual tampons?

Too long!

If you count up all the problem days a woman faces in her lifetime, you will find that they will amount to more than five years! Five years of coping with the belt-pin-pad harness! Five years of making limp excuses for not joining in active sports! Five years of worrying about odour, telltale outlines — even the very problem of disposal! Every girl — before she started to use Tampax tampons — thought about it for a while before making up her mind. That's all we ask you to do: think about it. But as long as you continue to run away from the idea you'll never enjoy the real advantages Tampax has to offer.

Won't you just start still long enough to think about it?

### TAMPAX

tampons

SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY  
If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A World-Agencies Pty. Ltd. Box 3725 G.P.O. Sydney.

Advertisement

## Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.



## LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## Childhood Sunday

IF I could relive any one period of my life, I think I would choose a Sunday afternoon and evening during my childhood. Midday dinner consisted of roast fowl (it wasn't called chicken in those days), vegetables, and, in summer, fruit salad and cream; in winter, plum pudding and custard. All we children bucked-in (an expression of 40 years ago) to the washing-up, and then were off to walk along the creek, seeking wild violets and maiden-hair. After milking and tea were over, one or more neighboring families came for a weekly sing-song at the piano — played painstakingly by our eldest sister.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Fleming, Chermide, Qld.

## Why no "thank you"?

WHAT makes so many people so un-"thank you?" Many's the time I have wanted to let a swinging door bang on the behind of an unacknowledging passer-through. I think it's because my charge of goodwill has been put into reverse, and my goodwill comes whizzing back at me, giving me a shock. Yes, I am shocked. For once that grim rear-view was a dear baby in a pram. What happened to it in the intervening years?

\$2 to J. Clarke, Mosman, N.S.W.

## Word for lonely ones

ALMOST everyone has visited relatives or friends in hospital. But how few notice the other patients, those lonely people for whom visitors are a luxury seldom enjoyed? Have you ever smiled and spoken a few words to these people and seen their joy at being thought of? Just two or three minutes' attention is sufficient to turn their otherwise depressing hour into a happy one.

\$2 to Miss F. J. Giesemann, Cheltenham, Vic.

## Not real, but "plastic"

WHILE she was playing mothers, Anne, the three-year-old girl next door, asked for a sweet. Told that mothers don't eat sweets, Anne replied, "But I'm not a real mother, I'm a plastic mother." Perhaps to the future generation the words imitation and plastic will be interchangeable.

\$2 to Miss V. Dunstan, Lismore, N.S.W.

## Old-fashioned cleaner

I WONDER if other readers had a pot-cleaner in their household like the one of my youth, referred to as "the pot chain." It was a series of metal rings joined together, making a piece of mesh roughly diamond-shaped. Wielded with vigor, how it cleaned the insides of those iron saucepans, especially the porridge ones.

\$2 to Mrs. K. Gray, Mount Wilson, N.S.W.

## Out of joint



LENA STORM

● Singer Lena Storm sat on a customer's knee at a cafe in Blackpool, England, and sang "If You Love Me." Next day the customer, Mr. Richard Taylor, was on crutches, saying his knee was hurt. His solicitor complained to the cafe proprietor.

*A girl works hard, she tries to please,  
She sings a song and she sits on knees.  
The pay's not much, but it's fair enough,  
It's a well-conducted place, not rough,  
With an old routine, and she knows it well,  
And most of the hazards she's learnt to tell.  
For some of the men are gay and sly;  
She chooses instead a chap who's shy,  
Avoiding the nudge and the leering look —  
But how could she know his knee was crook?*

— Dorothy Drain

## Not a man's world!

IN a weak moment, I wrote to Letter Box mentioning that women could not use a hose or a vacuum-lead without leaving a tangle of knots. Now my feminine neighbors invite me to help hose their windows, slyly hinting that women can't handle hoses properly. My wife even confiscated the \$2 you sent me, claiming it as damages for libel. It's not a man's world!

\$2 to "Anonymous Now" (name supplied), Auckland, N.Z.

## Friendship myth

MOST mothers hold the firm and unshakable belief that the friends their children make at school will always be their best friends. This, to me, is an absurd myth and totally unsubstantiated by facts. Friends I have made during my married life are far closer to me than those I made at school, most of whom now live in other States or in environments quite different from mine. And my school-girl preference for certain personal qualities in others has changed vastly in later life.

\$2 to "Some Since Then" (name supplied), Cheltenham, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### NEW BROOMS

THE young-married customer gazed anxiously at the butcher as he cut the veal.

She said: "I want it sliced thin, please. A bit thinner than that. It's for escalope de veau Bourguignon, you see."

The butcher nodded and said: "OK. I'll do my best."

When she had gone, he shook his head. Turning to Mrs. Hopkins, one of the regulars, he said: "These young brides are very fussy. She's lucky to be getting veal at all just now. There's not much of it about."

The old idea of brides as hopeless cooks weeping over their burnt offerings is out of date.

Today they make the pace in the culinary field. They will tackle Steak Diane, Beef Stroganoff — anything you like to name.

Their requests for odd cuts keep the butcher on his toes. At the greengrocer's, newlyweds potter round looking for endives, mushrooms, and artichokes.

Their method of serving meals also sets a high standard.

Brides tend to use tablemats with pictures of old English



churches on them. They have matching plates from the new dinner set. The wine glasses Auntie Bet gave as a wedding present look very nice.

But there is a regrettable sequel to all this. Many of them do not keep it up.

With one or two children to look

after, they have less time for preparing Sauce Bearnaise, or for laboring and giving birth to a mouse.

New calls on the housekeeping money leave less room for frills. Another problem is the exasperating sales resistance of children to many kinds of food.

There is not much point in casseroling flathead in claret if Andrew and Elizabeth Ann are going to say: "Can't we just have peanut butter?"

With the passing of time, Auntie Bet's glasses get broken. Non-matching plates appear beside those from the dwindling dinner set.

At the butcher's, the young matron no longer scouts around for sweetbreads and sucking pig. As a rule she asks for chops or sausages, with the occasional leg of lamb.

But there is a compensation — the butcher is more friendly. He treats her as one of the girls. "What'll you girls have this morning?" he says cheerily.

And when he asks her: "Usual two pounds of mysteries?" she knows how to answer back.

"Yes, and I want better ones than last time, Les. They melted away to nothing."

## Unusual names for cats

I ONCE found a little grey kitten in a wattle tree, and, being in a very romantic frame of mind, called her Mimosa. You can't imagine how annoyed I was when my husband dubbed her My-mouser. We compromised and called her Mums.

\$2 to A.J. (name supplied), Salmon Gums, W.A.

ON radio, the late Roy

Rene used to be referred to by his comedy team as "you thing," to which he would reply with great dignity, "MR. Thing, please." When our cat once made a nuisance of himself, I called him, "Oh, you thing." But seeing him look at me disdainfully and with such dignity, I said, "Sorry, MR. Thing," and Mr. Thing he remained.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Mearns, Randwick, N.S.W.

YONDER, a jet-black pussy got her name from a folk-song that contained the line, "Who is that yonder dressed in black? Let my people go."

\$2 to A.E.G. (name supplied), Townsville, Qld.

MY mother makes a type of biscuit called "sweethearts," so, because I thought my cat a real sweetheart, it seemed the most natural thing to call her Bicky. Although she is a domestic cat, I have plans of entering her in shows, and her official name is Sweetheart Biscuit.

\$2 to Miss Jenny Barnes, Heidelberg West, Vic.

FLAME received his name for being a nuisance. My father always referred to him as "that flaming cat."

\$2 to J. A. Clarke, Gunnedah, Qld.

ON behalf of their respective owners, I would like to add two most appropriate animal names. First Salad is a handsome cat at Airle Beach camping ground, North Queensland. Local children so named him for his beautiful multi-colored coat. The owner of a rather large dachshund at Sarina, Queensland, told us her dog's name was Snag — "because he's not a proper sausage."

\$2 to Mrs. E. Charles, Grong Grong, N.S.W.

WHEN I was a child, we had a cat named Middy. At one stage we had three generations of tabby cats, Old Stripes, Middle Stripes, and Young Stripes. When, in the course of time, Old and Young found another home, the remaining Stripes became simply Middy.

\$2 to Mrs. Freda Rees, Lewisham, N.S.W.

WE have been adopted by the queerest-looking cat I've ever seen. Presumably the name the new arrival, much as I love cats, I could think of nothing but Ugly, and a stuck. Now I hear only phrases like "dear Ugly" and "beautiful Ugly." So looks and name don't really matter much.

\$2 to B. Roberts, Seaton, S.A.





## Polynesian Meat Rolls

# from the **Golden Circle** **RECIPE BOOK**

1 jar GOLDEN CIRCLE Sweet 'n' Sour Sauce, 1½ lb. topside mince, 1 egg, half cup each uncooked rice, soft white breadcrumbs, milk, chopped celery, chopped onion, 1 clove garlic crushed (optional), 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 pint stock or water.

Place all ingredients except Sweet 'n' Sour Sauce and stock in basin. Mix well. Shape into serving size rolls and arrange in shallow casserole in single layer. Pour over cold stock or water. Cover with lid and bake in moderate oven about 1½ hours. Remove lid, spoon over the Sweet 'n' Sour Sauce, masking each meat roll. Bake, uncovered, another 15 minutes. Serve with buttered carrots and broccoli, corn-on-cob, tiny onions as desired. Add more Sweet 'n' Sour Sauce if you wish.

**NEW!**



have you tried this delicious

## **Golden Circle** **Sweet 'n' Sour** **Sauce or Spread**

Serve it over baked fish, chicken or duck for a delicious new tropical flavour. Use it from the jar for a bright new taste on sandwiches. Serve it as a party dip, with cracker biscuits and potato flakes.

The Golden Circle Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q.

## **Golden Circle** **WINNERS for WINTER**



*Have you ordered your  
copy of this fabulous*

## **RECIPE BOOK**

96 pages, 135 recipes (94 illustrated in full colour) for exciting ways to use piquant tropical pineapple in dishes for all meals of the day . . . for parties, barbecues, salads, cakes and pies. There's a special section on meals that Dad can cook and pages of hints on food buying and storage, on table decoration and tropical menus.

This book is worth \$3.50 — but you get it for \$1. Whether you're a new bride or a mother who knows best, you'll be delighted with this beautiful and practical book of thrifty tropical recipes. Any friend, especially a girl about to be married, would welcome a copy as a gift. Send only \$1 for your copy, and use the coupon below.



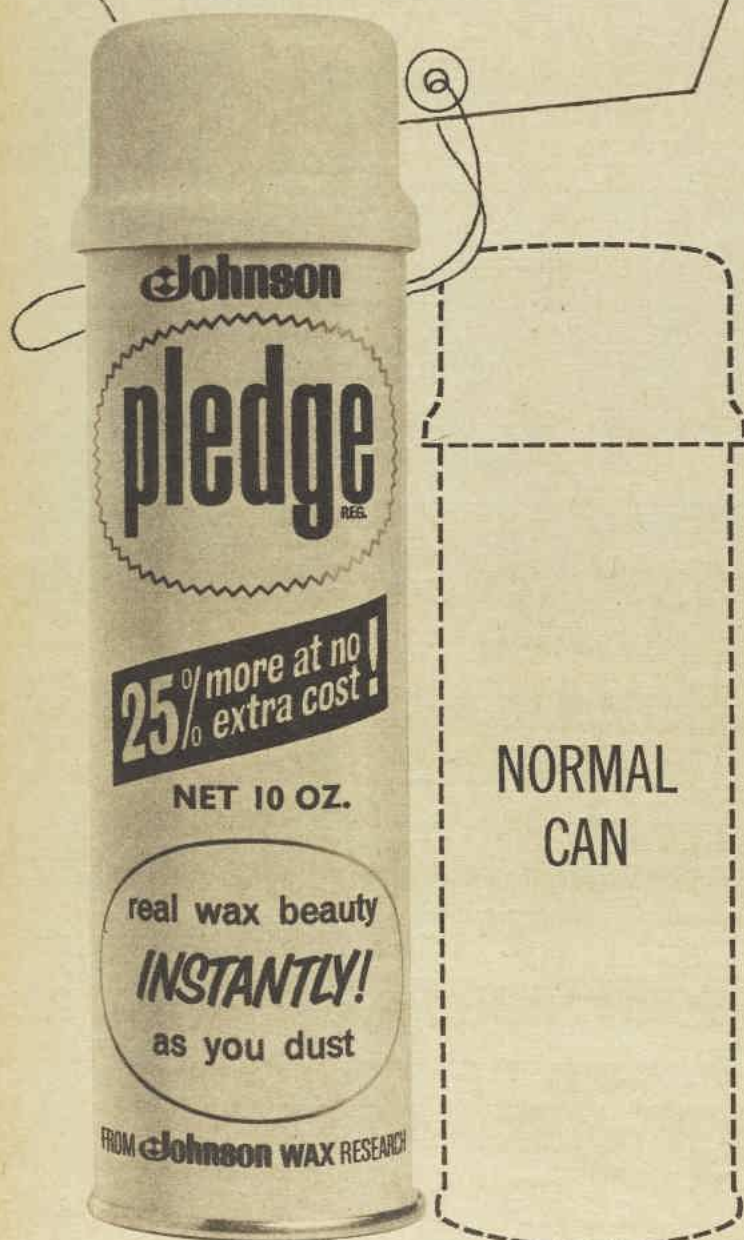
To: Recipe Book, Golden Circle Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q.  
Kindly send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of The Golden Circle Recipe Book. I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ which I understand covers packing and postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# SPECIAL FURNITURE POLISH OFFER!



This wonderful 25% bonus furniture polish offer is yours for a short time only at your local grocery store. Buy now—save as you spray with Pledge. Use Pledge to clean and polish as you dust furniture, refrigerators, leather, venetian blinds, in fact, anywhere you use a duster. FROM **Johnson WAX**

## DAZZLING

● Fashion will outrival the flowers that bloom in the spring this year when The Australian Women's Weekly presents two exciting parades. The clothes are from designers whose names head the "Who's Who" of couture in Britain, Europe, and America, and will be seen in Australia at Myer's and Georges in Melbourne, Farmer's and David Jones' in Sydney, as well as in Canberra and Wollongong. The Australian Women's Weekly will join the stores in presenting these parades, and over the next few weeks will feature color fashion pages of the clothes, together with the overseas and Australian models who will wear them.



AUSTRALIAN models, at left, for the "U.S.A. Today" fashion parades are: Back row, from left, Maggie Axford, Sue Kendall. Centre row, from left, Jenni McKenzie, Marg Hanna, Elizabeth Scarborough, Jan Stewart, Janice Wakely. Front row, left, Marie-Claire van Dam, Natalie Woodley, Mario Waters.

MELBOURNE models, at right, who will join the four from overseas and four from Sydney for the International Vogue parades are, from left, Di Young, Nerida Piggin, Julie Wilkinson, and Jan Stewart.





# FASHION, TOP MODELS ON PARADE

We bring two of the most spectacular  
fashion shows ever staged



CHRISTINE LEE, from New York, one of the two American models who are coming to Australia for the "U.S.A. Today" parades. Ten Australian models will also be in the parades.



HEDWIG BATES, the other New York model for the "U.S.A. Today" fashion parades, has been called America's "Twiggy," although she is shapelier and heavier than the real Twiggy.

## INTERNATIONAL VOGUE

THE Myer's/Farmer's International Vogue parades are to be staged first in Sydney for a week beginning Wednesday, September 20, then in Melbourne from October 2 to October 11.

In the collection will be at least 50 garments purchased by Myer's and Farmer's and about 50 "on loan."

• Representing France are garments from Lanvin, Paul Bon, Jeannette, Patou, Michael, Ann Marie, St. Laurent, Venet, Dior, Cardin, and Courreges.

• From England: Belvilles, Patterson, Cavanagh, Michael, Clive.

• From Italy: Enzo, Biki, Pucci, Mila Schon, Ken Scott, Veneziani, Valentino, Fabiani.

• The United States designers are: Galanos, Geoffrey Benne, Oscar de la Renta, Halley, Adri, Tiffau and Busch, Bill Blass, Abbi Rabiner, Dior, Marquise, Barbarin.

International models who will fly to Australia by Pan-Am for the parades are Helene Delric, from Paris; Lillina Monti, of Milan; Ann Burke, from New York; and Bobo Faulkner, London.

Australian models who will join them are Di Woolley, Antoinette Perrett, Liz Ford, and Dawn Scott.

from Sydney; with Jan Stewart, Di Young, Nerida Piggitt, and Julie Wilkinson, from Melbourne.

Several Australian designers, not chosen, will be asked to join the collection.

Daily parades in Sydney in Farmer's Rose Room, from Wednesday, September 20, to Wednesday, September 27, inclusive, are to be at 3.30 p.m. Tickets will be \$1.50, including afternoon tea.

In the evenings they are at 6.30, and there will be a 10 a.m. parade on Saturday, September 23. Tickets for these parades will be \$1.

Bookings open at Farmer's show booking office, ground floor, on August 21.

Daily parades in Melbourne in the Myer Mural Hall from Monday, October 2, to Wednesday, October 11, will be held at 3 p.m. and again at 8 p.m.

Bookings open at Myer Booking Office on Monday, September 4.

Preceding the daily parades in Sydney, there will be a gala night at the Wentworth Hotel on September 19, with the proceeds to the Black and White Ball Committee to aid the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W.

In Melbourne, the Lady Mayoress' Committee is to benefit from the dinner and parade in the Myer Mural Hall, September 30.

THE Georges / David Jones' parades, featuring clothes from the top fashion houses in the United States, will be the highlight of the stores' American promotion fortnight in October-November.

This enterprise, to be called "U.S.A. Today," has the close co-operation of the United States Government.

The fashion collection will be seen first at an invitation gala opening at Georges on October 23 at 6 p.m.

The parades, which are free, will be held at Georges in Melbourne from Tuesday, October 24, to Friday, October 27, inclusive, at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m., in the fashion showroom on the first floor.

From Melbourne they will go to Canberra, where they will be held at David Jones' store on October 30 and 31.

In Wollongong they will be at David Jones' on November 2 and 3.

In Sydney the parades will get off to a glamor start with a gala opening night on November 4, when the proceeds will go to charity.

From Monday, November 6, to Wednesday, November 8, inclusive, the parades will be held in David Jones' Elizabeth Street store.

The acknowledged leading co-ordinator of American fashion, Miss Eleanor Lambert, made a flying visit to

## "U.S.A. TODAY"

Melbourne and Sydney earlier this year to bring a selection of the clothes she had collected for the parades, and to choose ten Australians to join two from America—Heddie Bates and Christine Lee—as mannequins.

The Australian girls are: Maggie Axford, Suzy Kendall, Jenni McKenzie, Marg Hanna, Elizabeth Scarborough, Jan Stewart, Janice Wakely, Marie-Claire van Dam, Natalie Woodley, and Marlo Waters.

American designers for this collection are: David Kidd, Jacques Tiffau, Marie McCarthy, Adele Simpson, Donald Brooks, Pat Sandler, Monte-Sano, Anne Fogarty, Tom Brigance, Andrew Woods, Malcolm Starr, Bill Blass, Trigere, Gino Charles, Sarmi, George Halley, Suzy Perette, Steroropolis.

The compere of the fashion show has yet to be appointed in America.

Miss Lambert's aim in choosing the clothes geared to the American way of life, which she considers so similar to ours in Australia, was to substantiate America's claim that its "ready-to-wear" fashion is equal to haute couture.

"In every case, color, fabric, and silhouette are high fashion and the finish in rolled hems, buttonholes, and linings is top couture," she said. "I haven't chosen anything gimmicky. Everything is completely wearable, elegant, and comfortable."

Nor does Miss Lambert



LILLINA MONTI, from Milan, Italy, one of the four overseas models for International Vogue.

intend that the mannequins should parade on the catwalk in the conventional manner.

Always a crusader for the acceptance of fashion as a Fine Art, she has grouped the garments in a series of Art forms — glowing color

pictures to tell a fashion story.

In addition to the fashion parades, both Georges and David Jones' will carry the American theme throughout their stores from cosmetics to furnishings and accessories.



# Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'

(Easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over)\*



A mere slip of a slip. Softly sheeny and finely lacy from **Prestige, style PS662**. The style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'? Go ahead — you're assured of the quality. 'Bri-Nylon' means easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over. 'Bri-Nylon' means value for the price you pay. 'Bri-Nylon' puts the fun back into shopping for clothes. Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'!

'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trade mark applied to nylon yarn or fibre manufactured by ICI or by its registered joint venture partners. It has been used by their satisfaction for approved merchandise. It is not authorised for use outside its true meaning.

This label\*  
looks after  
the quality

**BRI\***  
**NYLON**

**FIBREMAKERS**

95 Collins Street, Melbourne  
55 Hunter Street, Sydney



# ALL-WOMEN HOSPITAL NOW OPEN FOR MEN

● When a famous women's hospital opens its first all-male ward, that's news. When the hospital is Sydney's Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and Children, it's a little bit of history.

It happened on July 19 this year, nearly half a century after a young woman doctor named Lucy Gullett paid a very important visit to Melbourne.

The year was 1921, and women doctors like Lucy were feeling the pinch of prejudice against their sex. No matter how highly they were qualified, they found it almost impossible to win hospital appointments, wherein to practise and perfect their craft.

In Melbourne, however, there was a fine and well-established hospital, the Queen Victoria Memorial, run and staffed by women. Dr. Lucy had gone down from Sydney to attend its annual meeting.

She came back full of fire. "If Victoria can do it," she told her friends, "so can we."

Her friend, Dr. Harriet Liffin, was instantly enthused. The pair called a meeting. Four young women (whose names were to acquire great distinction with the years) attended.

They were Drs. Constance D'Arcy, Susie O'Reilly, Margaret Harper, and Emma Bockley.

The six daring pioneers made up their minds to found a hospital of their own, to be called, symbolically, the New Hospital.

They had absolutely no money (except their own personal means, if any). But their hearts, and their plans, were very big, indeed.

Their hospital, they planned, would be run and staffed by women for the care of women and children. From now on there would be one centre in the State of N.S.W. where women doctors could prove to the world what women can do.

Within weeks, canvassing among other friends, they managed to muster the sum of £1000.

They bought a broken-down terrace house in Surry Hills. It was a very sad-looking object, but the young doctors bucked in and cleaned it up, scrubbing and painting and essaying repairs.

The second-storey floor was so feeble that they had

ren, had come flooding into the little terrace house.

Already, these remarkable young women were bent on expansion. They held an annual general meeting, presided over by the Governor-General's wife, Rachel, Lady Forster. World War I had bereft her of all three of her sons, leaving her without "posterity." Within two years she was to have a lasting memorial.

At that first annual meeting a committee of able women was formed to work for the tiny hospital and relieve its young founders of anything but medical work.

It also determined to help find money and another site for a real hospital, to be called the Rachel Forster.

Fittingly, a house and grounds were found in Redfern, once part of a grant to the famous emancipist Dr. Redfern, the first real doctor to receive his degree in Australia.

It was bought for the then formidable sum of £3500. It had 13 rooms, but everyone was too busy to bother about superstition. And the upper floors were sound.

## Public hospital

It was named the Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and Children.

In 1926, a six-bed ward for inpatients was opened, and the hospital was a hospital, indeed. Now, too, there was accommodation for the nursing and domestic staff.

Under its own momentum, the brave venture was taking wing. Outpatients swelled to nearly 20,000 a year.

In 1931, the Rachel Forster was officially recognised as a public hospital under the Hospitals' Act of 1929.

And already it was bursting at the seams. A ward-unit of 20 beds was added. So was an operating theatre.

Working in a necessitous area, the women soon saw a need for a Social Services department. Thanks to the generosity of one exceptional woman, Miss F. M. Gillespie (still president of the all-woman board), another outstanding personality, Miss Kate Ogilvie (the hospital's first secretary), was sent abroad to study, and came back to found an Almoners' Department.

In 1942, the whole enterprise moved to its present site in Pitt St., Redfern, aided by a loan from the AMP Society of £140,000. The State Government guaranteed this loan, and its faith in the women of the Rachel Forster was well justified. The loan has long since been repaid in full.

The new site had exciting associations. Here, Dr. Redfern actually owned a house.



SPACIOUS, modern Rachel Forster Hospital, above, grew from the tiny, shaky, two-storey terrace house, right. It stands on ground once owned by famous emancipist Dr. Redfern.



The hospital grew round a beautiful camphor laurel tree which he himself planted. You can still sit under its shade, in a green-lawned and color-splashed garden.

After 1942, the story is one of constant expansion.

From the beginning, bands of voluntary workers combined to raise funds for the hospital. Self-help was always a byword at the Rachel Forster. By fetes and other ventures, women helpers have raised sums well in excess of \$200,000.

To an unusual degree, too, the Rachel Forster captured public imagination. Bequests have swelled the funds which made development and expansion possible.

Dr. Freda Bonner, who took over as Medical Superintendent on the retirement (after 22 years at the helm) of eminent Dr. Mary Puckey, M.B.E., said: "In a modest way we're leaders and pioneers in certain specialisations—in our breast-clinics, for instance, in mammography, a work pioneered by Dr. Marjorie Dalgarno."

(Mammography, the radiological examination of the breast for disease, especially cancer, can detect breast-cancer long before any other means. More Australian women die of breast-cancer than from any other kind, but the disease is curable if caught early.)

Dr. Bonner went on, "We have many clinics, among them gynaecological, diabetic, psychiatric, orthopaedic, urology, neurosurgery, paediatric, and venereal disease."

"But our latest are the two clinics we opened recently, one for the treatment of adolescent girls, in all their many problems, the other for the treatment of middle-aged women."

"These are fields in which women doctors can play a special part. Mothers often

prefer women to treat their teenage girls. And often middle-aged women will talk more freely to a woman doctor."

Dr. Bonner is petite, with dark hair and very blue Irish eyes. Her voice has an Irish lilt, as well it might. Irish born and bred, trained at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Harvard, she was a secretary before qualifying as a doctor.

## Very real need

During the war, as a WRNS officer (once her ship was torpedoed), she first came to Australia, and was very glad to come back here in 1962 to become one of the very few women chief executive officers in an Australian hospital.

"There's a very real need," she told me, "for a general hospital in this area, and that's what we are becoming. We've acquired a good deal of land, partly through bequests, ready for the future. We'll serve the whole

area, though, of course, we also have patients from all over Sydney, indeed all over N.S.W.; sometimes generations of them."

"Then, of course, for the first time in our history we now have a male ward of 18 beds. This will help give wider experience to our nurses and to the medical students we expect in the future, when we become a training hospital for medical students again. To qualify, we'll have to extend our present 160-bed capacity by another 140."

"Yes, it's a very big program, but it's already well under way."

Dr. Bonner smiled and her blue eyes twinkled.

"These days, the medical staff includes quite a few males. We've always had male honoraries, but the resident staff were always women until the past few years."

"Now we're taking men, and very fine ones, for a very simple reason. We can't get enough women!"



MEDICAL Superintendent of the Rachel Forster, Dr. Freda Bonner, trained in Dublin and Harvard.



# ROVER

## 3 LITRE SALOON



Some people buy this car for its name.  
There are many better reasons...

**GRENVILLE MOTORS**

A Division of LNC Industries (Formerly Larke, Neave & Coles)  
183-185 WILLIAM STREET, SYDNEY 31-7001



## TRAVELLERS' TALES

# A "perfect" family holiday

• With four young children, aged 12, 11, 8, and 4, the idea of a trip abroad could not be contemplated. Sunday afternoons were often spent at Port Melbourne viewing the big overseas liners, and we loved to farewell friends leaving for overseas.

By  
SHIRLEY WIENCKE



MRS. WIENCKE and children, photographed by her husband, Charles.

ONE night, sitting before the fire in mid-June, we conceived a plan for the next school vacation in September.

We decided to inquire about accommodation on an overseas liner travelling to Sydney. We were lucky enough to get a cabin for six, and were informed that we could live on the ship in Sydney and then travel back to Melbourne on her.

We did, however, want to see something of Sydney and New South Wales, so we approached friends with a scheme, and they were very enthusiastic. We put our heads together and were soon engrossed in planning our holiday.

We were to travel up on the ship and they were to drive up in our car and meet us in Sydney. They decided to leave a day earlier, to enjoy a more leisurely journey.

A booking was made at a Sydney motel for us all to stay together for two nights before they sailed back and we headed off for home in the car.

All this worked wonderfully. They left early on Sunday morning, and at 9 a.m. the next day a taxi called for us and the holiday began.

We passed through Customs, then boarded and were shown to our cabin. Sailing time was noon, and we all watched the ropes fall into the sea, and slowly we began to pull away from the wharf.

How lovely it was, with hundreds of colored streamers floating in the air, the blue of the sea and the sky, and the wonderful feeling that we were off.

We roamed about the ship, watching the shoreline right down the Bay, and then out through the Rip. We booked at second-sitting meals, which meant lunch at 1.30 and dinner at 8. We were shown to our table and introduced to our two table companions — a young

American blonde girl, Joni, and a sweet French lass, Suzanne.

After lunch we played deck games, had our tea (so typically English, with large plates of thinly sliced bread and butter, dishes of strawberry and cherry jam, and a platter of cakes, served with pots of strong, hot tea). We went along then to the Dance Space on the deck, with tables and chairs set about and a five-piece orchestra playing. It was very casual and enjoyable.

The children dined at 5.30 and were waited on most attentively. We sat about in the lounge, listening to light violin music and chatting with other travellers. At 7.15 the children were happy to climb into their bunks and we went to have a drink before dinner. Later on we went to a gay and friendly cabaret dance.

### Harbor arrival

Next morning we were called to lifeboat drill, which was a novel experience. The ship passed through Sydney Heads about 3 p.m., and we all stood about on deck, delighting in the very lovely harbor. Unfortunately, it was raining a light, soft, misty rain, and it was very grey and overcast, but somehow this did not detract from our appreciation of the scene... rather it became ghostly and ethereal in the stillness and mist.

We docked at 5.30 p.m. and soon picked out the waving arms of our friends on the wharf.

Our two days together in Sydney were spent in perfect warm, sunny weather, and we explored every inch of Kings Cross, visited the Zoo, climbed millions of steps up one of the pylons of the bridge and found the view well worth the effort.

We drove around the city, visited the controversial Opera House, went out through the lovely harbor suburbs to the Gap, and sat for a while at Rose Bay

watching the flying-boats landing in the harbor.

We saw the famed big bronzed surf-riders at Bondi, loved all the beaches, and agreed that Sydney was an immense, friendly, bustling, exciting city, and the ideal place for a gay holiday.

On Thursday morning we packed the cases into the car, said goodbye to the big grey cat with the scarlet bow sunning on the steps, dodged between all the screeching taxis and rushing pedestrians, and were soon away from Kings Cross.

We headed down the coast, lunched in Bulli, and admired the grandeur and beauty of the drive through the mountains to Moss Vale. We passed through Goulburn and had dinner a little farther on at the Bush-rangers' Inn, which is combined with a small private museum of relics of the bush-ranger days.

Canberra was our next stop. The tranquillity and peacefulness there seemed to us such a sharp contrast after the noise and rushing of Sydney. We drove out to Mt. Pleasant and looked over Canberra and found it hard to imagine the city without the beautiful Lake Burley Griffin.

We went to the aerodrome, Duntroon Military College, and spent quite a long time going through the War Museum.

The Travellers' Centre by the lake had a model of Canberra, with all places of interest marked with descriptions and information. We drove around the embassies, through the Uni-

versity, past Government House, and up to the top of Black Mountain to the Look-out.

After another night at the motel, we visited the new theatre and Civic Square. The theatre was most impressive, as were all the buildings in Canberra — all free-design, all creative, and all seeming to be an architect's dream come true. We felt it a pity that the housing in the suburbs was not planned on the same level.

We then joined a guided tour through Parliament House and had everything explained to us.

We left Canberra on Saturday afternoon and drove through Cooma and on to Kiandra, where we intended to stay. We were greeted by two huge white woolly husky dogs and the sight of rows of skis and toboggans lined up against the wall. So exciting, as we were all anxious to see the snow.

The next morning was clear and sunny, but the air was cold and crisp. Breakfast was served in a room with one wall of glass looking on to the mountains; the only other diners were young skiers ready to go out for a day in the snow.

We did not go to the ski-run, but stopped to frolic in the snow along the roadside. We drove on across the mountains, through Wodonga, Seymour, and back to Melbourne.

We all feel we enjoyed a perfect week's holiday — happiness, good weather, comfort, good service, and attention — with things of interest and enjoyment every minute of the day.

### DETAILS OF COSTS

Cabin for six on the ship .....	\$72.00
Motel at Kings Cross (2 nights, B B & D) ..	30.00
Motel at Canberra (2 nights, B B & D) ..	38.00
Chalet at Kiandra (1 night, B B & D) ..	16.00
Petrol and car service .....	22.00
Other meals, picnic lunches, and incidentals ..	20.00
	<b>\$198.00</b>

# SAVE

...look for  
the economy  
Meds<sup>®</sup>  
tampons  
20's



## RUB IN...



## RUB OUT PAIN!

**FAST RELIEF FROM  
MUSCULAR ACHES  
AND JOINT PAINS**

Dencorub's fast-acting, pain-relieving medications rub right in—rapidly soothe away soreness, ease away pain. Use Dencorub for rheumatism, aching muscles, sprains, and sporting injuries.

Large Tube \$1.15 Small Tube 70 cents  
FROM YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST

- ★ RUBS RIGHT IN
- ★ GOES STRAIGHT TO WORK
- ★ NON-GREASY
- ★ NON-STAINING

**KEEP Dencorub HANDY**



Why give up good eating when the weather turns cold? Your family needs the same great breakfast they can thrive on all year round.

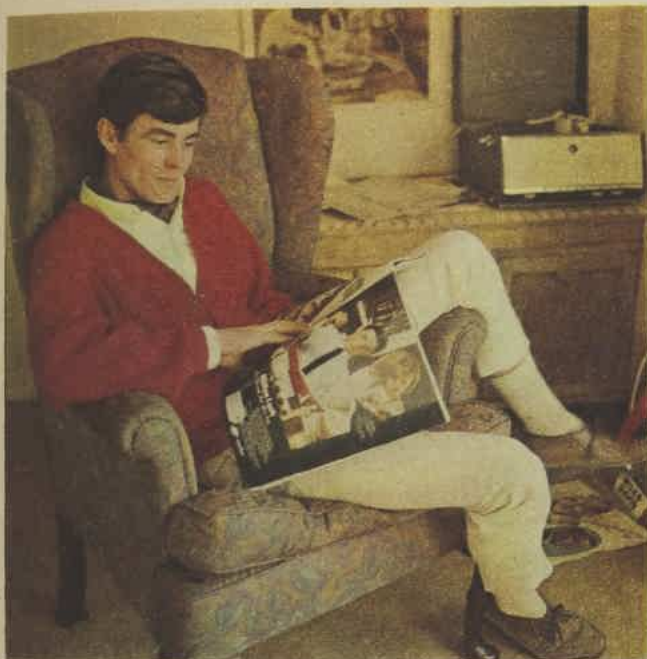
Weet-Bix. The only one with the whole grain goodness of natural wheat. The only one that

gives you real goodness and flavour at such a sensible cost. Come winter, just make one simple change. Pour on hot milk instead of cold.





# MEET 'MR. FASHION'



● "Mannequin of the Year" Wendy Boulden receives a kiss from Armin. He is wearing a long-line wool jacket with flared trousers.

● Armin's tweed suit is in wool trimmed with suede. He has teamed the long-line jacket with a pastel shirt, patterned tie.

● Relaxing in his luxury Melbourne flat, Armin Postler catches up on overseas fashion news.



● "Australian men love casual clothes, but they haven't much taste," says "Mr. Fashion," Armin Postler.

CURLING his lean, 5ft. 11in. frame into a deep armchair, Armin went on:

"Many of them seem to think dressing casually means wearing any old thing. In fact, it is very difficult to achieve the well-groomed casual look."

Who was I to argue with the young man who has just won the title of "Mr. Fashion" and early last year missed being selected to model Pierre Cardin's clothes in Australia because he was an inch too short?

Armin is 25 and has been a professional model for only four months. But already he has carved a sizable niche in the world of men's fashion.

He was one of 19 male models competing for the "Mr. Fashion" award held for the first time during Melbourne's "Mannequin of the Year" parade.

The Mannequins and Models' Guild of Australia, which organises the function, expected only two or three entries in this section, but the result was quite staggering.

But to get back to Armin, who is all the things you expect a successful model should be—with dark good looks, an impish grin (which reminded me of pop singer Dave Clark of the Dave



● For "dress" dates, Armin often breaks tradition and wears a pastel shirt with his formal dinner suit.

● Armin's personal wardrobe includes a large range of casual clothes including this tailored leather jacket.

Story: Jane Nugent. Pictures: Michael Coyne.

Clark Five fame), and impeccable grooming.

He came to Australia from Germany — where he had been in the antique business — three years ago.

"To begin with, I had to learn the language," he said in faultless English, "so I worked in restaurants, first in Sydney, then in Melbourne."

While he was still busy with the carpet-bag steaks and the pies and sauce, a friend suggested he should try modelling.

"I suppose the main reason why I decided to take up modelling was so I could wear the clothes I like," he said, "and maybe influence other young men to take more interest in fashion."

Whatever the reason, he was a great success and

after only two months found he was getting enough work to be a full-time fashion model.

Not surprisingly, Armin has a pretty extensive wardrobe of his own.

Many of his clothes he brought with him and some have been sent to him from Europe.

He is also most enthusiastic about Australian-made garments.

"There are some excellent designers here," he said. "They compare with any in the world."

But he thought manufacturers were inclined to be timid of new ideas.

"Overseas a new trend appears in the shops almost immediately after it has been introduced to the manufacturers," he said.

Armin is mad about bright colors, particularly orange, but added that, unless color was carefully worn, it could look gaudy.

In his opinion, a well-dressed young man should aim at having several casual jackets in his wardrobe. This might include one plain jacket, perhaps one in check, which would team with matching trousers, and one in suede, leather, or corduroy.

He should also have as many shirts and sweaters as he can afford.

However, he should invest in at least one good suit.

Finally, every smart young man should be wearing long, flared, and slightly waisted jackets, trousers with flared legs, and shirts with long, button-down collars.

For teenagers





## Beauty in Brief

### MINI HAIRDOS AHEAD

EVERYTHING'S mini these days—even in Paris, where top hair-stylist Ferand Aubrey has launched his mini-curls.

Mini-curls are for short-cut hair. Strands are wound around the finger, dried with pins, and left in soft rolls all over the head.

Once the initial bounce begins to disappear, a spot of gentle teasing all over would be a practical reviver between sets.

### Greek idea

The boys of the Greek islands are the inspiration for yet another mini-hair fad. It's called, appropriately, the Greek Boy cut and makes the wearer look a bit like Mia Sinatra.

The length of one's hair depends on many things. In general, a youthful face can wear almost any hair-length.

— Carolyn Earle

## BEATNIK



I SEE that, according to a recent American report, more and more weddings are being performed with fewer and fewer attendants.

If this means fewer demands on blokes to be best men (a misnomer, if ever there was one) I go along with the idea wholeheartedly.

Being best man would be, without doubt, one of the worst tasks one can imagine.

My belief in the truth of this was reinforced when I sought to refresh my memory of a best man's duties.

I borrowed from our Social Editor, Mollie Lyons, an etiquette book which contains a chapter on the subject.

I now offer some quotes from the chapter, with — from my own, and others' experience—suitable, and brutally honest, comments:

Quote: "The best man is usually a bachelor."

Comment: Unattached girls—and their mothers—attending the wedding don't quite see him in that light.

He is often the target of suggestions that he should consider trying for a groom's job.

Page 36

## Portrait of a patriot

WHAT is a typical Australian? I'd say a well-groomed, unprejudiced, exciting person with a tanned, healthy skin and a wonderful outlook on life. He loves meeting and talking to strangers and is always ready to give a word of advice or a helping hand to a newcomer to his country. He has a fiery temper when mistaken for a foreigner, and is proud of his heritage. And why not? He belongs to a small but wonderful country.

— "AUSSIE," Peakhurst, N.S.W.

### The twain meet

FOR the past five years I have been writing to a girl in Tokyo. When we were in Japan recently we were invited to her home and were served a typical Japanese dinner of rice and raw octopus, egg soup, and sake. Many of her family and friends were invited to meet us, and they were most excited to have foreigners in their home. All Japanese students must take English in the latter years of their education. The teenagers were extremely anxious to speak to us and they were eager for knowledge of our country and customs. — Joyce Carpenter, Boondall, Qld.

### Education claim

MANY working teenagers further their education by studying as external students of universities, attending evening classes, and by correspondence trade courses. These part-time courses add skilled labor to Australia, more qualified specialists capable of producing better work, and improved products. When young people study many hours each night after a normal day's work, the Government should allow them tax deductions on textbooks, equipment, and study expenses. This would be small compensation for hard work and initiative. — "Part-time," Moree, N.S.W.

### Seeing red

MY girlfriend, aware of my tendency to blush at anything, decided to cure it. She did this by saying embarrassing things to me in front of other friends. I gritted my teeth, and learnt to laugh back. Now I am completely cured. — "Anti-Red," North Glenelg, S.A.

### Complex theory

AT the age of 14 or 15 many teenagers develop an inferiority complex. I have had this problem, and there is only one really good way to solve it. Stop thinking about yourself, and take more interest in the people around you. But, most important, be yourself! This was my theory, and if you stick to it, it may work for you, too. — Jay Cohen, Hurstville, N.S.W.

## LETTERS

### TO ALL MUMS

I would loathe it (and most other teenagers would, too) if my mum swooned over the pop stars, tried to be "with it," and learnt the latest dances. If she did, I would quickly find other interests. We don't want to appreciate the same things as our parents, or wear the same sort of clothes. All we ask is for them not to knock us because they don't understand. So, parents, please don't try to join us. — "Only Young Once," Toowoomba, Qld.

### Dividing line

HAVING just ended my teenage years, I reflected on the problem of parent-child relationships during this period. I have come to the conclusion that communication would be easier if parents realised the distinction between talking "down to" or "at" children, and talking "with" them. Instead of issuing orders, parents should have a reasonable talk, as friends, to their children. Discussion is very important, and the comment "you will learn" is no help whatsoever — except when too late. — S.R., Brighton Beach, Vic.

### Means to an end

DURING the vacation our school placed Leaving Certificate girls who are doing shorthand-typing in business offices. This meant we had a sample of what we will be expected to do when we go to work. As well as getting much valuable practical experience and an insight into the future, we made many new friends. For many, this holiday job was an interesting way to spend a vacation which would possibly have otherwise been

dull. Other students might suggest to their teachers that they also try this beneficial means of learning. — "Leaving Student," Deans Marsh, Vic.

### 'Tail' of woe

PROBABLY one of the biggest nuisances to the general public is dogs. In my municipality the Dog Act is not well enforced. This is dangerous, because as most dogs are allowed to roam around the streets, pedestrians run the risk of being attacked. Many dogs also are knocked over, quite accidentally, by motorists. Dog owners, please keep your dogs under control. As well as lessening the risks to pedestrians, you will probably save your dog's life. — Heather Barnes, Carnegie, Vic.

## HERE'S YOUR

## ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

### She can't resist temptation

I AM in my middle teens and I have been going steady for about a year. My boyfriend and I are happy most of the time. The trouble is, although we love each other I am contented only until some other boy takes an interest in me. When I go out with these others I feel no emotion, and just think of my boyfriend. I resolve never to go out again, but when the temptation arises I do so without thinking. My boyfriend does not go to any dances, and although I go just occasionally I always go alone, where I meet these temptations.

"Desperate," Tas.

Some girls in their teens aren't happy unless they have a string of adoring admirers. It makes them feel special, and, though they may not realise it, gives them a sense of security. Could you perhaps fit into this category? That would explain why you find it so hard to resist "temptation"—in fact, you go out of your way to look for it every time you go alone to a dance. If you genuinely care for your boyfriend—it isn't time to call your feeling love—you must avoid places where you are likely to meet these admirers.

### Growing 'pains'

I HAVE a problem concerning my mother. I can't help checking her, and afterwards I regret it. I suppose you will tell me to stop being rude, but I can't help it. It's like a

habit. I would be grateful if you could tell me how to stop doing it. Sometimes I say the most awful things.

"Addict," N.S.W.

"Cheeking" your mother and saying "awful things" is a childish phase, which sometimes occurs when girls are growing up. The fact that you realise it's unattractive shows that you are becoming more mature. The rest is up to you.

### Sob-story

EVERY so often I feel "completely lost and alone in my life that seems to be changing around me. Even when I'm with my boyfriend, and he says he loves me, I feel nothing. He said he has a surprise for me. I know he's going to ask me to go steady and I don't want to, but I don't wish to hurt his feelings. I can't help feeling cynical toward people. Sometimes I feel about 100 and that there's nothing left for me to do. I want to meet new people and do new things. But, most of all, I want to find the old me again."

"Mixed-up," Qld.

Only when you stop feeling sorry for yourself will you find the old, and I gather, uncomplicated you. What effort are you making to meet new people? Have you joined a club? Of course, until you stop feeling cynical toward people, you will never reap the full "harvest" of friendship. As for believing there's nothing left for you to do—take a look at some of the fascinating new subjects your mind can explore at evening classes! Re your boyfriend: I think it would hurt him more if you didn't tell him exactly how you feel.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

## ROUND ROBIN Adair

### MAY THE BEST MAN LOSE!

"If fees have not been settled (at the church) he attends to these and to all tipping . . ."

No doubt, this is the origin of the wedded-bliss story that two can live as cheaply as one.

Cheaper, in fact, than the one who's best man!

"He should not leave the reception till . . . the chief bridesmaid does not wish him to undertake any further commissions for her."

See first comment!

All in all, probably an important thing to recommend marriage to a young man is that, as the book suggests, a husband should not be a best man!







would you believe  
this is a powder compact?

it isn't.

It's a 'Petti Purse'...free from Fems. It holds three Fems Tampons—tucks neatly into handbag or pocket. And it's free with every Twin pack of Fems. Isn't it *marvellous!* Just look in your favourite store right now.



\*Registered trade mark of Kimberly-Clark Corp.



## NEW GLAMOR COOK BOOK BY SYDNEY HOSTESSES



ATTRACTIVE COVER of the new cook book "Dining With Peter Pan" was designed by Mrs. Anthony Inglis, is in two versions—white and black on either flamingo or pink.

A book of glamor recipes, "Dining With Peter Pan," from some of Sydney's best-known hostesses has been published by The Peter Pan Kindergarten, Sydney, in aid of the Kindergarten funds. But the recipes, although glamorous, are easy to make and practical; for example, there are directions for using up half a sheep, making a different dish from it on every day of the week. The book costs \$1.

MEMBERS of The Peter Pan Kindergarten committee and other supporters of the kindergarten have supplied more than 60 recipes for "Dining With Peter Pan."

Here are some of the delicious recipes from this book.

### CAVIAR EGGS

Mrs. Peter Chambers

Hard-boil 6 eggs. While still warm, halve lengthwise and scoop out yolks and mash them with cream, pepper and salt. Add 1 small

jar black caviar, return to whites and serve on lettuce leaves.

### PATE MAISON

Mrs. Norman Hill

Crush 2 cloves garlic into 1lb. butter. Melt and add 1lb. chicken livers, pepper and salt, 1lb. finely chopped ham, 1 glass sherry. Cook 10 minutes. Heat 1 tablespoon brandy and pour flaming over livers. Simmer a few minutes, vitamine, and put in mould. Turn out and serve with hot toast.

### FILLET OF BEEF MARCEL

Mrs. Marcel Dekyere

Remove all fat and skin from a 4lb. fillet. Rub it all over with 1/2 cup prepared mustard, salt, and ground pepper. Skewer it and place in fireproof serving dish and on it put chunks of butter and some thin slices of bacon. Roast in 450deg. oven 30 minutes, basting. Add a little water if necessary. Pour over it a carton of commercial sour cream and roast a further 10-15 minutes. Serve on a hot dish with the gravy, garnished with sauteed mushrooms and chopped parsley.

### TO MAKE RUMP STEAK UNUSUAL

Mrs. David Gunning

Grill 1 1/2lb. rump steak, cut into serving portions, and place in the following sauce. Melt 3oz. butter in pan, add 1 finely chopped onion, and cook until soft. Pour in 1/2 cup white wine and 1 teaspoon each of tomato sauce and Worcestershire sauce, paprika, salt and pepper, and 1 tablespoon capers. Serve sprinkled with chopped chives.

### BIRTHDAY DUCKLING WITH CHERRIES

Mrs. John Bovill

Prick a duckling well and rub with plenty of salt and black pepper, 1/2 teaspoon each ginger and rosemary. Brown the bird well in 1/2 cup olive oil. Place all in roasting dish and cover with 4 tablespoons honey. Cook 1/2 hour in 350deg. oven, basting often. Meanwhile, in saucepan, combine 1 cup chicken stock, 1/2 cup large rimmed cherries, 1/2 cup cherry juice, and 1/2 cup canned mushrooms. Simmer till reduced to 1 cup. Thicken with 1 tablespoon flour worked into 1 tablespoon hot butter. Pour over duck which has been drained of all fat, and cover tightly. Cook at 325deg. until tender. Serve with flaming brandy.

"Dining With Peter Pan" is available from most leading stores and booksellers or from Mrs. O. Hilbert, 6/5 Wentworth Place, Point Piper. Price, \$1.

### House of the Week

We regret that we were misinformed about an old stone cottage that previously stood on the site of Mrs. L. R. Sinclair's home at Vaucluse, N.S.W. (House of the Week, July 26 issue). This building was not offered to the National Trust; a previous owner had at one time contemplated offering it to them, but this offer was never in fact made.

## Try MAGGI Gravy Mix it's the richest

(because it has its own built-in meat juices)



## If you don't agree we'll give you DOUBLE your money back

### Double your money back guarantee

If you don't agree that Maggi Gravy Mix is the richest packet gravy, please let us know why on a separate sheet of paper. Attach it, together with the completed voucher, to the front of the Maggi Gravy Mix pack. Post them to the Maggi address below and we'll send you double your money back. (Offer closes 27th October and is not open to retailers. One refund per household.)

Maggi Double Money Back Guarantee  
P.O. Box 425, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

We are rather proud of our Maggi Gravy Mix. It has built-in meat juices, not just colouring and flavouring like the others. (It's so rich you only add water.) We believe you'll appreciate the difference—find it extra good. So you be our judge and try Maggi Gravy Mix. If you don't agree it is richer, fill in the voucher and we'll give you double your money back.

*At MAGGI we really care.*



# Beautiful peonies

- These gorgeous members of the ranunculus family do best in the cooler parts of Australia.

**P**EAONIES rank among the choicest of garden subjects. The handsome plants have attractive, deeply cut foliage, and the flowers of all varieties are beautiful.

Some are like large single poppies. Others resemble huge, crepy-textured pompons. Many are perfumed.

Peonies last remarkably well as cut flowers. Although not yet widely grown in Australia, they are a wonderful standby for florists in other countries. Picked in tight bud, they can be cool-stored for many weeks and will open normally when brought into warmer temperatures.

By ALLAN SEALE

There are two main groups, similar in flower but with distinctly different growing habits.

One is the herbaceous peony, which is the more widely grown, and the other is the tree peony.

The herbaceous types include the Chinese species *P. lactiflora*, European *P. officinalis*, and many hybrids from these species.

In winter the foliage of these herbaceous peonies dies down to dormant crowns below ground level. Propa-

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 150

gation is by dividing and replanting the fleshy roots in winter. However, division of peonies is certainly not a yearly ritual, as they are best when not disturbed.

They rarely produce flowers before the second year after planting. In some of the old gardens of England the same clumps have continued to flower undisturbed for nearly 100 years!

The tree peony was brought from China about 120 years ago by Robert Fortune, who was commissioned to collect new plants for the Royal Horticultural Society of England.

As the name implies, it makes a small woody tree 3ft. to 4ft. high. Unlike the herbaceous peony, it is propagated from suckers or, more commonly, by grafting a shoot into root stocks of herbaceous types. New plants can also be made by aerial layering.

These methods are slow compared to root division, so this is probably one reason why it is not seen as frequently as the herbaceous peonies.

**Soil:** Peonies need a deep, rich soil which is well drained but holds moisture. A good crumbly clay loam is preferable to sand, mainly because it doesn't dry out as readily as sand or allow nutrients to wash out so freely.

In fact, their likes are similar to roses. Their ideal soil is a deep layer of crumbly loam over a clay subsoil. Improve the soil texture by digging in well-rotted compost several weeks before planting.

- *Inspector Laverne*, a spectacular cerise-red, is a new peony variety expected to become very popular. It is free-flowering, with large blooms. Peonies pictured were grown by Mr. A. C. Turner, of "Yarrafarm," at Monbulk, Vic.



- *Sarah Bernhardt* (left) is a popular and long-established variety. It has pale pink petals suffused with deeper pink inside, and is free-flowering and hardy.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 152



- *Northern Glory* (left) is a new Japanese single peony just released in Australia. It is the first of the peonies to come into flower.



- An old favorite double, *Mons Jules Elie* (right) bears big, soft blooms in a light cyclamen-pink, and is very hardy.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 151

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

## SOIL, continued

In acid soils, a dressing of lime or dolomite is also beneficial, especially for herbaceous types. The tree peonies prefer a slightly acid soil.

**Planting:** Choose roots with three or four shoots and set them obliquely, with the crown about 2in. below the surface. Mark the spot with a short stake on either side, as they are dormant for some time and may otherwise be damaged by cultivation.

**Climate:** Peonies grow best in the cooler southern areas of Australia or the highland districts. They need fairly warm conditions in late summer and autumn to mature the new shoots, then a cold winter to encourage complete dormancy.

Therefore they suit districts such as Canberra and other inland areas, provided the right soil is created.

Tree peonies are more adaptable to warmer climates, and can be grown with reasonable success in the hills of many temperate coastal districts, but are at their best in cooler districts.

They need some light protection from midsummer sun and hot winds, as they make no more than the initial crop of handsome foliage in spring. If this becomes scorched or tattered, the plant remains unattractive until the following season. Light-foliaged deciduous trees will usually give the type of protection they need.

**Feeding:** Peonies won't flower in impoverished soil. When the first shoots appear in spring, water the clumps with diluted liquid manure at the strength recommended. Apply this at fortnightly intervals until flowering, but avoid strong fertilisers.

Just after flowering, mulch around the plants with a 2in. or 3in. layer

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 153

of compost or well-rotted animal manure. This serves two purposes — to feed the plants during the remainder of their growing season and to keep the soil cool during summer.

Avoid mulching before flowering, as it may encourage botrytis, a fungus disease which causes blackening of the foliage and buds. Should it occur, control it by spraying with copper oxychloride, bordeaux, or any of the complete fungicides.

**Varieties:** Peonies are sometimes listed by Australian nurserymen as peony rose, probably because the flowers do resemble some of the old-fashioned roses. Actually, they belong to the ranunculus family. Some of the more popular varieties likely to be available from nurserymen in the southern States include:

## Doubles:

*Adolphe Rousseau* — large deep purple, early.

*Asa Gray* — large full rosy lilac.

*Eugene Verdier* — soft pink, very double.

*Festiva Maxima* — pure white, showing carmine spot in centre.

*Dr. Crevecoeur* — deep crimson purple, late.

*Karl Rosenfield* — large, brilliant rosy-red, fragrant.

*Lady Alexander Duff* — beautifully formed rich pink, fragrant. Early.

*Sarah Bernhardt* — soft pink, petals tipped silvery white, free-flowering and fragrant.

## Singles:

*Mistral* — bright carmine.

*Pink Delight* — soft pink.

*Jan van Leeuwen* — large white, with yellow stamens.

*O-Sho-Kum* — dark red.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book





# **Bond's Cottontails: 2 ounces of freedom.**

So light and white, so soft and sleek — you're fresh and free in "Cottontails". Two tiny ounces of absorbent cotton styled to fit smooth under today's fashions. And styled for freedom with 'action' gusset and 'nylo-rib' legbands that keep their place. Bond's quality cotton boils fresh and white. SSW-OS. Breezeweight 75c. Interlock 79c. Coral Island 89c.

**BOND'S**



# DRIVE TO THE NORTH-WEST

"I had never driven off the bitumen before, or farther than 50 miles at a stretch," says DAPHNE GRATTE, of Perth . . . who then did a 1204-mile solo drive, in an old army vehicle piled with farm equipment, to their new property in the tropical north of Western Australia.

WHEN we bought a station property 1204 miles from Perth, it was a case of "all hands to the wheel" to get things rolling.

Our partner, his wife and two young daughters had shifted up and settled in.

We were to live in the city until the station was established, but now we needed a new four-wheel drive delivered.

The only able-bodied soul available for the job was me! Of course, we could have paid someone to drive it — wages, hotel accommodation, air fare back — but at this tender stage of development the idea was out.

Anyway, I was just longing to see the place again — black, barren, basalt hills, sweeping flat plains covered with silver-gold grasses and grey-green trees, cool deep gorges where rivers rush in the "wet" but dotted now with deep, cool pools, abounding in fish, galahs, and cockatoos wheeling in great clouds of color.

The vehicle was bought — second-hand, ex-British Army, supposed to run over deserts, through snow, up mountains, and under six feet of water.

At first I thought I would take a friend for company, but the pile of goods to be taken kept steadily mounting — paint, fly-wire doors, two saddles, pair of boots, chains to hobble horses, barbed wire, timber for repairs, bag sugar, bag potatoes, case of cool drink, my own sleeping bag and food, eight gallons of water, comics for the children — and left no room for a passenger. I popped a couple of geraniums in pots into the last nook, and was ready.

If you have three children to

look after and organise to stay with friends, leaving them clothes for a week, you will understand the scramble it was to get away.

My husband got a police permit for me to drive the vehicle — named Bertha — from Applecross to Roebourne.

"You're giving your wife a bit of a job," the policeman said to my husband, and they all gathered around to tease.

My poor husband, with his great love of the open spaces, would have given anything to do the job, but he simply had to stick with his work.

The day arrived. I clambered aboard. Heavens, how high it was, and no side curtain.

I started the motor. "Well, darlings, if I can't drive it now, I should be able to by the time I've travelled 1204 miles." A picture for the records, and away.

I did manage to get around the corner before shedding a few tears. I just hated leaving that little group on our front lawn, and I was a bit scared, anyway.

There were 308 miles of bitumen to Geraldton, 303 miles to Carnarvon (with only two roadhouses in between), then 280 miles of dirt road to Onslow (no roadhouse), 198 miles to Roebourne, and 115 miles beyond that with no services — and I had never driven a vehicle off the bitumen before, or farther than 50 miles at a stretch.

The first day was the worst. Old Bertha wallowed like a ship in a heavy sea, and the load shifted. By the time I reached Geraldton I had rolls of barbed wire all around me, and couldn't get the vehicle into reverse.

I had the load fixed and Bertha checked. She had 18lb. in the left front tyre, 17lb. in the

right back, 28lb. in the right front, 29lb. in the left back. No wonder we were all at sea.

The next stretch was straight, good road and Bertha sailed along beautifully, but I was so tired I had to stop and sleep for a couple of hours after lunch. At Carnarvon, I had a good tea and night's sleep with friends.

I was off early again, and then suddenly there was no ribbon of firm black road. I took it quietly and learned to manage the dirt, but it was hot and lonely. The roadhouses were a haven.

It was so hot now that each time I stopped I had trouble getting the motor going.

Miles from nowhere I came across a broken-down truck. The men looked pretty evil and dirty, and one stood well in the middle of the road and waved me to stop. I drove a little past and kept the motor running.

"Could you please let us have a drink of water?" They had planned to fill their bottles at the last tank, but it had been dry. Then they had broken down, and been without water for six hours.

It really was hot on that barren, red-dust plain and there had been a drought. I gave them one of my two-gallon containers — and now they didn't look evil at all.

Three miles from Onslow a dozen or more Aborigines, with wives, children, and old folk, waved me down and politely asked if I would please take one of them into town to get a new tyre? But there was no room.

"Up there would do," one said, so up on the barbed wire it was.

He settled on his precarious perch, but now Bertha wouldn't start. We tried all the tricks, but Bertha wouldn't budge.

Perhaps I should have been

worried, stuck out there alone, but my companions were a friendly family group, natural, and with a quiet dignity.

After an eternity, a jeep came along. The two young land surveyors in it had to tow Bertha, me, and our Aboriginal on the barbed wire into Onslow.

The garage man said the petrol had been vaporising in the heat and there was water in the petrol.

Surprisingly, I wasn't so tired now. I must have been toughening up. On the last leg, the dirt road continued, but the dry flat country was fading away and our black hills and the tropical rain belt were beginning to appear.

Last stop before home, I freshened up at a delightful pool, watered the potplants, and had a cup of coffee. Suddenly, to my horror, I discovered fluid draining out of the vehicle.

I had to smell and taste it. It was only water. I must have filled some part to overflowing with my watering of the plants.

My journey was almost done now. In the city, passersby had smirked at Bertha and me. In the country towns, people whistled and waved. I would almost be sorry when it was over.

My husband had made me promise only one thing when leaving. "Please, Daph, when you pull in for petrol, keep facing north. With your sense of direction, you'll end up back in Perth."

When I arrived safely at the destination, our partner whipped Bertha out to the stock camp.

She is still doing a fine job battling with the rough country, and I'm back home again being just plain Mum. Sometimes I think about it, and realise it just goes to show you never know what you can do until you try.

active, attractive



despite  
**VARICOSE  
VEINS**

Her secret... Scholl Elastic Hosiery. Can't be seen under ordinary nylons, yet gives firm, medically-correct support, effective relief and comfort. Improves leg contour. Hides unsightly veins. Nothing equals Scholl. No seam, no hem, no ridge. Exclusive 'Soft-Grip' top and instep eliminate constriction. All fittings available in either nylon or elastic yarn.

**Scholl Soft Grip**  
**ELASTIC HOSIERY**  
FROM CHEMISTS, STORES AND  
SCHOLL BRANCHES

Who took Sally's  
chocolate  
Laxettes?



Grandma did

What's Grandma doing with a laxative made for children?

Let's explain: young folk and elderly folk both have delicate systems, so both have the same problem when it comes to irregularity. Sally and Grandma each need a safe and gentle laxative. That describes Laxettes perfectly!

The moral for grown-ups: Keep regular with Laxettes but please don't borrow Sally's. Laxettes tonight, tomorrow you're right.

'What a pity  
she bites  
her nails'

Bitten nails are ugly nails. And nail biting is an ugly habit. How can those short and scruffy nails become long, strong and beautiful nails? A wonderful new nail-biting deterrent is here to help your willpower and your won't power. It's Stop 'n Grow. Tests have shown remarkable results. After using Stop 'n Grow, nail-biters have grown long nails with firm cuticles and clear half moons. Nail biting has been cured within 3 weeks. Stop 'n Grow is invisible. You can wear it over nail polish. It's called Stop 'n Grow, because as you stop the habit you grow new nails. Ask your chemist.

A country reader writes of the miracle of rain after drought

## THERE'S WATER IN THE DAM AGAIN

(Advertisement)  
**Give  
your hair the  
Peek-In Glow**

Your hair will glow with deep rich beauty — the delightful transuence you see when looking into the depths of amber or a precious stone. The hair looks more youthful, clearer, cleaner and the highlights are revealed in their fullest glory when you use the Peek-In Glow shampoo by Delph. The Delph Peek-In Glow shampoo that enables you to look into the hair and see its loveliness at depth is available from Chemists and cosmetic counters. There are three types: "Clear, Creamed and Medicated."

THE rains came . . . so quietly, so unbelievably in June, normally the driest month.

At 30 points it's: "Well, it has settled the dust nicely."

At 40 points: "The rainwater tanks are full."

At 60: "At least we won't need to water the garden for a day or so."

At 80: "It really looks as though it's setting in."

School lessons are suspended for the day, and children start bewailing the lack of raincoats, nevertheless racing out to splash in unaccustomed puddles and glorious mud.

News broadcasts are listened to even more intently than usual, with expressions of delight as one drought-stricken place is reported to be getting a good fall, and sighs of sympathy when another has missed out.

Later that night there is a violent thunderstorm to the north, over the catchment of the empty house dam. Next morning the rain-gauge reveals yet another 78 points. That second inch is getting close.

"Perhaps I'll walk down to the creek and see if there is any water there."

"But it takes four inches to run it."

"Oh, you never know."

So, accompanied by children and dogs, they set off to plod the half-mile through the heavy, gluey mud.

It seems much too soon to expect them back when shouts herald their return.

"The creek's running! The creek's running!"

"It might run into the dam."

An agonising hour is spent in waiting, then every adult

dons mud boots and raincoats and sets out, trying to hurry in spite of the mud, pulling each foot out of the bog with each step as though it were trying to thwart one's progress.

The barefooted children, as usual, are well in the lead. They come running back.

"It's running into the dam!"

And there it was! A great pipeful of muddy water roaring down, gouging out a great hole in the earth at the bottom of the dam.

What a sight to gloat over! Water! At last! A great sigh goes up. No water-carting this year after all.

One last long, long satisfying look at this timely relief from drought and everyone laboriously struggles home, each one calculating just how much water there could be "up the creek," and whether there is the slightest chance of its running on into the second dam, now holding its last 3ft. of water.

Hours pass, and again the struggle down to the creek and up on to the bank of the dam. The water is starting to run into the second dam, and still flowing strongly into the backwater behind the first dam.

Now every tap gushes muddy water and baths seem filled with weak tomato soup, but it's a small price to pay for abundant water.

No more frantic checking to see that all taps are turned off tightly. No more water-carting, that irksome, soul-searing job that goes on and on.

But best of all, the garden is safe, that oasis of green in a vast, parched land, resting the eyes. The rains came. — D.R.B., Longreach, Qld.





● Cantonese porcelain

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I WOULD like some information about three pieces of Oriental porcelain. There are no identifying marks apart from a symbol (sketch enclosed). — Mrs. E. B. Clayton, East Devonport, Tas.

The porcelain set is of Cantonese origin — such sets were fashionable from about 1860 onwards and were usually supplied in a wickerwork basket. The design remained popular until the turn of the twentieth century.



● Victorian shakers

Said the 'globe-trotter'

to the 'first-trippers'



"No place on earth compares with beautiful

# South Africa"



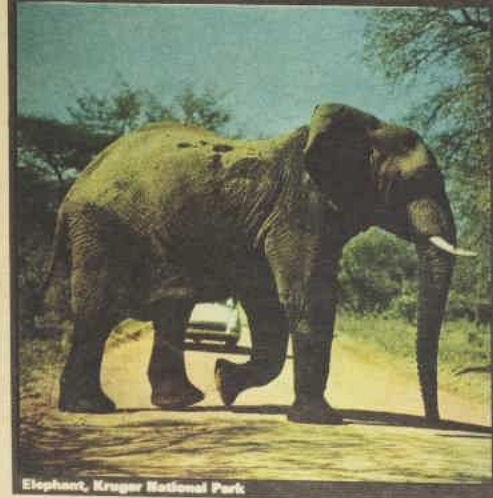
Mountain scenery, Natal



Mine Dancing, Johannesburg



Cape Town and Table Mountain



Elephant, Kruger National Park

Is there any one country where you can see nature at its most magnificent, meet peoples of 100 different origins, customs and tongues, lounge in luxurious hotels, feast on venison and chase elephants? There is one — just one. South Africa!

South Africa is unique. A land of bewildering variety, warm hospitality, glorious scenery. A land of contrast, from Zulu kraal to towering skyscraper, from unspoiled game reserves to the beauty and serenity of Cape Province.

South Africa is a land where you're made welcome, where accommodations are excellent and prices moderate. Where everyone — souvenir hunter, camera enthusiast, thrill seeker, sportsman — finds everything different and full of interest. Ask the globetrotter. Ask your travel agent. Then go!

Touring in South Africa is inexpensive, and there are no language or currency problems. For fully illustrated literature, contact your travel agent, or send this coupon.

TO SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION, 90 Pitt St., G.P.O. Box 4889, Sydney, N.S.W. Aust.  
Please send me details of travel in South Africa.

NAME

ADDRESS

If under 21, please state age ☐

STG/2PC WW



● Knitting-needle holder

I HAVE a pair of owl-shaped shakers that were given to me by my grandmother. They are made of either pewter or silver, but they have no marking on them. On the feet they have the brand "R.B. & Co S." I'm not sure if the small "o" is meant to be such or a large dot.

Could you tell me how old they are, where they were made, or anything of interest about them? — Mrs. Christine R. Cleary, North Rockhampton, Qld.

Your pair of uncommon late-Victorian Britannia metal (electro-plated) pepper and salt shakers were made by R. Barton & Co. (Sheffield) about 1890 to 1895.

ENCLOSED are tracings of two medallions which I found in a collection of coins which belonged to a deceased member of the family. I would be grateful if you could tell me about them.

The inscription in the larger medallion can be read, but the smaller one is difficult to decipher even with a magnifying glass. — Mrs. D.S., Bransholme, Vic.

Your first medallion is 19th century, while the second one, depicting a scene of the Sunderland Bridge (across the River Wear), completed in 1797, the second iron bridge to be built in England, is silver. Your medal is is not particularly scarce.

I ENCLOSE a photograph of a knitting-needle holder (below). Is the holder one of a pair? Apparently the needles used did not have knobs on the ends as we know them today. Would this holder belong to the Victorian era? — Mrs. A. Wilcock, Hamilton, Vic.

This appears to be a most unusual knitting-needle holder, probably one of a pair. I presume that it is made of carved wood, the mouth of the aperture treated with a ring of ivory. It comes under the classification of treenware and was probably made during the second quarter of the nineteenth century.



**GRAHAM KERR,**  
our Bake-Off  
chairman, writes  
more about his  
travels in America  
—part of his world  
tour to select  
chefs as judges in  
our big contest.

FLYING from San Francisco to New Orleans. High over the Grand Canyon. Deeper into the South. Flat mangrove swamps. Touch down, and we walk straight into a warm, wet blanket. This is New Orleans. Limousine drivers are not allowed to carry bags, and there are no porters. I have seven bags. Nobody talks to me. If this is Southern hospitality, I prefer Hobart. Search for a decent hotel. Small, French style, perhaps. This one looks old. Cracks down the walls, grey wrought iron, gaslights. Looks fine through the window. What is it called? Royal Orleans.

The Royal Orleans Hotel is a splendid example of city planning. The New Orleans Tourist Department lays down restrictions for building heights, materials to be used, and the style for buildings in the French Quarter.

Look at the photograph of the exterior of the hotel. Old? It was built six years ago. Whatever comes down in New Orleans goes up looking exactly the same.

The hotel is great — with all the charm of the Southern style. In the Rib Room I dined on the excellent beef and drank good French wines.

The manager, Jim Nassikas, has a curious blend of warmth and detachment. It's as though his mind is always on something else. In fact, it's on his hotel. Jim is a walking example of complete dedication.

Not far from the hotel, in Royale Street, is The Maison. It was erected early in the 1800s. In 1955 it became the now world-famous Brennan's Restaurant.

Brennan's is rightly famous for its food, but it is more famous for the Brennan family, who first came to New Orleans in the 1840s.

Their restaurant's menu, the decor, and the incomparable service are skillfully intertwined.

Try their Oyster Soup, the Stuffed Pompano (a local flounder-style fish fried and filled with seafood), and the flamed strawberries with cheese-filled pancakes — a wonderful meal.

We go six miles out from the city along the Mississippi. The commissionaire is in jeans, cigarette in mouth. Oldest plantation in the valley. Low ceilings, oak beams, Negro waiters, immaculate, loads of atmosphere. The Elmwood Plantation Restaurant.

Joe Marcello has been in business about five years. His partner, Nick Moska, does the cooking.

You should taste the Backfin Lump Crab in cream



DINING-ROOM (above) of Brennan's Restaurant, where Graham Kerr dined on oyster soup, stuffed pompano, and flamed strawberries.

THE ROYAL ORLEANS HOTEL (right), where he stayed. Although built only six years ago, the hotel is a duplicate of the original building.



## From Southern tradition to exciting New York

sauce. There are insufficient superlatives to describe this wonderful dish. The Shrimp Moska is also a new experience. The menu describes it as "our secret delight." Joe promised to share this secret with me.

Leave New Orleans for New York. Approach the enormous JFK airfield. It has, at any one time, at least 40 aircraft over the field. On the left is Manhattan — a blanket of haze.

The helicopter ride into New York City from Kennedy Airport was one of the most fantastic experiences I have ever had in my life. When you hit the main skyscraper area it is a mixture of sheer terror and fascination.

I tottered out of the helicopter in need of a large glass of dry white.

We stepped into a lift.

The floors simply melted away, accompanied by a rushing sound, only interrupted by wuff—wuff—wuff—wuff—wuff, separated by about 1-25th second. I later discovered that each "wuff" was a floor. They should really serve barley sugars.

I was rushed from the lift through Grand Central Station, straight out across the dodgems ride of the busiest street I have ever seen, into the Chrysler Building.

Wuff—wuff—wuff—wuff—and we were on top of this skyscraper in the Cloud Club, a private businessmen's club where the gentlemen's washroom looks right out over Manhattan.

We ate fresh cherrystone clams and a beautifully cooked local fish from the Boston area called Scrod. The clams were delicious.

Only minutes later, wuff—wuff (well, you know) and into the traffic again.

By taxi, as hard to get as in Sydney, to the Americana Hotel on Seventh Avenue.

This hotel was described to me as a factory dedicated to processing customers like sausages. I will violently argue with anybody who makes such a criticism. I was met with ease and calm — two factors not readily found in New York.

I met their remarkable chef and discovered from

Caesars for dinner. Doorman looks like Turkish extra in "Lawrence of Arabia." Restaurant quite small, dark red decor, huge oil paintings, gold sculpture.

We met Lee, manager and part-owner of this world-famous restaurant.

I purposely have not mentioned his surname because the whole personality he projects is simply "Lee." Tall, well-built, a great host.

Knowing our desire to select his most interesting dishes, he presented all his famous first courses, including wild boar fillets in red wine, venison, cherrystone clams that were baked (dreadful thing to do to them), chicken fricassee, shrimps in wine sauce, and baked crab — quite superb.

I also had a pork dish, done in honey and ginger, which was quite the most delicious I have eaten. I got the recipe.

Wuff—wuff—wuff—wuff 57 floors up to the Tower Suite on top of the Time Life Building. Long queue. You have your own butler and housemaid for the meal. All English silver, black tails, gingham aprons, mobcaps.

Canapes were unusual. Not the standard flat ones in aspic but little rounds of bread topped with raw beef and capers, smoked salmon and caviar, anchovy and egg.

I ordered broccoli soup, which was first-class, then a chicken liver mousse, which was excellent. Shrimps in wine sauce was disappointing, the dish having been prepared in advance.

But the main dish, carved at the table, a succulent piece of underdone beef, was the best beef I have yet tasted in the United States.

I had strawberry mousse

## PROGRESS PRIZE RECIPE

Third progress prize of \$10 and a \$20 set of Graham Kerr Signature Ware has been awarded for a recipe in Section 1 of the Butter-White Wings Bake-Off. Prizewinner is Mrs. Pauline G. J. Dean, 5 Gladys Grove, Croydon, Victoria 3136.

### BOEUF SUPREME A L'AUSITALIENNE

One whole eye fillet of beef; clarified butter for frying.

#### BASTING MARINADE

- |                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon red wine         | 1 teaspoon dry mustard     |
| 1 tablespoon clarified butter | 1 teaspoon salt            |
| 1 dessertspoon wine vinegar   | little ground black pepper |
|                               | little garlic salt         |

#### SAUCE

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| ½ pint (10 fl. oz.) well-seasoned white sauce | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley mixed with chopped chives |
| 2 king prawns, peeled and chopped             | 1 egg, separated                                       |
| 1 small chicken breast                        | few drops lemon juice                                  |

Mix together in small bowl all the ingredients for basting marinade. Heat clarified butter in frying pan until very hot. Brown the fillet all over, as quickly as possible, to seal in the juices. Then reduce heat, baste regularly and on all sides with the basting marinade. A pastry brush made of bristle is ideal for this purpose. Cook from 20 to 40 minutes on low heat, depending on whether taste runs to rare, medium, or well-done.

Make a slit along the whole length of the fillet, cutting down about halfway; turn fillet open, and keep hot.

Sauce: Make white sauce of fairly thick consistency, according to the roux method; for liquid, use half quantity milk, half cream. Add chopped prawns and cooked chopped chicken breast, heat through. Add chopped parsley and chives, carefully add beaten egg-yolk, then a few drops of lemon juice. Finally, lightly fold in the stiffly whipped egg-white. Spread this sauce mixture all along the slit in the fillet and brown quickly under very hot grill.

Serve with very small new potatoes which have been cooked in a steamer until almost done, then fried in very hot butter for ten minutes, tossing all the time. Sprinkle salt and black pepper on them while frying. Serve with:

**Tomato Baskets with Peas:** Halve large tomatoes, hollow out centre. Put tomato halves in steamer so that they can heat through without losing their shape. Mix hot cooked peas with a tablespoon of bottled Sauce Tartare and spoon into hot tomato halves.

As a sweet that would have been better had it had a little kirsch added, been lighter in texture, and served colder.

The service was absolutely superb.

My one great regret about New York was in failing to see the 21 Club. I just simply ran out of gastro-nomic stamina.

At least New York also

came good with judges, and we now have the Forum of the Twelve Caesars, and the Tower Suite, and the Americana Hotel, all of whom are prepared to place our Australian dishes on their menus.

Into the air again. I think that the best thing about Qantas is that no matter where you go they provide a little piece of Australia.

Next stop London





A sweeping drive leads to Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pye's home at Baulkham Hills, N.S.W. Wall on left, which is outside kitchen, continues and turns to enclose kitchen garden and incinerator (out here the dustmen aren't regular callers).

# SANDSTOCK BRICKS AND A "FLOATING" ROOF

## House of the Week

Story by  
Shan Hailey  
Photographs by  
Keith Barlow

Dining area of the sitting-room has a striking Finnish light over a mahogany table. Exposed beams are of off-the-saw eregon. Louvre doors at far end conceal bar, refrigerator, small cellar.

The Pyes have four children, two of whom are married. Two sons (aged 16 and 21) live at home and share this room, which is successfully split in two by a divider incorporating bookshelves.







Main bedroom. Right, out of picture, are two dressing-rooms with ample wardrobe space and a bathroom, all of which are lit by a highlight set into the outside wall.



Kitchen cupboard and drawer fronts are of dark timber laminate, which blends well with Queensland walnut. Floor is tiled in cork and there is a walk-in pantry.

**S**ITUATED in Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., in five green acres dotted with trees, this sandstock brick house with a "floating" roof looks out, as far as the eye can see, on rolling, wooded land.

Architects Devine, Erby and Stowe designed the house for Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pye. They designed it round a courtyard and placed it on a concrete slab to keep it close to the ground, nestling into the hill. They felt that in a site of this size it was necessary to define a certain amount of outdoor living space — hence the courtyard. And for

parties, or in summer, the house can be opened from the courtyard through the sitting-room to the garden, which creates a feeling of continuity in these areas.

The house is built of sandstock bricks, some dark, some red. The dark ones (which have more iron-stone in them) came from Parramatta, the red ones from Lithgow — the architects picked out the bricks themselves, from demolition sites.

A long wall protects the house from southerly winds, and ground here is landscaped, mounded, to aid the visual impression that the house

is set well into the site. The roof, whose edges are tilted in an elegant sweep, is covered with Canadian red cedar shingles, and was designed to "float" over the long wall.

There is no guttering. From the roof, rainwater drops to the curved strip of river gravel below, through which it filters to an agricultural drain. In the brick-paved courtyard, a gravel strip (and agricultural drain) catches water from the overhanging eaves.

The house is air-conditioned. Air from the plant is expelled through the south-east gable; its intake is through the ceiling of the garage. Air-conditioning registers in the house (which are inclined to look stark) are made less conspicuous by the use of timber laminate.

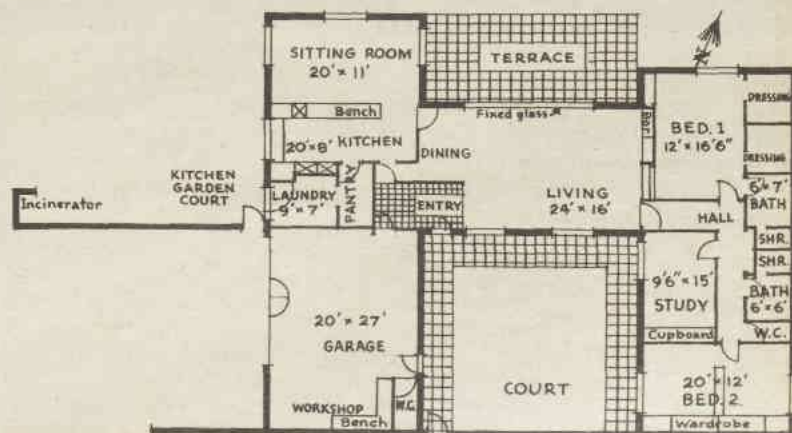
Large glass windows — which also double as doors — and their fly-screens slide into cavities in the walls, and these (except in the sitting-room) are shuttered — an asset in this climate and with this expanse of glass. Additional highlight windows serve the dressing-rooms and bathrooms — the master bedroom has individual dressing-rooms for both Mr. and Mrs. Pye, with ample wardrobe space.

Joinery is of Meranti (one of the Pacific maple group); off-the-saw

oregon was used for the exposed beams in the sitting-room; kitchen wall panelling is of Queensland walnut. Kitchen and family-room floors are tiled in cork. All rooms are linked by a deep timber horizontal, which runs through doors, windows, bookshelves at a height of two foot six, and in bookshelves drops down to reveal space for putting odds and ends. Louvre doors are used throughout the house; in the sitting-room a number of these conceal, at one end of the room, a bar, refrigerator, and small cellar.

The same type of carpet is used throughout the house, with only a slight color variation in the main bedroom; curtains and bedspreads are of Finnish cotton and the majority of the light fittings are Finnish, too.

There are a number of natural Australian shrubs and trees in the garden, including some newly planted ironbarks along the southern boundary and a magnificent stand of the same trees along the western boundary. There is also a flourishing kitchen garden at one side of the house, where plants include citrus trees and strawberries. And Mr. Pye, an orchid enthusiast, has built a shade-house in a corner of the garden to house his collection.





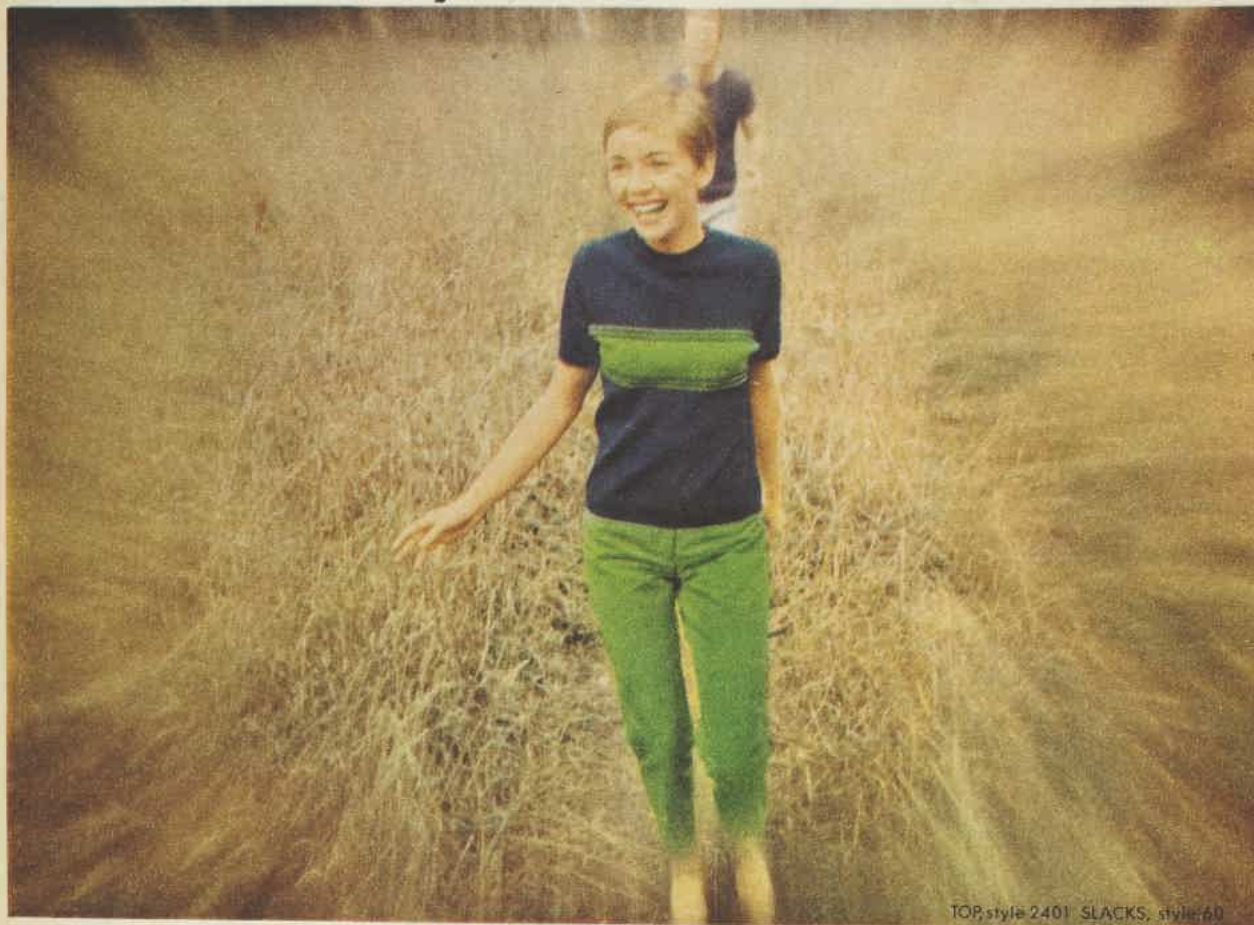
# OUT OF THE NEST

By GILLETTE JONES



## Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'

(Easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over)\*



TOP, style 2401 SLACKS, style 60

Zing go the colours as you dash into Spring in a lively, catchy twosome from **Stylegirl's Tops 'n Tails collection**; The style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'? Go ahead — you're assured of

the quality. 'Bri-Nylon' means easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over. 'Bri-Nylon' means value for the price you pay. 'Bri-Nylon' puts the fun back into shopping for clothes. Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'!



This label\* looks after the quality



95 Collins Street, Melbourne;  
55 Hunter Street, Sydney.

\*'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trade mark.

JENNY heard the sound of the postman putting letters in the box outside. She wanted to rush to see if there would be one last letter from Susan at camp, but she had Sam out of his cage and didn't dare leave him.

It was because of Susan that they were raising the starting. There were only a few days left of this routine of Jenny's giving all her time to Sam, and then — thank goodness — Susan would be home and would take over.

Jenny coaxed Sam now, whistling and calling to him. "Come on, Sam. Enough exercise for now."

Sam flew from the curtain rod and circled the porch once, squawking. He came to her outstretched finger and she put him back in the cage.

She went for the mail then. There was a letter from camp but not from Susan. This one was typewritten and rather official looking. She tore open the envelope, with hands turned suddenly cold, with the thought that something might be wrong.

The letter was from the camp director and asked if Susan could come back to camp for two more weeks later in the summer. It said, in part: "We realise she is not 15 yet, but she shows qualities we look for in our junior counsellors — a real love of nature and camp life, and a maturity in her attitudes. With next year in mind, we'd like to give her some counsellor training and a sample of what it would be like. Susan would assist an older girl . . ."

Jenny read on, realising what a high compliment this was to Susan, but she also congratulated herself on having sense enough to see beyond that. Susan, at 14, simply was too young. No matter how mature she might be for her age, she certainly was not mature enough for this.

She dropped the matter from her thoughts as she went about preparing supper and thinking over what was new with Sam today that she could tell Charles tonight. She smiled. Just as with a child, each day she reported Sam's latest ventures to Charles. Like a child, Sam had made remarkable progress.

When Susan had found him, he'd been a very young and homely bird. Jenny had groaned at the sight of him in Susan's hand. "Oh, no, not again," she'd said.

Susan had looked very determined and said, "This one's going to live, Mum. You'll see."

Over the years, Susan had found birds fallen from nests, injured, orphaned by cats, or in one way or another needing care. Try as she would, they all had died. Each tragic end had broken her heart.

With Sam it had been different. Jenny wouldn't have given him a chance of living that first day, but Susan was determined.

Susan had spent incredibly long hours with him, feeding him a chopped meat, egg, and water mixture bit by bit with a pair of tweezers, and giving him water by eye dropper. She had turned down picnics, swimming, and parties to stay with Sam. She had worked out a routine that included exercise, baths, feeding, and rest periods. Sam responded.

He had started to show signs of improving just when it was time for Susan to go off to camp. They had tried to postpone the camp reservation but it was too



late. So Susan had gone to camp, leaving Jenny in charge of Sam, with lengthy written instructions for his care.

There were hourly feedings. There was water to give; baths in an old doll's dish; daily outings in the fresh air. Susan had stressed the importance of these. "He's starting to put his bill down in the grass. It's the beginning of looking for his own food," she'd explained excitedly.

"Yes, dear," Jenny had said, dutifully, if somewhat amusedly. She had laughed outright when Susan had listed "teach him to fly," but Susan's concern for Sam's growth had been real. Jenny had followed the schedule to the letter. Sam, indeed, had learned to fly. Each day now, he would fly just a little longer, a little stronger—from the ground to the hedge, from the hedge to a shrub in front of the house.

Jenny's big worry was that something would go wrong before Susan returned. Their dog was jealous of all the attention given to Sam, and she had to be careful to watch the dog while Sam was loose in the house.

Outside, of course, the dangers were even worse and she had to be constantly alert. It would be a great relief to Jenny when Susan arrived home and took charge of Sam again.

Charles came in now, home from work. She reported Sam's progress as usual and then she showed him the letter from camp. He read it through, and looked up, smiling. "That's wonderful. She'll have two more weeks there — and free, too."

"She would," Jenny corrected, "if we let her, but she's too young for this."

Charles looked thoughtful. "The camp's fussy. If they think she's mature enough, they have reasons."

"You would give your consent, then?" she asked.

Charles nodded. "She's growing up fast. Besides, sometimes an outsider's judgment of a child is more accurate than a parent's."

"Oh, Charles, she's only fourteen." They argued for a while, and then dropped the subject.

The next day, Jenny was busy with Sam. Everything went fine — until Sam's final outing of the day. He went from ground to hedge as usual, then to the shrub. Dusk was setting in, and after a few minutes Jenny called him. He cocked his head at her, but he stubbornly stayed put.

She called again and again and again. It was growing dark and she began to panic. "Charles!" she called. "Come outside and help. Sam won't come to me."

Charles brought a long stick with a crosspiece to serve as a perch. He inched it up under Sam. Instead of hopping on to it, Sam flew straight up, into the maple tree.

Jenny let out a cry. He was way over their heads now.

"I'll go up on the porch roof and try to reach him," Charles said.

Jenny followed. They both crawled out of an upstairs window on to the roof, but it was no use. They called and pleaded, but Sam looked down at them without moving. They stayed until it was dark before giving up.

Jenny worried through half the night, and was up at the first light of day. She went outside. She saw Sam, but as soon as she moved he flew to another tree, with one final squawk that seemed like goodbye.

She stayed in the yard all day hoping hunger or loneliness would bring him back, but Sam was gone. All she could think of was Susan's reaction. Tomorrow

was homecoming day. All of a sudden, Jenny dreaded this day that she'd looked forward to for so long.

The station wagon bearing Susan was right on time the next day. Susan's bright, happy face made the moment of telling even more dreadful. Jenny knew she had to tell immediately — before Susan saw the empty cage.

"I hate to tell you this, dear," Jenny started, and then spilled out the story. "I'm so sorry. We tried to get him back."

Susan scanned the tree limbs. "He was flying properly and he could get his own food?" she asked.

Jenny nodded, and Susan said, "I guess he was just ready. I always

meant him to return. After all, he was a wild bird."

Susan picked up a suitcase and started for the house. Halfway up the drive, she turned. "Aren't you coming, Mum? I have so much to tell you about camp."

Jenny nodded and followed, seeming to see her daughter for the first time. Not really, she thought. It was just that you had to keep adjusting to growth and change . . . as Susan had done with the bird.

The next news she must tell Susan was the good news. Susan would love going back to camp. She was quite mature enough.

(Copyright)



**Johnson & Johnson** Best for baby, best for you.

**Johnson's baby powder**

**PUREST PROTECTION**

**THIS PERFUME COULD ONLY BE JOHNSON'S**

Our powder smells more like "fresh clean baby" than fresh, clean babies do. The perfume in Johnson's is made the same way as the great French perfumes. It's subtle, and it lasts. Why don't you share a can of Johnson's with your baby this week? You couldn't get a finer, softer talc.





VEGEMITE, Tomato and honest-to-goodness KRAFT Cheddar Cheese

# The sandwich you could live on

The bread and butter supply energy and Vitamin A. The tomato adds Vitamin C, the VEGEMITE\* yeast extract supplies the precious B group Vitamins for healthy vitality, and the KRAFT Cheddar Cheese is packed with strengthening protein and calcium. KRAFT Cheddar has the fresh taste the whole family goes for—and they thrive on it!

After all, it takes 8 pints of fresh, creamy milk to make every pound of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese— that's why you can rely on its purity and nourishment.

You couldn't eat better or enjoy lunch more!



for good food and good food ideas

\*Reg'd Trade Mark

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1967



# STIRLING'S FOLLY



**W**HEN I first went to work for the ancient auction gallery of Philip Hone & Sons, at the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, I was entranced by the endless succession of "things" that passed through its portals: the lavalike stream of house decorations, from Rembrandts to Rothkos, from Thomyres to Calders, from medieval triptychs to Tiffany glass.

I found that I was depressed by the cupidity in the flitting eyes and feral faces that crowded through the exhibition rooms and that for a time I preferred the things to their would-be appropriators, seeking that minimum sense of serenity and purpose so essential to a New York life more in the beautiful permanence of porcelain, paint, and enamel than in the less lovely and less durable human beings whose function seemed simply to become their brief custodians.

But this was only a phase. Both as auctioneer and as humanist my first attention had ultimately to shift from the display counter to the heads looming over it, and from these, perhaps too intensely present, to the heads and souls of past collectors, until the field of provenance became as fascinating to me as that of artifacts, until I could have told you more of William H. Vanderbilt than of Corot, more of Louisine Havemeyer than of Manet, more of Benjamin Altman than of Chinese ceramics.

My great game in provenance was to deduce the personality of the collector from his collection. Sometimes, of course, the things added up to nothing more than a portrait of vanity, but more often their combinations suggested less common traits: fanaticism, mysticism, megalomania, narcissism, sadism. Sometimes I could make out the taste of persons behind the collector, of his wife, or of figures less legitimately

connected; sometimes, as with the mighty Morgan, I could simply see, in the vast scope and eclecticism of the things, the splendid outline of the dimensions of the man. Some collectors were interesting because they were always right, others because they were invariably wrong.

But the one who presented me ultimately with the most fascinating of my mysteries, the mystery, indeed, whose unravelment became my principal hobby, was Grant Stirling, who had erected "Stirling Castle" (or "Stirling's Folly" as the public had called it) on a lonely island off the coast of Maine to house his fabulous collection and who had suffered the agony of watching it all go up in smoke in 1911.

The remnants of this collection, things that had been in warehouses or out on loan at the time of the fire, were numerous enough even in 1965 to supply Hone's with occasional reminders of its vanished glory: icons, Chinese jade, Faberge, illuminated manuscripts, medieval reliquaries, Etruscan jewellery, Aztec figurines.

Yet what Grant Stirling's essential purpose had been in collecting them, even what his basic taste had been like, was the slippery quarry that kept eluding me. Only very slowly did I make out certain guidelines. He had scorned the academic painters admired by his family and been an early patron of Whistler, Redon, Moreau. Yet he had had no interest that I could discover in the great classic impressionists: Monet, Manet, Renoir.

To page 50

*Arietta found it difficult to understand her husband's obsession with his fabulous castle.*

By **LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1967



SANFORIZED IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF CLUETT, PEARSON & CO., INC., U.S.A. THE TRADEMARK PROPRIETORS USE THE TRADEMARK SANFORIZED OR PERMIT THE SAID TRADEMARK TO BE USED BY REGISTERED USERS AUTHORIZED ON THEIR BEHALF, ONLY IN RESPECT OF TESTED FABRIC WHICH MEETS THE TRADEMARK PROPRIETORS' STRICT REQUIREMENTS AS TO RESIDUAL SHRINKAGE.

it's a  
shrinking  
problem  
that  
GROWS...  
and  
GROWS and

**GROWS**

And we've all encountered it at one time or another. Remember how you vowed never to let it happen again — only to find the same problem with the very next cotton garment you bought. There is only one way out! Look for the label that says "Sanforized" — your safeguard against shrinkage. Unless you see "Sanforized" on the label you can never be certain. So, be downright inquisitive... and be sure, not sorry.

**SANFORIZED**  
FABRIC



SANFORIZED SERVICE, 18 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA WW.6.1124

His library had contained manuscripts of George Moore, Anatole France, and Huysmans, but nothing of such greater contemporaries as James, Conrad, or Zola. In architecture he had rejected Richard Morris Hunt, respected Louis Sullivan, but had been totally unable to fathom Frank Lloyd Wright. Like his castle, he might have been the spirit of *art nouveau* had he not been obviously aware that *art nouveau* was an insufficient answer to the cultural horrors of the twentieth century.

The theory toward which I at last began to grope my way, because it seemed to fit what I conceived to be the facts, was that Grant Stirling had been a born artist who had tried to make an art out of collecting and had discovered in the end that one could not create a creative act. Stubbornly, remorselessly, his artifacts had remained individual works and had refused, in whatever combination of them he tried, to become, collectively, a work of art.

**N**OW this might have seemed obvious enough to any ordinary collector, but I speculated that it was precisely Grant Stirling's genius that would have made him deny the obvious. And coming in the end to face it, pacing the vast and glorious chambers of his mutely rebellious empire, brought up inescapably against the conclusion that the sum was not greater than its parts, that perhaps he should have all the while been creating a part himself and not a whole, might he not have set that mysterious fire himself?

Well, what of it? What did that make him but another casualty in the sorry chronicle of American superfortunes? But Grant (as I came familiarly to think of him) was not so very rich, at least by the opulent standards of his time. Oh, the Stirlings were rich, yes, richer than anybody, but they had European ideas, and he was a younger son. Philemon, Grant's grandfather, had started piecing together farms in Queens and Brooklyn as early as 1812; by his death in 1875 he was reckoned the wealthiest man in America.

But he had been a miser, and during that long lifetime the children and grandchildren had been forced to live in mere middle-class brownstone respectability. The explosion of spending that followed the probate of his will had created the architectural era that some have called the American Renaissance. Grant, despite his relatively modest inheritance of five millions, set out to outdo the others and outdid them. But in outdoing them (oh, how I made it all fit!) did he not prove himself, more than any of them, Philemon's grandson? And could Philemon's grandson be an artist?

His likeness seemed to bear out my burgeoning theory. The earliest was in the Eastman Johnson group portrait of the Giraud Stirling family, showing them, about 1872, in

the parlor of their Fifth Avenue house. It is just before the "Renaissance," yet one feels it on the way; we see them in cluttered, comfortable brownstone elegance, with many tassels and heavy curtains and with walls covered with bad academic paintings of Eastern bazaars and historic scenes.

The parents look stout and stiff and homely, a simple, good couple very conscious of being in their Sunday best; the daughters, tall and handsome with the thick, dark Stirling eyebrows, seem more assured; some of them have husbands whom they indicate by such proprietary gestures as allowing a glove to be buttoned or a cape to be arranged. The older brothers are languid, faintly bored, on their way to becoming aristocratic.

But Grant, though very much the junior, still a little boy, dominates the centre of the painting, sitting on a velvet stool and staring out at us, strikingly pale, with straight, dark hair and large, dark eyes that see far beyond that crowded family scene. "Oh, yes, these are my nearest and dearest," he seems to be telling us, "and, of course, I love them very much, but they won't do. No,

cate lips have a disdainful curve that might ultimately turn into cruelty. Yet one imagines that even Whistler doubted this. The more likely eventuality would be the growth of petulance, of a child's disappointment at broken promises.

And finally there is the tragic drawing of Sargent's, a rough sketch made while artist and subject were both visiting James Deering at "Vizcaya," in Miami.

It shows a prematurely old man, with humped shoulders and hands plunged in knickerbocker pockets, a pipe clenched between his teeth, leaning against a column on the terrace, gazing out to sea, with an expression of utter resignation, of utter hopelessness. It is a terrifying little thing, Sargent in his latest and best style, when he was learning to face age and death without color or splash.

My theory, of course, was esoteric. New York had a much simpler one. All the Stirling friends and relations subscribed to the legend that Grant's young cousin and wife had enchanted him, enslaved him, and destroyed him. They said that she had hung her lovers in his face, that she had spent his money and

moonlit sea. Was there ever a more romantic night? And the calm, the hush, the velvet breeze — no sound but the occasional ripple of laughter from Mama's guests on the terrace below. What foolish thing can they be laughing at? Who did what or didn't do what at Mrs. Who's? Oh, how I see them all now, my dearest, since our wonderful talks at Sands Point! How can I ever see them otherwise again?

Mama is cross with me for leaving her party, but I pleaded the eternal headache, and I am supposed to be in bed. "Don't forget to write your thank-you notes to Aunt Daphne and Cousin Grant," she warned.

"Cousin Grant"? How I hate that "Cousin"! What does it mean, anyway? Because, like everyone else, I had to have four great-grandfathers, and because one of them had to be called Stirling and had to be your grandfather, is that to mean the man I love is lost for ever in the miasma of cousinship? In old Spain the kings could marry their nieces. You and I are only cousins — and once removed at that.

And as to age, my angel, never think of it. I am an old nineteen; you are a young forty-four. I felt at Sands Point that we were the young ones. Great-aunt Daphne seemed more like your grandmother than your mother. Oh, I know she's the darling of darlings, and I adore her and always will, but, sweetheart, what I say is true! And as for your sisters, they might be your aunts!

You will be glad to know that I have taken your advice about reading, and all my Kipling has gone to the church book fair. When Father protested, I made him furious by quoting what you said about the rich bourgeois and rug salesmen of New York getting a titillation out of identifying themselves with the British Raj.

I am now in the midst of the novel you told me to read: "Illusions Perdues." Do you think New York society has any such glamorous affairs or demonic conspiracies? Can you imagine Mama developing a passion for a beautiful young poet from the provinces? I would I could!

Please, my beloved, let me tell her before you come here. I cannot bear to have her monopolise you and relegate me to the children's table. And I yearn to see the sunset that her eyes will become when she hears our news. "What, you, child, to marry Cousin Grant!" What a hubbub! She's always discussing you and your brothers and sisters and boasting that she was born a Stirling. Now she will be the mother of a Mrs. Stirling. Like Agrippina, the daughter and mother of Caesars! Isn't she comical? Aren't they all comical?

But you and I, my angel, will be far from all these absurdities. I used to wish I had been born poor enough to escape from all the allusions of Mama's and Papa's world. But I won't need to escape it now. It will have ceased to exist for me. I will have taken off into the clean sky with you on the "viewless wings of poetry." Come soon.

Your only true love, ARIETTA. It was perfectly obvious who "Arietta" had to be, for I still reached for the Social Register (textbook of the auctioneer's trade), and looking up "Pozzi," read: "Cisse Lazlo (Stirling-Arietta Morse)." My mind told me that it was still conceivable for the writer of that enchanting epistle to have been so faithful to its recipient, but my heart denied it.

To page 52

## STIRLING'S FOLLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



indeed, I'm afraid they won't do. You'll have to suspend your judgment till you hear from me!

I see him next, by Boldini, a young dandy, with a cane and top hat, to whom Paris has just become a second home. The picture is silly, for Boldini was silly, but it is still exuberant: one senses the young man's joy at finding that the great world outside that Fifth Avenue parlor was as shimmeringly filled with beautiful things and beautiful people as he had dreamed. But with the Whistler portrait, ten years later, in early middle age, the sombre note appears.

We now see him as a slim, elegant, darkly garbed figure, the epitome of the connoisseur, the collector. He holds in one hand, casually raised to the level of his shoulder, a red volume on which one can just make out the gilt of an armorial bearing. A white tapering forefinger is inserted between the pages as if to serve for a bookmark, but we feel that it is a pose and that the artist means us to feel that it is a pose.

The malicious Whistler flared (or thought he flared) the dilettante in his sitter, the man who preferred the fine binding to the content, the rich accumulator who thought he could absorb beauty with his dollars. The face, still handsome, had now a pallor and a sharpness that is almost haggard, and the thin, deli-

hoarded her own, that even the children were not his.

Yet I was perfectly well aware that all these scandal-mongers were on the friendliest terms with Countess Pozzi, as Grant's aged widow was now called. Was this a modern callousness to past evil or a hint that they did not really believe their own scandal?

Certainly, in support of the last of the rumors, none of the Countess' daughters were collectors; indeed, they were quite the opposite. Rich as they all were, they were not rich enough for their budgets, and even forty years after their putative father's death they would occasionally fish out of storage some remaining treasure and whisk it down to Hone's.

It was in a French eighteenth-century secretary, so exhumed by Mrs. Stirling Landon, a glorious piece of oak veneered with tulipwood and set with green-bordered Sevres plaques, that I found an accordion file of old correspondence which had probably not been opened since Grant's lifetime. I took it eagerly home and spent several evenings sifting through it, and my reward was the charming love letter that here follows, traced by a young lady's careful hand on lavender stationery that had undoubtedly once been scented.

Newport, R.I. July 7, 1905  
My own heart's darling,  
I am sitting at the desk by the window in my bedroom looking out on a shimmering

#### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1500 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.



“

The body of the average  
person is middle-aged by  
the time it is 26 years old

”

says THE COMMONWEALTH COUNCIL FOR NATIONAL FITNESS



**“KEEPING FIT”** is a 44 page book prepared by The Commonwealth Council for National Fitness which provides busy men and women with a planned programme of graded exercises. “By spending 10 minutes each day on programmed exercises a good standard of fitness can be obtained,” says the Council. “If you cannot spare 10 minutes some worthwhile exercise can be performed as you carry out your normal activities.”

“Keeping Fit” is brought to you **FREE** as a community service by the Australian Mutual Provident Society. Learn how to exercise on your way to breakfast . . . at your office desk. Special exercises for women . . . learning to relax . . . calories and commonsense . . . age, blood and muscles . . . if you want to lose weight. For a **FREE** copy of “Keeping Fit” ask your A.M.P. man, call in at any A.M.P. Office or write to A.M.P.

A community service by



**THE AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY**  
in association with  
**THE COMMONWEALTH COUNCIL FOR NATIONAL FITNESS**





# Be there in hours! fascinating fiji

300 HOLIDAY ISLANDS IN THE SUN



Smiling people, palm-fringed beaches, lazy blue lagoons, fabulous food, duty free shopping . . . all welcome you to friendly Fiji — only hours away by air, a few sunny days by sea!



## Welcome to a tropic islands cruise!

Cruise for a day . . . Cruise for two. Cruise for three, or longer. See the real Fiji, the idyllic outer islands, the people — friendly, smiling, relaxed. You'll find your island in the sun in Fiji.

**Welcome to fascination!**  
See the native dances. Take part in the age-old ceremonies. Share a traditional "kava" bowl of welcome with your new-found Fiji friends. You'll never stop being fascinated by Fiji. And by the Fijians.



## Welcome to duty-free shopping!

Call at a duty-free shop. Inspect the transistor radios, cameras, tape recorders, watches, perfumes, jewellery or silks at prices about as low as you can go. No such thing as sales tax in Fiji!

**HERE'S HOW YOU FIND IT!** Ask your Travel Agent for further information — or mail this coupon to RUSS GRIBBLE, FIJI VISITORS BUREAU, 38-40 Martin Place, Sydney, N.S.W.

I am looking forward to my Fiji holiday. Please tell me more about things to see, things to do in Fiji.

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_

MY ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



F/1521

Holding it in my hand, I felt that I could feel something of the exhilaration that Grant must have felt six decades before. And then, with a fine, hot scorn for New York gossip-mongers in my heart, I sat down at my desk and wrote "Arietta" (as respectful as forty-five can be to eighty!) and sealed it in an envelope with her own.

The apartment occupied by Countess Pozzi was in a large, solidly constructed building on upper Fifth Avenue, opposite to the Metropolitan Museum, one of the first of those designed in the early 1900s to wean the rich from the draughty stone town houses to which they had become so attached. The Countess' living-room, into which the butler ushered me, was of noble proportions, with furniture and materials so splendidly maintained as to be gleaming, but it struck me almost at once that there was not a good thing in it.

It was simply a decorator's dream, all green and white, with twisted gold columns and enormous eighteenth-century flower paintings and permeated with the odor of incense. But just as I was turning away in disappointment to the great window view of the park, my eye fell upon a little painting, to the side of the mantel, of sea anemones. As I leaned over to examine it I heard a high, clear voice from the doorway saying in precisely articulated syllables:

"So you are the young man who pokes about looking for ancient love letters hidden away in French porcelain tables! An auctioneer and a Cupid—what do those add up to?" And I turned to face a marvellous little old lady, exquisite in every detail from her silvery blue-white hair and light, mocking blue eyes down to her silver shoes and stylishly high heels.

It was difficult to credit that fine alabaster skin, that perfectly chiselled aquiline nose, those neatly formed scarlet lips with the years they must have reached. The Countess was ageless like a great actress across the footlights, the Marchallin in "Rosenkavalier," or even an actress acting an actress, an Adrienne Lecouvreur.

"You were very good to let me come, Countess," I replied with a bow. "I was taking the liberty of admiring your little Redon. I suppose it was one of your husband's finds."

She looked at me musingly, as if trying to fix the degree of impertinence of which I might be capable. "It was," she answered, in a tone that may have covered a chuckle, "one of my husbands. But perhaps not the one you're thinking of. It was Lazlo's."

"Oh," I blushed. "Did Count Pozzi have other Redons?"

"He did not. That was his first and last. One collector was enough to be married to in one lifetime."

"You don't like collecting?" The Countess seemed the least bit disappointed at my flatness. She seated herself and motioned me to do likewise. "No, Mr. Jordan, I do not like collecting. Can I give you tea or a cocktail? Or shall we have both?"

When I suggested the former, she rang, and almost at once the butler and a maid wheeled in a huge silver tea service and proceeded to pour and pass. The Countess took no part in these mechanics and paid no attention to them. "Tell me," she said, "what you want to know about my letter."

"Do you remember writing it?"

"Remember it!" she cried.

## STIRLING'S FOLLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

"Why, I remember as if it were yesterday. My generation was not as fickle as yours, Mr. Jordan."

"I'm sorry, Countess. All I meant was that it seems so long ago."

"Time, my dear young man, is measured by feeling. That was the most important letter I ever wrote. It brought Grant to the point. You see, I had to be sure that he hadn't been just flirting with me at Sands Point when I was visiting his mother. And he hadn't. Oh, no, he hadn't! He came up to Newport the very day he got that letter and asked Father formally for my hand."

"Which was freely accorded?"

"Not quite as freely as all that." The blue eyes rested gently on me, with a hint of amusement, of rebuff. "After all, Mr. Jordan, I was born a Miss Morse, and the Morses weren't exactly nobody in the New York of those days. Besides, Mama was a Stirling herself, if only of a cadet branch. And then there was the age difference. But nothing could separate Grant and myself. We were much too deeply in love."

I entirely believed it, as she said it. There was an extra-

demanded. "How did I know you wouldn't toss me out on my ear? How could I think that you'd welcome a nosy investigator who came bursting into your apartment asking: 'What really happened to Grant Stirling? Why did he give up collecting? Why does he look so spent in the Sargent picture?' Why, of all people, would you tell me?"

"Because, my dear young man, nobody else has asked me," she replied with a peal of laughter. "And I've been sitting here for years, just dying to tell!"

When tea had been taken away and we each had a cocktail and the butler had poked up the fire, the Countess, in the course of the very comfortable next hour, with a smoothness and a cohesion that made me suspect that her story was neither unrehearsed nor told for the first time, related the tale that follows.

"Grant and I were married in the fall of 1905. The honeymoon was all I had dreamed of and a long dream, too — it lasted over a year. Most of it was spent in the Far East, as exotic as a Beardsley drawing or a tale out of the now despised Kipling. In Cambodia we rode

a sacred rule that he must not overtax himself. In the Orient I delighted in the idea of becoming an oriental woman. Had Grant taken other wives I would have submitted to it; had he died I might have committed suicide.

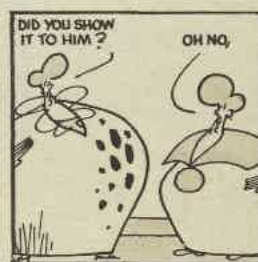
"We were happy, but we were serious, too. In every country we had guides who were professors, sometimes famous ones. We spent our evenings reading aloud from books about what we had seen or were going to see. Grant turned his interest from city to city, from country to country, with a renewed freshness that in the first months dazzled me. Was there anything which that agile mind could not encompass?"

"But as time passed this very facility began to arouse other thoughts, even apprehensions. Could a mind that changed so eagerly to welcome each new impression hold any one of them long enough for the serious critical work Grant professed to contemplate? When I asked him on our houseboat at Abu-Simbel about his long-planned book on American nineteenth-century painters, he looked startled.

"It is a bit hard, don't you think," he asked, waving an arm toward the monumental figures of Rameses II that loomed above our anchored

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



ordinary depth in the gaiety of the Countess' tone. She made an instantly personal relation with her listener; I would have bet on her to subdue the sullest Marxist. I even wondered if she did not affect, in her general *mise en scene*, the airs of a great lady of fashion simply to create a prejudice that she might then triumphantly dispel.

Like so many beautiful women (or at least like so many former beauties) she was instinctively, pointlessly if you wish, a politician, with no visible goal beyond the compulsion to please.

"And were you as happy as you hoped to be?" I asked.

"We were very happy."

"Did it last?"

"Does anything?"

"What happened to it?"

For a moment, when she was silent, I was dismayed by the idea that she might not be aware that anything had. Might she not really believe that Grant Stirling's promise in life had been fulfilled, and, if so, would my question not seem inexcusably brutal in its insinuation? But in a moment the shadow of her smile showed that she was playing with me.

"You have been talking to too many people, Mr. Jordan," she reproached me mildly. "Has it never occurred to you that 'people' don't know everything?"

"Yes, but whom else, besides 'people,' was I to learn from?"

"From me, of course. Isn't that why you're here? You should have come earlier. You should have come as soon as you became interested in Grant Stirling."

"But how did I know that you'd tell me the story?" I

elephants to the Angkor Wat; in Peking we bowed before the dragon throne; in India we visited a maharajah who had a thousand servants.

"We reclined on houseboats, sliding through steaming jungles filled with brilliant vegetation and fantastic birds; we visited ancient and mysterious shrines, and held hands in dark, eerie temples; we consulted oracles and hunted tigers. And everywhere Grant bought: jade, jewels, carvings, scrolls, drawings, screens, idols, in one town a whole temple. I wondered if, like Wordsworth's Venice, he would not end up by holding 'the gorgeous East in fee.'"

"How can I convey what those months meant to me, Mr. Jordan! It was paradise on earth, a selfish paradise, to be sure, but who wants any other kind? I may have written long, girlish letters home to Mama and Papa, but never once did I miss them. My youthful egotism was too great. I had Grant, and I had the beauty of the ancient world. What did I care if I never saw New York again? My husband was all that a lover could be: kind, gentle, attentive, infinitely generous. I had only to look at a thing, and it was mine. Oh, yes, Grant spoiled me to death, but it was a *liebestod*!

"People have said unkind things. That is the way of the world. I know, for example, that one of Grant's sisters in later years used to imply that I had found the difference in age a weighty one and that Grant had been wearied and depressed by the energy of his young bride. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Grant was never a strong man, and I made it

vessel in the twilight, to consider the charming portraits of William Sidney Mount and G. P. A. Healey before those mighty conceptions of the human physiognomy."

"Well, that was all very well and no doubt perfectly apt, but I was a woman, and women do not lose sight of their practical goals because of the immensity of those of others. The human female, like a squirrel, is always ready to remind the mountain that it cannot crack a nut. Unfortunately for Grant's future work, however, my sex also provided my vulnerability, and I was too pleased that his interest in me did not change to chide him unkindly for his inconstancy to two American painters of whom I had never even heard."

"Indeed, his interest in me seemed to wax as the honeymoon progressed. I had the gratification of feeling like the star of a musical revue. The backgrounds changed, even the chorus, but I always remained in the centre of the stage. My husband would not buy things now unless I went with him to the bazaar; he would look first at me and then at the object coveted, as if the latter was only a prop to be added to one of my sets. When I became ill of a fever in Morocco he was at day by my bed, and when in Lisbon I discovered that I was pregnant I had to rescue him from attaching a permanent doctor and nurse to our retinue."

"My condition, however, interrupted our wanderings at last. I had hoped that we would spend the winter in Paris or Rome, and so in Moscow in the spring we had even talked of spending

To page 54



## USEFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

- Useful hints to help you in your cookery and other kitchen chores win a prize of \$2 each for readers.

**SCREW** a cotton-reel on the end of a wooden spoon to use when making jams and pickles. The spoon then will rest on edge of pan instead of dropping in.—Mrs. T. Nicolle, Golconda, Tas.

★ ★ ★  
If you intend making laming-

tons or jelly cakes from a slab cake, freeze the cake for 24 hours first. It will cut into blocks without crumbling, and icing or jelly will set on the outside almost immediately without soaking in.—Mrs. B. J. Brooks, 3 Bonython Ave., Beaumont, S.A.

**Mixed candied peel makes a delicious stuffing for baked apples.** — Mrs. K. Key, 170a Camden St., Enmore, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
If you have unexpected guests for lunch or tea and have only a few eggs, take 3 eggs, whip up with a cup of cooked rice,

and scramble the lot. Serve on toast.—Mrs. E. Moss, 47a The Corso, Parkdale, Vic.

★ ★ ★  
Use an egg-timer for timing the cake mix during beating.—Mrs. C. Rudd, 158 Kareena Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
For a professional touch when decorating a cake, make chocolate curls by running a potato peeler along a slightly softened bar of chocolate held over the cake.—Mrs. Nola Sweetman, Box 121, Katherine, N.T.

When making rissoles a few hours before needed (for example, a barbecue) they will not stick together or lose their shape if you roll them in breadcrumbs instead of flour.—Mrs. W. Saal, Kindon Branch, QCWA, "Yagaburne," Goondiwindi, Qld.

★ ★ ★  
Slip a few sliced cloves of garlic in your lamb or beef roast and leave in to cook.—Mrs. A. Liddy, 2 Mandeville Cres., Toorak, Vic.

## Prize for biscuits

**A** RECIPE for delightfully chewy biscuits wins our \$10 this week.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

### CHEWY CHOCOLATE BARS

2 cups self-raising flour  
2 tablespoons cocoa  
2 cups coconut  
3 cups cornflakes  
1 cup sugar  
8oz. butter or substitute  
4 tablespoons golden syrup

Sift cocoa and flour into large bowl, add other dry ingredients, mix well. Melt butter or substitute and golden syrup, pour on to dry ingredients in bowl, blend well. Press mixture firmly into greased slab tin (approximately 12in. x 8in.) and bake in moderately slow oven 20 minutes; cool. When cold, ice with chocolate icing and sprinkle with coconut; cut into bars for serving.

### CHOCOLATE ICING

7oz. icing sugar  
1oz. cocoa  
1 tablespoon butter or substitute  
1½ tablespoons milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift icing sugar and cocoa into bowl. Heat milk and butter until boiling, stir into icing sugar with vanilla. Beat until smooth. Spread on top of cooled slice.

First prize of \$10 to Miss Vickie Riggs, 169 Kentucky St., Armidale, N.S.W.

### CHICKEN AND TOMATOES

½ cup olive oil  
2½ to 3lb. chicken  
2 medium onions  
2 cloves garlic  
15oz. can peeled tomatoes  
8oz. tomato sauce  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon pepper  
½ cup chopped celery  
1 teaspoon crushed oregano  
1 or 2 bayleaves  
½ cup white wine

Cut chicken into 6 or 8 servings; cut onions into ½in. slices; crush garlic. Heat oil in pan, add prepared chicken pieces, brown slowly, turning once. Remove chicken from pan, cook onions and garlic in oil until tender but not brown. Combine remaining ingredients, except wine, to make sauce. Return chicken to pan, add sauce mixture, then cover and simmer 45 minutes. Stir in wine and cook, uncovered, turning occasionally for 20 minutes or until chicken is tender. Remove bayleaves, skim off excess fat.

Serve chicken on hot spaghetti with sauce ladled over and sprinkled with parmesan cheese.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. B. Brennan, 36 The Avenue, Canley Vale, N.S.W.

## Overflowing with family appeal..

There is no more exciting biscuit assortment than this. Imagine—the sweetness of Nice, the warmth of Ginger Nut, the richness of Butter Oat Cake—and lots more of your favourite biscuits, all true Arnott's quality. And they're kept fresh—in every new-look, double-wrapped pack. There's goodness, too, found only in the biscuits made by Arnott's—where quality ingredients come first.

NICE/GINGER NUT  
BUTTER OAT CAKE  
MORNING COFFEE  
COCONUT BAR  
ORANGE TEA/PRINCESS  
Assortment varies slightly in South Australia.



**Arnott's FAMILY ASSORTED Biscuits**

There is no Substitute for Quality



# Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"PEGGY."— Pretty skirt is available in think - pink, turquoise-nile, apricot-brandy, or winged-blue pure wool skirting. Blouse is available in white dacron.

**SKIRT:—**  
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. hip, \$2.80; 36 and 38in. hip, \$3.00; 40 and 42in. hip, \$3.40; 44 and 46in. hip, \$3.80.  
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. hip, \$2.80; 36 and 38in. hip, \$3.00; 40 and 42in. hip, \$3.40; 44 and 46in. hip, \$3.80.  
Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

**BLOUSE:—**  
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$7.55; 36 and 38in. bust, \$7.75; 40in. bust, \$7.95.  
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$6.95; 36 and 38in. bust, \$7.15; 40in. bust, \$7.35.  
Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

● NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 54. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sturt Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



## Kempthorne will plan your home lighting, absolutely free.

How can light help you entertain?

How to stop working in your own shadow in the kitchen. Let Kempthorne answer all your questions. Just send us an approximate floor plan, ceiling height and colour scheme of your home. You will receive, free of cost, a complete home lighting plan. Kempthorne fittings are displayed in the showrooms listed.

Melbourne: 121 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy.

Sydney: Cnr. Lawrence & Harley Streets, Alexandria.

Adelaide: E. H. Maddern & Co. Pty. Ltd., 14 Conyngham Street, Glenside.

Brisbane: K. H. Dore & Sons, 273 Boundary Street. No sales are made from these showrooms.

Mail the coupon below and receive the glamorous Kempthorne Book of Lighting.

FREE! Mail today for the Kempthorne Book of Lighting.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

STATE: \_\_\_\_\_

**KEMPTHORNE**

Kempthorne Pty. Ltd., Box 133, P.O., Clayton, Vic.

several years abroad, but now, it appeared, we had to go home. Grant could be very firm when he chose. He wanted me to have the best medical advice, and like all New Yorkers he believed that this could be obtained in only one city. Besides—and he added this in all seriousness—if the child should be a boy he would have to be born in the United States to qualify under the Constitution to be President.

"Poor child—he turned out to be Edith! Do you know my oldest daughter, Mr. Jordan? Well, you know about her." Here the Countess lowered her voice and raised a finger to tap her temple significantly. "Just a touch, you know. But I must hush, for she sometimes listens at the door."

"My first surprise on arriving back in New York in 1907 was to discover that Grant had purchased and furnished a house by correspondence without even consulting me. I concede that it was a very comfortable house, with an Italian rococo facade and filled with fascinating Venetian furniture, but I had not supposed that we had decided to live in New York. When I pointed this out, he simply waved it off by retorting that a house committed to nothing and that it had been an opportunity to get his Venetian collection out of storage."

"I could not have you bothered about housekeeping at such a time," he concluded gravely. "Let me handle these few petty details of living, my dearest, while you concentrate on the great ones of a new life."

"I did not quite like this. It was all very well to be worshipped, Mr. Jordan, but not as a father worships a child. Grant seemed to take for granted that he would attend to our housekeeping, down to the very ordering of meals. All I had to do at a dinner party was to appear and look beautiful."

"My second surprise, also not entirely agreeable, was his intimacy with his family. I had assumed that being intellectually so much their superior, he would not want to dine with them beyond what was decently required. I found, on the contrary, that the Stirlings delighted in each other's company and that Grant was no exception. In that first season I occasionally wondered what they would have done with their evenings had Grant and I, the 'newlyweds,' not been there to be feted."

"They were dull, Mr. Jordan. So good but so dull! My mother-in-law was a Brooklyn pastor's daughter who had been perfectly content to read books of sermons and gently gossip with her neighbors in the 'best parlor' when she was not harassing her maid of all work until old Philemon Stirling's death had made her hugely and uselessly rich."

"And my husband's two older brothers and three older sisters, although more sophisticated and elegant than their mother, still led basically bourgeois brownstone lives in their hideous pseudo-Renaissance palaces. They filled their months and years with moving large households from one huge house to another, always on the same date, from New York to Long Island to Newport to Aiken to Maine. No wonder they felt virtuous! No wonder they felt tired!"

"Now that they are all long dead and the relics of their remaining mansions are

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## STIRLING'S FOLLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

convents or schools, people look at their dusty grandeur and think what splendid parties must have once been given under those mouldering gables. Huh! And yet Grant, the easily bored, the carping critic, would never turn down a family invitation. He was still their baby brother!

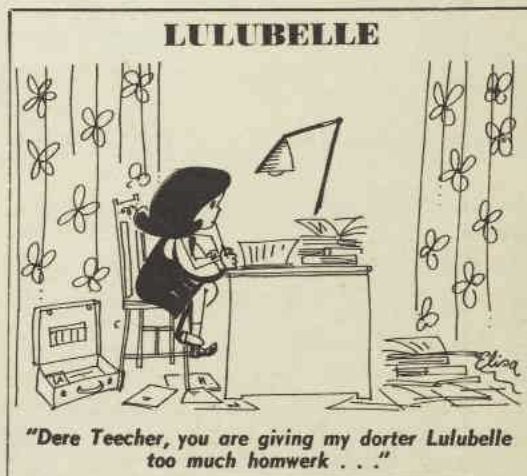
"I was too absorbed, however, in my own baby that year and in the next in another, to be unduly concerned about my in-laws. I had four children in as many years. I had to trade in culture for domesticity and reconcile myself to becoming a young society matron in the socially busy New York of that era. It was not what I had dreamed, but if that was what my husband wanted, why then, that was what I would be."

"I have always been an adaptable creature, and I prided myself on being able to make the best of any life. But I worried about Grant. The kind of moneyed American existence into which we seemed to be slipping was

But originality is not everything, Mr. Jordan. Neither is eclecticism! "The real architect, as the real landscape gardener and the real interior decorator, was Grant himself. He lived in the superintendent's cottage until the main house was habitable and supervised the laying of every brick and stone. Artists and artisans came and went. Sometimes they resigned their jobs; sometimes they were fired. Sometimes they stayed on and learned to co-operate with their strange but compelling master. Stanford White had drawn the original plan of the house; Ralph Adams Cram and Grant La Farge made later contributions."

"Yet the finished product looked like none of them. It sprawled over the top of the hill, commanding a peerless view of the ocean and mainland and its own splendid hanging gardens: a great black and white marble ark with a red porched campanile that soared into the sky."

"Well, you've seen dozens



more insidious to the male than to the female, and I had given up hope for that book on American painters. Was Grant to spend his whole life at auction galleries and Stirling family parties? It seemed a dismal prospect."

"We never know when we are well off, Mr. Jordan. Little did I suspect that Grant had a very definite project in mind all along, and that I would come in time to look back with nostalgia on the days when he had seemed so aimless. When he first began to talk about Stirling Castle, I assumed it was only another whim that would be soon executed."

"For years he had owned a lonely, uninhabited island of five thousand acres off the coast of Maine, and what could be more natural than that a Stirling should build a big house on it? But when I saw the massiveness of the plans and their fantastic detail, when I learned that the first drafts were already twenty years old, I had to recognise with dismay that I was face to face with a life-long ambition and that what Grant had been waiting for, collecting for, dreaming for, was not a site or a plan or even another inheritance, but simply a chateau!"

"I cannot speak with detachment, even today, of Stirling Castle. After all, it destroyed the happiness of my marriage. But I honestly do not think I would ever have liked it, even had no emotional issue been involved. I admit that it was much admired at the time and much discussed in architectural magazines, and, of course, it was highly original in a day of copycat building.

of pictures of it. Mission-Moorish, I used to call it. I could never learn to love the carved courtyards with the ruby iridescent glass tiles, the grinning Chinese lions of turquoise-blue that guarded the portals, the gleaming pools with giant rock crystals, the stained-glass windows of flamingos and bathing nymphs. Yet it was the background that my husband believed was the perfect setting for me!

"The attitude of the Stirlings was significant: they thoroughly approved. That Stirling Castle was a madly exotic creation compared to what they had built did not seem to bother them at all, possibly they hardly noticed it. What they may have more wisely understood was simply that Grant was solving his problem, like a true Stirling, with masonry. Whether it was good or bad masonry was not the point; he was fulfilling a purpose in life by creating a large number of guest rooms that he would have to keep filled."

"Indeed, now that that generation of Stirlings has all gone, do not their names evoke a facade before a face? If I say 'Giraud,' do you not summon up in your mind a Genoese palazzo on the Cliff Walk in Newport? If I say 'Adelaide,' do you not picture a Pitti Palace in Lenox?"

"My father, George Morse, a wise, discreet, and customarily silent old gentleman, one of those wrinkled white-whiskered trust officers of the period who had nursed and swelled Mother's share of the Stirling fortune, was, appropriately enough, the person who awoke me at last to what was going on. He called

on me, as gravely as if I had been one of his trust beneficiaries, and asked me if I knew that Grant was spending many times his income.

"Maybe old Mr. Stirling or his brother Giraud have been giving him money," I suggested. "I know his mother has often told me that she thought her husband's will was unfair."

"Mrs. Stirling's money is all in trust," Father observed ominously, "and on her death it goes to Giraud's sons. As to Giraud himself, while he may be as generous as you suppose, it is not something you should count on. I am afraid, Arietta, that you are not taking in the gravity of the situation. I am suggesting that if Grant keeps this up, he will dissipate his fortune, and that you and your girls will have to depend on what your mother can do for you. Is that clearer?"

"Very clear!"

"Oh, Mr. Jordan, how I remember that day! A new trait of character, unsuspected by myself, suddenly emerged. I was tingling all over and spoiling for a fight. My long-sleeping Stirling blood began to course feverishly through my veins. Was it really conceivable that Grant did not know what he was doing? Was it really conceivable that he was spending all the fortune of our daughters? That they would grow up actually poor, cursed with a name that was a symbol of wealth? What a fate!

"It is strange how long we can live out of our natural grooves if we get out to a false start. At nineteen I was convinced that I had the soul of a poet, and Grant had encouraged what should have been laughed away as girlish fatuity. In the violence of my gratitude I had become more his odalisque than his wife; I had obeyed him in everything, to the very dresses that I bought, and when I should wear them."

"And then, just as I might have normally emerged from this spiritual concubinage to take my place in the world as a normal American wife, I was engulfed by four years of having babies. One might really say that from my engagement to Grant to my financial awakening by Father, I had lived a kind of suspended existence. Underneath, all the time, was my true character, hardening into its present mould. Small wonder that its revelation was a shock to Grant! It was a shock to myself."

"I do not mean, however, when I say that my character was 'hardening,' that I was

To page 57





## ABROAD...with Margaret Sydney

● I found my first sight of Athens and of Attica stunning. Anyone who has read Greek legends, learnt ancient history at school, or remembers odd lines from Greece-smitten English poets has some sort of picture of Greece in his mind.

**M**INE was entirely wrong. It was a picture in corn-yellow, sea-blue, and olive-green — much too soft a picture of cool marble, deeply shadowed groves of myrtle and olive, and sunlit grass garlanded with Tennyson's "banks of amaranth and molly."

Parts of Greece are like this, I'm told. But not Attica. Attica from the air and from ground level seems the most antique place on the face of the earth.

I know this isn't so. Australia as a land-mass is an older place than Greece, but it doesn't begin to have the same look of wear and of exhaustion.

What is so stunning about this part of Greece is that in this dry place, on this poor, barren soil, among these stony hills there was such a flowering of the spirit all those centuries ago that the world hasn't yet equalled or forgotten it.

Athens is a plain, clean, modern city surrounded by mountains and by sea and set between the high shoulders of its two jewels, the Acropolis and Mount Lycabettus.

The streets in the central part of the city are wide and lined with clipped evergreens — mulberries and oranges among them — and bordered by buildings of the 19th and 20th century.

Everywhere new building is going on — new shops and offices, new hotels, new floors being added to existing hotels.

The city is at its most beautiful in the evening and at night. The wondrous sunsets seem to change the shape and color and position of the mountains and turn the Parthenon a glowing honey color. And at the latest possible hour you can still keep your eyes open after a day of sightseeing.

### The Plaka — a wonderland of lights, music, and people

**G**O to the Plaka to eat on your first night in Athens. This is the old Athens, built on steps and slopes at the foot of the sacred rock of the Acropolis.

I went with English friends with whom I had travelled on the plane. They were old hands.

They knew where to go for drinks, which streets to wander down, where you could eat to genuine bouzouki music and avoid those imports, the microphone and the electric guitar. And THEY had had the sense to sleep all the afternoon instead of rushing out in the heat to climb the Acropolis.

The Plaka at night is a wonderland of lights and greenery and shapes and music and people. The narrow streets climb up and up, many of them actual stairways with broad landings where chairs and tables are set out under trellises of vines and under trees that glow greenly against the white-wash of tavernas and narrow two-storey buildings where the owners sit on balconies to hear the music and watch the diners below.

Even the trunks of many of the trees in these streets are whitewashed. I never discovered whether this was for some horticultural reason or because the Greeks have this passion for harmony and for the memory of marble.

Cats come and go among the legs of the tables, long, lean, and pregnant, carrying off the ends of rolls and rusks or the more lavish tidbits offered them by tourists.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1967

But the taverns are not only at street- and stair-level. From above you as you walk, you hear music and smell the delicious aromas of food being served in dozens of roof-gardens three and four flights above the streets.

We climbed four narrow flights and ate under the stars at what seemed merely a stone's throw from the Parthenon, lit and shadowed and half-lit and extinguished and lit again by the "son et lumiere" performance that was going on.

### Dolmades of vine leaves;

### fried squid, broiled octopus

**O**N one side of us, through the vine and bougainvillea trellis and over the bordering boxes planted with geraniums, were all the lights of the city and the dark line of the sea.

On the other side we looked down on a roof of rounded tiles, a roof sagging with age, sway-backed like a horse that has worked gallantly for too long.

Beyond we could see Mt. Lycabettus, wonderful at night because of the way it is lit. The steep slopes are verdigris-colored where the trees are lit by concealed white lights, and gold and bronze and grey where yellowish light illuminates the rock faces, with the church shining yellow-gold on top, a blue globe at its dome.

And the food was wonderful. We all ordered different things and ate bits of each other's dishes. Dolmades (vine leaves stuffed with meat or rice), delicious stews of veal or lamb and vegetables, little fried squid, eggplants, octopus broiled or stewed in a wine sauce.

Then we walked slowly back from the old town to the new, past the late diners and the girls selling gardenias with silver-paper-wrapped stems, past the white-aproned waiters who urge you, with pointed finger, "Very good roof-garden up there," past the open doorways where people sit on their steps to enjoy the cool night air, through the medley of music — bouzouki, string band, transistor, pop soloist, male choirs at practice in nearby church halls.

All over Italy and Greece you meet Australian tourists saying plaintively, "Why don't we do this at home? Why don't we have outdoor eating places? Why do we go out at night only to get somewhere, instead of just for the pleasure of being out?"

The answer is supposed to be that our climate is unsuitable. I don't believe this. Rain might drive us in occasionally, as it does the Italians and Greeks.

But most of the time we stay in from habit, wedded to four walls, shaded lamps, and the TV set, wasting the wonderful cool night air and a far more spectacular night sky than any country in the Northern Hemisphere can offer.



## You will get a real jackpot



by travelling all the way  
to EUROPE or the U.K.

on the fully stabilised and air conditioned liners

*M/V Angelina Lauro* *M/V Achille Lauro*

\$ First and tourist class cabins with private shower and toilet. \$ Cabins and Suites opening onto private, protected sun deck balconies. \$ Spacious and luxurious public lounges. \$ Internationally famous orchestras. \$ Closed circuit television, diffusing also filmed programmes of shipboard activities. \$ Separate theatres with cinemascope screens. \$ English and Continental cuisine. \$ Night clubs for late snacks and partying. \$ Sports and entertainment facilities of every kind for passengers of every age!

Enjoy the elegant surroundings, the modern comfort and the personalised service of an unforgettable voyage which now includes stops also at exciting CAPETOWN (South Africa) and the free port of TENERIFE (Canary Islands) for the same low fare.

For full information and sailing schedules contact your travel agent, or



**FLOTTA  
LAURO**





## NEW ELECTRIC CAN OPENER — FINGERTIP CONTROL, AUTOMATICALLY OPENS CANS, QUICKLY, NEATLY, SAFELY

Just press the lever — fingertip control pierces cans, then opens them automatically while lever is held in position. No mess — a magnetic lid-lift prevents lids from dropping into food and the cutter is removable, so easy to clean. Compact in styling, it stands ready for use on your kitchen bench. When you stop to realise just how many cans you open in a month or a year, you realise the wonderful convenience of the new G-E. Electric Can Opener. Use one now!



GENERAL  ELECTRIC\*

\*TRADE MARK OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, U.S.A. — WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRICAL ENTERPRISE.  
MANUFACTURING PLANT: AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LTD., NOTTING HILL, VICTORIA.



## STIRLING'S FOLLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

becoming hard, although poor Grant no doubt found me so. But Nature, Mr. Jordan, had picked me out to be a practical woman. I was much more of the great-granddaughter of Philemon Stirling than Grant was ever his grandson, and I showed it the very next day when he came to discuss with me a riverbed of almost perfectly rounded pebbles that had been discovered in Guatemala. He wanted to transport them in trucks and place them in the little stream that ran through the great hall of Stirling Castle.

"Rather a costly way to get one's pebbles, don't you think?" I observed. "Maine must be full of rocks."

"To tell the truth, it is rather costly," he answered in surprise. "That's why I was going to suggest that we might cut down our household budget a bit."

"Then it's true what Father says!" I exclaimed, in immediate heat. "You're throwing everything away on that castle of yours!"

"Grant really stared at this. 'What are you talking about?' he asked me coldly. 'I'm not throwing anything' away. The house is there, isn't it? Didn't I show you last month's 'Architectural Record,' which described it as the greatest private residence of the new world?"

"What good does that do if you can't get your money back? And who would ever pay that kind of money for a white elephant on a remote Maine island?"

"My dear Arietta," Grant said in his loftiest tone, "I

do not propose to discuss this matter as a vulgar business proposition. I can't conceive what's got into you. Stirling Castle is the product of a lifetime's dreams. Don't you understand that? Haven't we gone into it together?"

"But how will we live in it?" I cried, desperate in my sudden sense of his irrationality and in the fear that he might persuade me to silence. You must remember, Mr. Jordan, the difference in our ages, and how new was this opposition of mine. 'How beautiful will it seem if we have to take in boarders?'

"**BOARDERS?**" He stared at me now as if I were the crazy one. "Why do you talk about boarders? I'm afraid I don't recognise you in this mood, Arietta. I must decline to discuss Stirling Castle further with you until you have changed your tone."

"You may decline to discuss it, and I may decline to live in it!"

"Grant started as if I had struck him. Never had I seen him so pale! Then he turned on his heel and strode silently from the room."

"A virtual separation followed this scene. When he next left for Maine, I stayed in New York, sending him a strong note to tell him that I would not set foot again in Stirling Castle until I knew exactly where we stood finan-

cially. Grant did not deign to answer this, but with his usual aristocratic openness he directed his man of affairs to submit his books to my father's inspection. After a long day in Grant's office, Father called on me again, this time with ashy countenance.

"My child, it's far, far worse than I ever dreamed. Outside of his real estate, including Stirling Castle, Grant has hardly eight hundred thousand left. Since his father's death he has spent more than four millions."

"But what could he have been thinking of?" I cried in despair. "How did he expect us to live?"

"So far as I can make out, if he has thought of it at all, he has thought that Giraud would make him some restitution on account of the fortune that he thinks he ought to have had. But I have talked to Giraud, who is not in the least interested. He says that he will never see Grant want for anything, but that he can hardly regard Stirling Castle as a necessity. Old Mrs. Stirling has been helping out a bit, but that, of course, cannot go on for ever."

"Papa, what am I to do?"

"You will leave everything to me, my dear. Never sign anything. Never commit your own signature. It may be necessary to put a notice to this effect in the newspapers. That will seem hard, I know, but desperate situations require desperate remedies. Financially, you will run a household separate from Grant's, sending all your bills to me. There is no other way."

"Papa! I can't!"

"My dear child," he told me in his most solemn tone, "you are my daughter, and you will find the strength to do what you must do."

"Six months later old Mrs. Stirling's death brought Grant's operations to a halt. Already distracted by the loss of his adored mother, he was almost incoherent when he came to tell me of his plans. He paced up and down the living-room in New York, snapping out his syllables as if he were giving a dictation to a class of children. Sitting silently in one of his Venetian armchairs with a back shaped like a huge spread peacock's tail, I gradually made out his gist. When he had finished Stirling Castle and sold all his other places, we should have just enough to live there."

"Live or exist?" I demanded.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if you think I am going to be swallowed up in the maintenance of your fantasy, you are very much mistaken. I want my girls to grow up here, in the world they know. I want to be able

to travel and see my friends. And I want to give parties, too, right here in New York. What's wrong with all that? I find I'm like other people, after all. If you had taken time off from your beloved castle to spare me a few minutes, you might have observed the change!"

"Arietta! Do you know what you're saying? We would have to sell Stirling Castle!"

"And whose fault is that?"

I cried, jumping to my feet. "What right did you have to construct a folly that you could not afford to maintain?"

"But we can maintain it." Suddenly Grant was very quiet and still. He stood before me, leaning forward now, eager and pleading. "I'm not mad, Arietta. Truly, I've thought this whole matter through. I was entirely aware from the beginning that I was spending principal, but all along I had a perfectly coherent plan. I was simply going to build the most beautiful house in the world, and when it was completed, you and I and the children were going to live in it."

"Why wasn't that feasible? And we can still do it, my dearest. You think I'm impractical and visionary, but I know just what my income is, and it will support us very nicely in Stirling Castle. Oh, perhaps we shan't be able to have a big, pompous town house and a steam yacht and a lot of bad Rembrandts like all our dear friends and relations, but do we want to? Wasn't it precisely our dream that we would build our own world? Wasn't that what brought us together in the first place? Weren't we sick to death of the showy materialism of our friends, even of our dear families?"

"Didn't we want to demonstrate that money could be as potent a force for beauty as it had been in the Italy of Leonardo? And here we are, you and I, on the very threshold of realising our dream, and you start talking like any ordinary society matron. Arietta, tell me that you're with me!"

"He seized my hand, but I snatched it back. I was too appalled at first by the magnitude of his misconception to see how mortal a blow I was about to deal him. All I could visualise was the horror of being walled up for ever in Stirling Castle, fettered with jade and turquoise. The imagined horrors of philistine New York seemed sudden bliss to me, and fear of losing them made me brutal."

"I hate Stirling Castle!" I cried recklessly. "It's brought us all this trouble, and I'll never live in it! I or my daughters!"

"Grant's pallor darkened into a greenish ivory, and he pursed his mouth slowly into a small, red circle. His

To page 61

## A Way to Beautify Your Skin

A lovely satin-smooth complexion free of wrinkle-dryness is a beauty asset you can count on keeping almost forever because of a simple and sure way to conserve the precious natural beauty in your skin, by feeding it with skin revitalising nourishment and isotonic moist oils.

By smoothing a generous film of nourishing vitalizing night cream over your face and neck before retiring, and working the rich blend of oils and moisture into your skin with upward, outward movements of the fingertips, you can fortify tissues, counteract lines and wrinkles, restore muscle tone and bring out the true, radiant splendour of your youthfully soft and supple complexion.

### Your Throat and Chin

A cream massage of the throat and chin areas is particularly conducive to the younger, lovelier appearance of the skin. Smooth the Ulan vitalizing



rotary movements of the fingertips to work the nourishment from the sides of your nose and out over your cheekbones to the temples. Then vary the massage pattern by taking the Ulan vitalizing night cream occasionally straight up from your chin to the temples, using broad, sweeping strokes.

### Eyes

Imprint cream round the eye sockets with the gentlest pressure of the fingertips. Keep your elbows at shoulder level to encourage just the right touch and work the Ulan vitalizing night cream from the nose and over the upper eyelid, then down and round the eyes towards the nose again. This treatment will do much to keep crow's-feet at bay.

### Nose-to-Mouth Lines

Dip your middle and fourth fingertips into your vitalizing night cream, press them firmly on either side of your chin and mas-



sage upwards towards the corners of your mouth with spiralling movements. Then continue massaging the vitalizing night cream gently upwards, completing a slight arc, until you reach the nostrils.

### Cheeks and Temples

Cream your cheeks generously and use small,



into the skin from brow to hairline, using both hands alternately with upward movements. Smooth out vertical forehead lines by interlocking fingertips above the brows and then pulling the fingers apart, smoothing the night cream right across the forehead to erase unwanted lines.

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting August 9

- ARIES**  
MAR. 21 - APR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, black, white.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- TAURUS**  
APR. 21 - MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- GEMINI**  
MAY 21 - JUNE 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, rose, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- CANCER**  
JUNE 22 - JULY 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- LEO**  
JULY 23 - AUG. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, orange, tan.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- VIRGO**  
AUG. 23 - SEPT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, green, brown.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- LIBRA**  
SEPT. 24 - OCT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, green.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- SCORPIO**  
OCT. 24 - NOV. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 23 - DEC. 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, black, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 22 - JAN. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 21 - FEB. 19  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, red, white.  
\* Lucky days, Thursday, Tues.
- PISCES**  
FEB. 20 - MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, green.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 16, 1967

## THE BOYFRIEND



"When we reach the top I'll let you stop and have a rest!"

**rats and mice go! raticide**

A NEW KIND OF POISON, SIMPLER, CLEANER, TOTALLY EFFECTIVE

You'll buy it in a roll. Snap off 3 to 6 single confections as you need it. Rats and mice cannot resist it, and the way it works there's no smell ever.

CHEMISTS • HARDWARE STORES • DEPARTMENTAL STORES

Trade Enquiries: RATICIDE COMPANY, 125 Centurion St., SYDNEY, N.S.W. Phone: 26-2133



ENTER THE BUTTER/WHITE WINGS

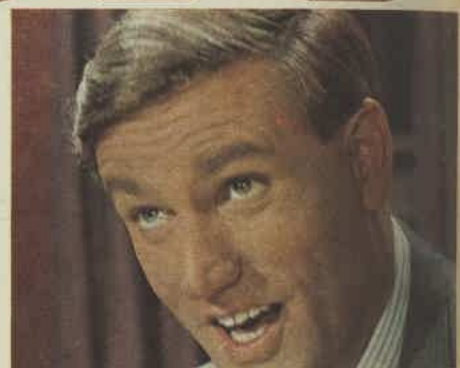


**\$9000**

**BAKE-OFF**

Sponsored by the Australian Dairy Produce Board in association with White Wings Limited.

**“This is the easiest Bake-Off yet to win because all you have to do is send in a recipe. We do the baking for you”**



**“IT'S A REALLY FABULOUS 1967 BAKE-OFF - YOU MUST BE IN IT”**

**“NOW JOIN IN THE SEARCH FOR THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DISH”**

This year, apart from offering more prizes, the Butter/White Wings Bake-Off is uncommonly easy to win. Simply send in your recipe and it will be Baked-Off by home economists at Roselands Shopping Centre. It's still Australia's greatest recipe baking contest, but now the hard work is done for you.

This year the main course section of the Butter/White Wings Bake-Off is a search for a truly Australian recipe, one with an Australian flavour. Of course, there is a section for all other kinds of goodies and one for boys and girls under 18 years of age. Enter your recipe now.

**QANTAS**  
**FLIES IN CHEFS**  
Three world-famous chefs will fly to Australia by Qantas to judge the Butter/White Wings Bake-Off. They will stay at the luxurious Wentworth Hotel.

**2 GRAND CHAMPIONS**  
(Section 1 & 2) will each receive a \$300 Metters Range, \$300 Metters Dishwasher, Fur Coat by Roo-Wear and \$1,000 cash.  
**TOTAL VALUE:—**  
**\$1780**

**2 RUNNERS UP**  
(Section 1 & 2) will each receive a \$300 Metters Range, Suede Coat by Roo-Wear and \$100 cash.  
**TOTAL VALUE:—**  
**\$475**

**BEST JUNIOR**  
(Section 3) will receive a \$300 Metters Range, Fur Coat by Roo-Wear and \$100 cash.  
**TOTAL VALUE:—**  
**\$580**

**8**  
**BEST OF THE WEEK WINNERS**  
Will each receive cash and prizes worth \$30.  
**TOTAL VALUE:—**  
**\$240**

**120**  
**SPECIAL MERIT WINNERS**  
(All Sections) will receive \$30 cash or a Suede Coat by Roo-Wear.  
**TOTAL VALUE:—**  
**\$4500**



Professional chefs and home economists are ineligible.  
**HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER:—**  
Write out your recipe, using your favourite brand of Butter & White Wings Self-Raising or Plain Flour; include ingredients, quantities, method of making-up, baking time, temp. Fill in the entry form & post.  
**SECTION 1.** The Great Australian Dish, any main course with an Australian flavour.  
**SECTION 2.** Any other dish . . . recipes for anything but a main course.  
**SECTION 3.** Best Junior, any boy or girl 18 or under. Hurry—entries close September 4.

**BUTTER/WHITE WINGS**  
**\$9,000 BAKE-OFF ENTRY FORM**  
Bake-Off, Box 63, P.O., CHIPPENDALE, N.S.W.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

NAME OF RECIPE \_\_\_\_\_

SECTION 1 ☐ SECTION 2 ☐ SECTION 3 ☐

State if you are 18 or under on Sept. 4.



As her husband waited for her decision, Sally summoned every ounce of her courage



# PRIDE

By R. W. ALEXANDER

SALLY WICKHAM put down the phone, her hand a little unsteady. Bill, her husband, would be late again. He had not, she thought resentfully, even had the grace to call, himself, but had left it to some unidentified secretary to make his excuses. He had been late yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. For weeks he had been late almost every day. At first she had thought nothing of it. Now she was beginning to wonder and to be afraid.

She was twenty-nine, still slim and graceful after eight years of marriage and three children, a happy woman, serene and trusting, loving her husband and her three children and grateful for their love. A woman with a smile deep in her dark eyes, and a wide and gentle mouth always ready for laughter.

She could join her daughters in a romping game, noisy as a child herself, or sit the whole evening without a word while Bill went through his papers. The years of marriage had gone by smoothly, highlighted by the arrival of her babies, first two girls and then, much later, a boy; and until now no lasting shadow had come to dim the brightness of her days and test her faith.

Ron, the baby, was already in his cot and sleeping soundly. She fed the girls, played with them a little while, then bathed them and put them to bed, and sat reading to them in her quiet voice until their eyelids grew too heavy and they drifted into sleep. She laid the book aside and went into the master bedroom, aimless in the silent house, and stood at the window staring down into the darkening street.

The long blue day was over; soon night would settle down. What time would Bill come home? Ten o'clock? Eleven? The secretary, her bright young voice impersonal, hadn't said. And what would she say to him when he did come? What did a wife say to a husband when he came home late, giving no reason for his lateness, saying only that he'd been delayed?

Did she say what was in her mind, or did she pretend there was nothing wrong? These were questions Sally

Wickham had had no reason to ask herself until now.

She drew the drapes across and switched on the light, and stood in front of the tall mirror, staring at her own reflection as if it might give her an answer; and her eyes stared back at her, wide eyes, serious eyes, unsmiling in an unsmiling face.

We've been married eight years, she thought, and perhaps for him the wonder has gone out of it and he's a little tired of me. Because, with three children and a home to care for, it's not always easy to keep myself attractive, and often I'm tired in the evenings and don't want to go out anywhere, or have anyone in. And I'm not clever, like he is, and when he tries to explain things to me and I can't understand he must think I'm stupid. Or maybe it's simply that he wants a change.

That thought, that Bill simply wanted a change, hurt worst of all.

She went downstairs and made herself a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and settled down to wait.

It was past ten when she heard the car turn in and the garage door open. She sat quite still, holding her breath. The hall door opened and closed and then he was in the room, coming to her; and she stood up quickly. He put an arm around her and kissed her; and in that instant she thought how tired he looked, touches of shadow under his eyes and lines of fatigue around his mouth.

"Sorry I'm late," he said, sinking into his chair. He closed his eyes and kept them closed a moment or two, then opened them and smiled at her. "Sal, I must be getting old."

He was thirty-three, tall and lean, with a wide, humorous mouth. She was twenty when they met, and had fallen in love with him at once and felt wretched about it, telling herself he would scarcely look at her a second time, because even then, at twenty-five, he had made some important discovery in his chosen field of science and was marked as a coming man.

There, she had been wrong. He had

To page 60

# FOR ACTION FIRST AID

It's always Elastoplast



## Elastoplast

30 ASSORTED DRESSINGS WRAPPED/STERILIZED



Sportsmen of all ages go for Elastoplast ... it flexes with every movement.

Elastoplast breathes to let in healing air, seals out germs and dirt. It's wrapped, sterilized and it's *flexible* ... stretches with every movement ... stays on for ages.

Next time your sportsman has a spill comfort him with Elastoplast. ELASTOPLAST ... in the new action packs — Strips, Assorted Dressings and Dressing Strips.

Smith & Nephew (Australia) Pty. Ltd.







## New Aid To Beauty

Your skin will become fair and beautiful with a new lemon extract cleanser that gives the complexion a clear youthful loveliness. Ask your chemist for the new Delph cleansing beautifier that beauticians the world over have acknowledged as wonderful for the skin. It clears the skin of all impurities that lead to ageing lines, melts out plugged pores, removes every trace of stale make-up and smooths away wrinkle-dryness to give the complexion soft loveliness. Delph cleansing milk will make you more beautiful the first time you use it.

## CREME AWAY CORNS CALLUSES, WARTS

With New 'Easy Off' Softener

Sufferers of laming corns, calluses, warts, now report dramatic results thanks to a new wonder-working creme called DERMA-SOFT. This unique formula softens & dissolves hard to remove growths so they come away painlessly & safely, leaving skin silky smooth & soft. So don't suffer another minute. Get DERMA-SOFT today at chemists.

## CLEARSKIN

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, redness, red blotches, blemishes and spots, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

## BACKACHE

If your back aches like sin and Rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYS-TEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific, Laboratory-tested and Certified CYS-TEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 8/6.

looked at her a second time, in his vague, amiable way, and then again; and in the months that followed he had found time to be with her almost every day, to fall in love with her, and to marry her. Often, since, she had wondered why.

"Brood all right?" he asked after a moment.

"Fine," she said. She sat down opposite him, feeling a little shiver run through her, knowing now what she had to say. Because anything, she thought, must be better than to go on wondering, and doubting, and crying in the dark, then doing what you could to hide the trace of tears. At least she would know what it was she had to fear. "Bill, what kept you?"

"Conference," he said casually. "Something came up."

"Something came up last night, too, and the night before."

HE nodded, too casually. "We're busy just now."

"Top secret?" she asked, not even trying to smile.

"So-so," he said, and sat up straighter, staring at her. "Sal, what's on your mind? Do you think I'm taking my beautiful redhead secretary out to dinner, or what?"

"Would you tell me, if you were?"

"I don't know," he said seriously. "If I were ready to take her out I suppose I'd be ready to lie about it, too. But it just so happens I'm not ready to do either." He gave her a quick grin. "She's not a redhead, anyway, and she's about fifty, built very close to the ground."

"Bill," she said. "Bill, I'm not joking. It's not funny, and you can't get away with it by talking about your secretary. For weeks and weeks you've been late almost every night. You haven't even tried to explain. Now I want to know why. I want the truth."

A little shiver went through her again. "We can't go on like this indefinitely. Life just wouldn't be worth living."

He had not moved. The smile was gone from his eyes. Was it compassion she read in them now, or sadness? She could not tell.

"You think I'm up to something," he said. "You're not content with my explanation, though you know a lot of what I do is hush-hush stuff. You say you want the truth. That's implying I haven't told the truth. In other words, you think I'm lying."

"No," she said quickly. But she was wondering if she did. There had to be a limit to her faith, her trust in him.

"Oh, yes, you do," he said. "You think I'm interested in another girl. You think I'm checking out at the regular time and doing the town with some young girl. That's what you think, isn't it, Sal?"

"That's what I'm trying not to think," she said. "But if you are running around I want to know about it so I can decide what to do."

"You couldn't imagine anything worse, could you?" he said; and there was in his eyes a sudden sharpness that almost startled her. "Nothing could hurt you more, distress you more, than to find I was cheating you?"

"I can't think of anything worse," she said steadily. "But if you are, if you're tired of me, I'd rather know it than carry on like this, pretending there was nothing wrong. Are you, Bill?"

"No." His mouth twisted. "But I could be lying, couldn't I?"

She stared at him, her hands tight in her lap. "I don't seem to know you any more," she said, her voice

gone low. "You're not the Bill I know. You don't look like him and you don't talk like him." She leaned forward. "What are you trying to do to me?"

When he answered, she caught a subtle change in his voice. "I don't rightly know," he said. "I'm not exactly brilliant at this sort of thing. I can see now I got off on the wrong foot. I've got you asking questions I never thought I'd hear you ask and you never should have had to ask."

"But you would be terribly distressed to find I was playing around with some woman, wouldn't you? At least I've established that."

"Yes, you've established that," she said bitterly. "But you didn't have to go to all that trouble to establish it."

"I meant well," he said; and now his voice was gentle. "I fumbled it, but I meant well. So when you hear the truth, maybe you won't think it so bad after all."

She sat very still, staring at him, suddenly conscious of the trembling of her body and the hurried beat of her heart. Now she was really frightened.

"You're not sick?" she whispered. "You haven't got radiation sickness, or whatever they call it? Have you? Have you, Bill?"

He shook his head. "No, it's nothing like that."

"Then tell me!" she pleaded. "Tell me! You're only making it worse, whatever it is. Tell me what's wrong!"

"There's nothing wrong," he insisted. "Not a single thing. Look, Sal, let's have a drink."

"No," she said. "I don't want a drink. All I want is to hear what's wrong with you." She felt utterly helpless, ready to weep. "Why won't you tell me, Bill?"

"I've told you already, there's nothing wrong with me. Absolutely nothing. I've been checked every way and I'm sound as a bell."

"You've been checked?" she said, wondering why it had been necessary.

He nodded. "Sound as a bell," he said again. "I don't mean a cracked bell, either." He tried to laugh, without much success; and she did not even smile. "Oh, well!" he said, and shrugged. "You know our next space shot, scheduled for two months from now? Mentioned it, didn't I?"

"Yes," she said, and suddenly she was cold, cold all through.

"We're putting two men in orbit and leaving them up six days," he said. "But that's only part of it. The other part is some new gear that's going up with them."

"What sort of gear?" She asked only because in that instant he was staring at the wall behind her as if he had completely forgotten her presence.

His glance came back to her. "I can't tell you that," he said. "It's top secret." He drew a deep breath, and somehow she knew at last the truth was coming. "Some stuff I helped develop. In fact, it's mostly my baby."

"Yes," she said, waiting.

"They want me to go along for the ride."

So now she knew, and she sat stunned. This was too big for her to grasp all at once, she thought in panic. Too big and too frightening, like something in a nightmare, something you tried to run from, your heart bursting, though your legs were heavy as lead and your feet seemed glued to the ground.

"No!" she said in a faint voice. "No, no, no!" She shut her eyes tight and put her

hands to her face and sat there shivering, fighting hysteria.

"Remember, it could have been a blonde," Bill said gently. "And I don't have to go. It's voluntary. But the gear is mine and the idea behind it is mine and I'm the man for the job. So, just in case, I've been doing a little of the special training these past few weeks. That's what kept me late."

"No!" she said again, through her tight hands; and he leaned back and sat waiting, not trying to persuade her, his eyes worried and a sadness in his face.

Often, watching the giant rockets rising from their pad, so delicately balanced on a spreading pillow of smoke and flame, shaken by the awful thunder of their ascent, she had marvelled at the courage of the men who rode with them. And she had wondered how the wives of those men felt. Were they as brave as the men in the capsule, or did only their pride sustain them, pride that their men had been chosen and their names were ringing around the world?

Or, seeing the great metal shell rise so slowly in those agonising moments of hesitation, knowing that the end might come in a sheet of blinding flame, a shower of fragments, were they sick with fear? And were their children watching, too, not really understanding, their trust in the goodness of things untroubled, but sensi-

## FROM THE BIBLE

● And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great.

—St. Mark 16: 3, 4.

tive to the fear in the mother's heart?

How could a man do that to those who loved him?

"But you're a civilian!" she said suddenly, dropping her hands, staring at him. "You're not in the Forces. They can't order you to go."

He shook his head. "I told you, it's absolutely voluntary. The decision is mine." He hesitated, then added quietly, "And yours."

"Mine? Oh, no, Bill; no! Why should it be mine?" "Because," he said, "when I asked you to marry me it was with the understanding and the expectation that we'd be together all our natural lives. I had no thought of anything like this." His hands moved in a vague, helpless gesture. "I'll be honest with you, Sal. We've been honest with each other in everything else, so why not in this?"

"There is a risk. There always will be a risk. Nothing we can devise is perfect. And if something goes wrong, more than likely that's the end. But I believe, and I want you to believe, it's no more dangerous, this flight I've been asked to make, than a Sunday outing on the freeway."

"You want to do it!" she said, as if she found that quite incredible. "Bill, you want to do it!"

"Yes," he said. "I want to go. I want to be one of the chosen few, one of the pioneers. I'm not ashamed to admit it. I'd hate to stand aside and let some other man

take my place." His mouth twisted in a little smile, as if he mocked himself. "I want my share of the fame, and the glory."

"Glory?" she said sadly. "What would the glory mean to me if you didn't come back?"

She thought of the rocket carrying him up and away, away from her and the children and their lives together, to the other side of the world, in the cold blackness of space. There were so many things that could go wrong, so many small things on which all else depended.

She had a vision of the capsule whirling around and around until, in some distant year, its motion imperceptibly slowed and it came down into the atmosphere and burned up; and people seeing it blaze across the night sky would take it for a shooting star.

Brief day, brief night; the cities, the seas, the deserts, and the forests slipping by below like shadows on the face of the earth. Three men entombed, awaiting the inevitable end, helpless and beyond reach of help, cut off from their kind. One of the three, hers, Bill. The man she loved, father of her children.

"I'd come back," he said, as if he had read her mind. "But if anything did go wrong, you'd be taken care of, you and the kids."

SHE thought of the emptiness of life without him, the barrenness of her days and nights.

"No," she said. "I want you here to take care of us. Let them pick someone without a wife and family." And she went on, pleading with him. "Bill, there must be thousands of boys who'd just jump at the chance."

"Tens of thousands," he said. "But this is my baby, a complicated and temperamental sort of baby, and I happen to know it better than anyone else. If I refuse to go they'll have to spend months training another man." He hesitated, then added very quietly, "And those months might make all the difference."

"You're afraid," she said, wanting to hurt him, put him on the defensive. "You think it'll mean a black mark against you if you refuse."

He shook his head, slowly. "No, Sal, I wasn't thinking of that. This is too big a thing, the most important decision we'll ever have to make."

"You've made it already," she accused him. "You've begun the training. If you hadn't decided to go, why would you be doing that?"

"To be ready," he answered patiently. "In case you said yes. Because you've got to say yes or I'm not going. But I've got to tell them, one way or the other, pretty soon."

He yawned, and stretched, and smiled at her a little uncertainly. "Maybe you'd like to sleep on it?" he said then, gently. "I don't want to rush you." His smile widened. "Remember, it would have been worse if I'd found myself a blonde."

"I won't sleep," she said. "Not for a long time."

Then they were silent a while. He sat relaxed, head back and eyes closed, his fingers tapping rhythmically on the arms of the chair. She took out her handkerchief and dried her eyes and sat staring at him, trying to imagine what the room would be like, evening after evening, all the evenings to come, without him sprawled there in his favorite chair. Knowing he would never be there again.

Life would go on though she never heard the sound of his step in the hall, his laughter when he lay on the

floor with the children tumbling over him, his whispered words of love in the darkness. Life would go on; but most of the sweetness and the joy would be gone from it, and but for the children she would not want to live at all.

The children would forget him, but she would be denied the mercy of forgetting. She would remember always, and the years remaining would be something to be lived through and endured rather than enjoyed.

"When?" she asked at last, idly. "When is it?"

"About two months from now," he said, not stirring. "That's if I go. If I don't go it'll have to be postponed."

"And if you don't go," she said, "how would you feel about yourself?"

"Ashamed," he said quietly. "As if I couldn't look my neighbor in the face."

"And me — how would you feel about me?"

"I don't know," he said, wearily. "I know it's because you don't want to lose me that you'd hate to see me go. But I don't know, I just don't know, if I could go on feeling the way I feel about you now."

She sighed. It had always been like this, she thought. Always the woman had had to follow, leading her children; and if she chose not to follow then the man would go on alone, leaving her desolate. Because there was something calling them, beckoning, and they had to go.

He stood up then and came to her and knelt and put his arms around her, and laid his head in her lap, like a small boy begging some favor of his mother; and with a sudden overwhelming rush of tenderness she bent, and brushed his hair with her lips.

"I want to go," he said. "Sal, I want to go."

"Yes," she said, softly. "Yes, of course. You've got to go."

Then they were still; and as she sat there, his head quiet in her lap, his arms around her, she was conscious of the first faint stirrings of pride. He was her man, and he had been chosen. He was the man for the job, the only man, and the job was important, so important, perhaps, it could affect the future of the race.

She knew that when the time came she would stand dry-eyed, watching the great metal shell, symbol of man's unbounded courage and ambition, waiting for the countdown to be complete, for the gush of flame and the earth-shaking roar. She knew that for the six days the capsule was in orbit she would show the world a face, serene and smiling.

She would care for her children, and play with them, and put them to bed and read to them; and when they slept she would be alone in the quiet house, waiting, each minute would be long, each hour seem like eternity. Six days. How could six days ever pass?

And as she sat there, so very still, her hands on his head, her pride in him grew until it filled her with a strange glow of warmth, because he, this man she loved, would be among the first to point the way to the stars.

And she knew, too, that the part chosen for her to play was harder far than his. Because he was going where he longed to go, career of all risk, while she could only stand and watch him go; and in her heart she prayed that when the moment came, and she saw the gush of flame and the awful thunder of the burning, the pride in her would overcome the fear.

(Copyright)



beautiful dark eyes became remote, opaque, and his fingers twitched. Would he try to kill me? Was he mad? These thoughts glided across my mind without really agitating me. I was all alive now, all awake, as I had not been since I had first met him. He was the interlude, and I was life. He was the artifacts and bibelots, the books and tapestries, and I was life. He was ill, sad, old, if you want, but I was life. I would take care of him (oh, yes, I would!) but it would have to be on my terms. I was dealing with a lunatic.

"Well, Mr. Jordan, as you can see, he did not kill me. He did not even try. Grant saw in my eyes that he was beaten, and from that moment he never spoke to me again of Stirling Castle. He accepted there and then the change in our relationship; there was something terrible about his silence and the finality of that acceptance. But what else could I have done?"

"For two years we lived virtually separated. Grant moved into his castle and completed it with his remaining funds. He gave me nothing, but Mama and Papa were very generous. I was able to build 'Stirling Lodge' in Mt. Kisco, a delightful French house designed for me by dear Billy Delano, totally unexotic, and to rent this apartment, in what was then the smartest new building in town.

"I settled down with my daughters to lead the life that I suppose the Stirling gods had all along intended us to lead. It was not a great life, but my girls certainly had a more normal upbringing than they would have had in their father's self-imposed exile.

"GRANT would undoubtedly have spent the rest of his days in Stirling Castle, selling off his collection piece by piece to support himself in increasingly shabby solitude and in desolately unpeopled rooms had he been allowed to do so. But fate had a different disposition for him. Stirling Castle burnt to the ground in the winter of 1911, and poor Grant had to come and live with me in this apartment, a broken man. He had his own room, even his own library, and I saw to it that he had his own car and driver.

"I supplied him with everything that a reasonable man could need. But he was not a reasonable man, and nothing made any difference. He had lost his taste for life, and he was not to recover it in the few years that remained to him.

"I had thought that I would have trouble with his extravagance, that there would be a constant arrival in the mail of bills from antique stores, but I was wrong. Grant never even entered such stores, much less made purchases there. He spent his mornings with his books, his afternoons walking in the park, his evenings at his club. Sometimes he turned up at one of my dinner parties but more often not, and he was precious little help when he did, for the whisky that he had consumed between five and eight playing bridge at the Knickerbocker made him a silent and rather ponderous companion for the later part of the evening.

"His manners with me were always perfect, if ceremonious, as they were with our girls, but I never felt that he was very much interested. The only human relationships that he still seemed to cherish were those with his sisters, who all considered that I was very hard on him. But did they come through with any money to continue his sacred collection? Oh, no, that was quite a different matter! That, presumably was up to me!

"And when Grant died, and I, after a perfectly proper interval, married poor Lazlo Pozzi, who had been the most devoted and respectful friend to both of us all during those difficult last years, you would have thought, from the attitude of the Stirlings, that we were dancing on Grant's coffin! Alas, both Grant and Lazlo lie now in the Stirling plot in Ardsley, where I will soon enough be joining them.

"Lazlo in the Stirling plot? You look surprised. You forget that I,

## STIRLING'S FOLLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

too, am a Stirling and can have my husbands buried there. Grant, indeed, of the two, is the husband who is most out of place. He had wanted, needless to say, to be buried on the site of his castle, and I would have gladly arranged it, but he had had to sell the island (for a song, Mr. Jordan!) to the State of Maine, which had made it a beach resort, zoned against cemeteries. Of course, I was blamed for that, too. Grant had to be buried with the other Stirlings. Perhaps after all it is the essence of his story."

As the Countess neared the end of her narrative her tone had grown increasingly bitter and, as

she finished now, staring into the declining fire, I thought I could make out a greenish tinge in her blue eyes. When she looked up at me, after a long interval, she was strangely antagonistic.

"And you, Mr. Jordan, what would you have done?" she demanded of me. "What would you have done in my place — a young, healthy woman with her life before her?"

"Oh, I'd have gone to live in Stirling Castle," I replied with a shrug. "I could imagine no better life than to be surrounded with beautiful things. But I'm not you, of course. Nor do I criticise."

"Ah, but you do!" the Coun-

less exclaimed harshly. "You're like all the rest of them. And it's so unfair!" But she paused here, with a visible effort to recover herself. "I don't really mean it's unfair of you, Mr. Jordan, because maybe you would be happy immured in a warehouse. After all, you spend your days at Hone's. But the other Stirlings, for all their criticism of me, were essentially like me. They lived the way I lived. That is the irony of this world: that the more unromantic people's lives are, the more romantic are their daydreams.

"So long as the Stirlings could have the present as grubby as they wanted it, they were pleased to insist that the past be glamorous. They would hack Mary Stuart's head right off her neck if she

To page 62

## RIVETS



## Modess *because* A new Blue Shield\* of protection

Today you have the choice of a New Modess...  
New "Blue Polythene Shield" Modess with an exclusive accident-proof barrier of Blue Polythene on three sides



Your choice of Modess Napkins includes Modess REGULAR (green pack), Modess SUPER (pink pack) for extra absorbency and VEE-FORM® by Modess, the slimmer, form-fitting style.



A moisture-proof shield of soft Polythene cradles the Napkin.



Accident-proof at the bottom. Accident-proof at the sides.



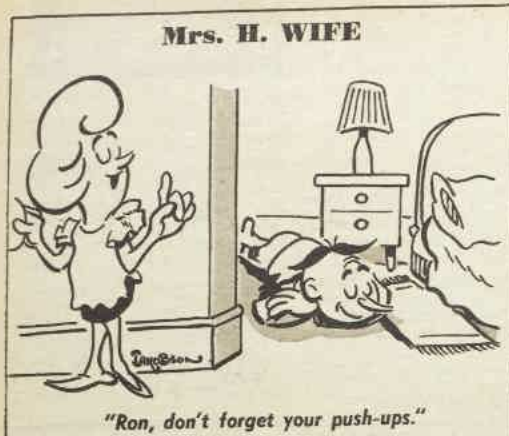
Wrapped in the softest Mastic™ cover, the Blue Polythene Shield gives you safe, sure protection.

Johnson & Johnson

Registered Trade Mark

Page 61





# WRITING

## Aptitude Tests

# FREE!

Today, there is a big demand for Radio Script Writers, Journalists, Story Writing.

Send for the elaborate Literature—Writing Ability Tests—it will lead to a wonderful opportunity to obtain an impartial and instructive analysis of your chance of success in Story-writing, Journalism, Radio Script. If these Tests reveal that you have the necessary ability to become a Writer, you will receive an invitation to take the Correspondence training of the A.S.J. The decision to accept or decline rests, of course, entirely with yourself. Whether you pass the Tests or not, you will find this genuinely frank, sympathetic and constructive criticism most helpful—a thing that money can't buy. A panel of professional writers give you scientifically prepared Tests and Expert Criticism. This is your once-in-a-lifetime chance to find out if you have real hidden aptitude. Quantity of tests is limited, so mail the coupon NOW!

**AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM**  
50 Hotham Street, Melbourne, C.2

Please send me your Writing Aptitude Tests, without cost and without obligation. I am over 16 years of age.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

W.W. AUG. '67

**The Ideal Gift!**  
A SUBSCRIPTION TO

**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

RATES	1 YEAR	1 YEAR
Australia	\$4.75	\$9.50
N. Guinea	\$5.45	\$11.30
N. Zealand	\$6.50	\$13.00
and Fiji		
Brit. Dom.	\$6.55	\$13.10
Foreign	\$7.85	\$15.70

**BABETTE HAYES \***

One of Australia's most vital and exciting interior decorators—see her attractive budget-style ideas in the

**AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL**

**Beautifying The Complexion**

The secret of smoothing and beautifying the complexion lies in the saturation of the skin with a nourishing type of moist tropical oil. The skin takes on a radiant, youthful bloom as dryness and tiny lines are gently smoothed away. Throughout the world this beautifying treatment with tropical oil of Ulan is used under make-up daily by skin care consultants to give the complexion day-long beauty and the natural glow of a healthy skin.

... Margaret Merril

came back to life today and hand Cleopatra a box of fresh asps, but so long as these ladies belong to history, they enjoy shedding sloppy tears over their fate. Look what you all do to Grant Stirling, now he's safely dead!"

"But, Countess," I protested, "I only claim he was a great collector."

"Which he was not!" she cried, clapping her hands together in even greater excitement. "And you wouldn't think so either, if Stirling Castle and all its evidence had not been destroyed! Sometimes I think Grant's function in history was to carry the extravaganzas of his era to its final absurdity. The fire that burnt his castle was a cleansing fire, Mr. Jordan. Make no mistake about that. For Grant's taste, even at its best, was basically a Stirling taste. His brothers liked Bouguereau; he liked Aubrey Beardsley. You can't build a life in that distinction. That was his real tragedy, if you must have a tragedy: he couldn't get away from them!"

**I** CONFESS that I sat up at this. Was the Countess right, and did I have to have a tragedy? I suddenly saw the pale face of the Whistler portrait of Grant darkening as the haunted eyes reassessed the endless rooms of the castle. I saw him wandering through the great, dusty edifice, uninhabited in its last years except for him and a faithful superintendent, staring with anguish at his treasures and seeing behind every beauty the hideous image of some fatuously grinning artifact in his sister's great stone horror in Lenox.

Like the noble prince of an ancient line who, holding a candelabra to a mirror, recognises the glint of family madness in his own haggard eyes, so might Grant have desperately wondered if his Canova Venus was not a sister of Giraud's "Dying Indian Chief," if his Toulouse-Lautrec horses were really so much finer than his father's Rosa Bonheur.

"Is it possible that your husband himself may have set fire to Stirling Castle?" I asked, with what later struck me as an appalling eagerness. "Wouldn't that have been his supreme act of despair?"

"It would have been a magnificent gesture, would it not?" The Countess' mocking tone had returned: her bitterness was suddenly gone. She smiled at me, a fly in her spangled net. "But, as my grandchildren would say: 'No such luck, Mr. Jordan.' For Grant never knew how deeply he had failed. A mercy for him, if a disappointment for you."

"No, it so happens that we know exactly how the fire started. The wind brought a small brush fire across from the mainland. At one point Grant's island is less than a mile from the coast. And far from wishing to destroy his collection, he very nearly perished trying to save it. He was going back to the burning tower for his Sung vases when the faithful superintendent stopped him and dragged him to safety. So you see, Mr. Jordan, you dream in vain. Go back to Hone's, to your pots and pans, and leave reality to those who can cope with it!"

At last she had angered me, and I rose, indignant, to my feet. The flash in her eye bespoke her pleasure of having struck home. But who, in the devil's name, did she think she was to be so superior? Was it her money or her age or the legend of her beauty? What did I care for any of those things?

# STIRLING'S FOLLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

"Has it never occurred to you, Countess," I demanded hotly, "that you were a romantic yourself?"

"But my dear young man, I was and am! The most incorrigible of them all!"

"No, you were. And you blamed your husband for killing romance in you." I drew myself up like a district attorney in a movie. "I suggest, Countess, that you never forgive Mr. Stirling for putting an end to your honeymoon. I suggest that you resent his taking you back to the world you had married him to get away from. The world for which you secretly pined!"

The Countess seemed not in the least bit quelled or irritated by these impertinent speculations. On the contrary, she nodded her head approvingly. "Next time you come we might reconsider the whole story from that point of view."

It was my dismissal, but, after all, it was I who had risen first. In my excitement I had forgotten that our meeting had already gone on long enough to be sufficiently fatiguing for a woman of her years.

"Next time?" I queried. "You mean you would be willing to see me again after what I've just suggested?"

"My dear young man, you must think me very thin-skinned indeed. What you've just suggested is the mildest tap on the hand compared to the lurid libels in which my nearest and dearest indulge!"

I somehow stammered out my adieu and was standing alone in the front hall, happy that the butler had not been alerted and that I could fumble my way into my hat and coat alone, when I heard my name pronounced in a hiss and turned to see a plump, elderly woman with a square red face and small porcine eyes and elaborately waved, somehow pointlessly dyed blonde hair standing in a doorway that opened into a long corridor.

"I am Miss Stirling," she continued in a rasping tone, moving toward me now to take my hand. "Miss Edith Stirling. I know you found that letter of Ma's and came to see her about it. I know what she's told you. Don't think you've been the first. But I thought you'd like to step back to my study. I have a few things of Pa's that might amuse you. Oh, not to sell, don't worry. I'm the magpie of the family."

"Do you collect, Miss Stirling?" I asked as I followed her down the corridor. After what I had been through, I reflected, the daughter could hardly be worse than the mother. Miss Stirling was strange in manner, but she seemed good-natured. It was no doubt the classic case of the plain old maid daughter trapped for life by the beautiful parent who is perfectly willing to ignore her bad temper so long as she makes herself useful.

"I don't collect. I haven't the means. But I keep. Things of Pa's, anyway. And I keep them all here, together, in a room that Ma never goes into!"

In another moment, frozen in the doorway by my own stupefaction, I saw what Miss Stirling meant. The room was simply a shrine to her father! Its walls were covered from floor to ceiling with paintings, drawings, framed manuscripts, and illuminated scrolls; its interior was cluttered with cabinets, standing back to back, filled with bibelots, figurines, coins, weapons, heaven knows what else.

I made out frantically in the dim light an Ingres, a Constable, possibly a Cellini. It was suddenly all too much for me. I followed Miss Stirling dazedly to a corner, the only living part of the room, where I vaguely recall that there were two pink Louis XVI bergeres and a buhl table. My hostess was already shaking a cocktail in a mixer that must have been standing on the table. I reached out my hand gratefully for what turned out to be a warm martini, half vermouth. But at that point I could drink anything.

"And all this escaped the fire?" I murmured, staring about me.

"All this was simply what he had in one storage house," she explained impressively. "All this was my poor share. There's even some questions if 'all this' would have qualified for the castle's standards. Does that, Mr. Jordan, give you some inkling of what a treasure house was lost to the world in 1911?"

"It does, indeed, Miss Stirling. But then I did not need to be convinced of that. Perhaps you do not realise—there's no reason you should—that I came here in the first place as an admirer of your father."

"And you still are?" Her small black eyes held me now with a police-like glitter.

"Why should I have ceased to be?"

"You mean, you haven't been brainwashed?"

"Your mother has been most kind, Miss Stirling. She said, 'Come now, Mr. Jordan! my stern interlocutor enjoyed me. I am not a babe in arms. I know what my mother tells people about Stirling Castle. Did you think you were the first?'"

I murmured something about the Countess having given me to understand that nobody had ever asked her for the real story.

"And you believed her!" Miss Stirling exclaimed contemptuously. "How like a man! You're all putty in her hands. Even at eighty she can bamboozle you. Why, she tells that story to every Tom, Dick, and Harry she can induce into her living-room, the old spider!"

"My name happens to be Roger," I said with what dignity I could still muster. "and I think it's high time I took my leave."

"You don't want to hear the real story of Stirling Castle?"

"Perhaps another day, if you would be so kind as to give me a rain check."

"A rain check!" Miss Stirling cried. "I talk about truth, and you talk about rain checks! No, indeed, Mr. Jordan, if you want to know what happened, you can learn it now or never. I know from bitter experience that a victim of Mother's poison must be given the antidote immediately. Otherwise he becomes impenetrable, even the toughest fact!"

To page 64

worried about grey hairs?

then lather them away quickly, easily...with

**L'OREAL OF PARIS Color-Match**

SEMI-PERMANENT HAIR COLOURING

'COLOR-MATCH' is not a tint or dye. It is a wonderful semi-permanent colouring which cleverly blends in any grey hairs without changing your own natural colour. 'COLOR-MATCH' is safe and simple to use. No mixing. Contains no peroxide. Just lather it in and the colour lasts for weeks. Look younger, prettier with 'COLOR-MATCH'. Your choice of 6 natural shades.

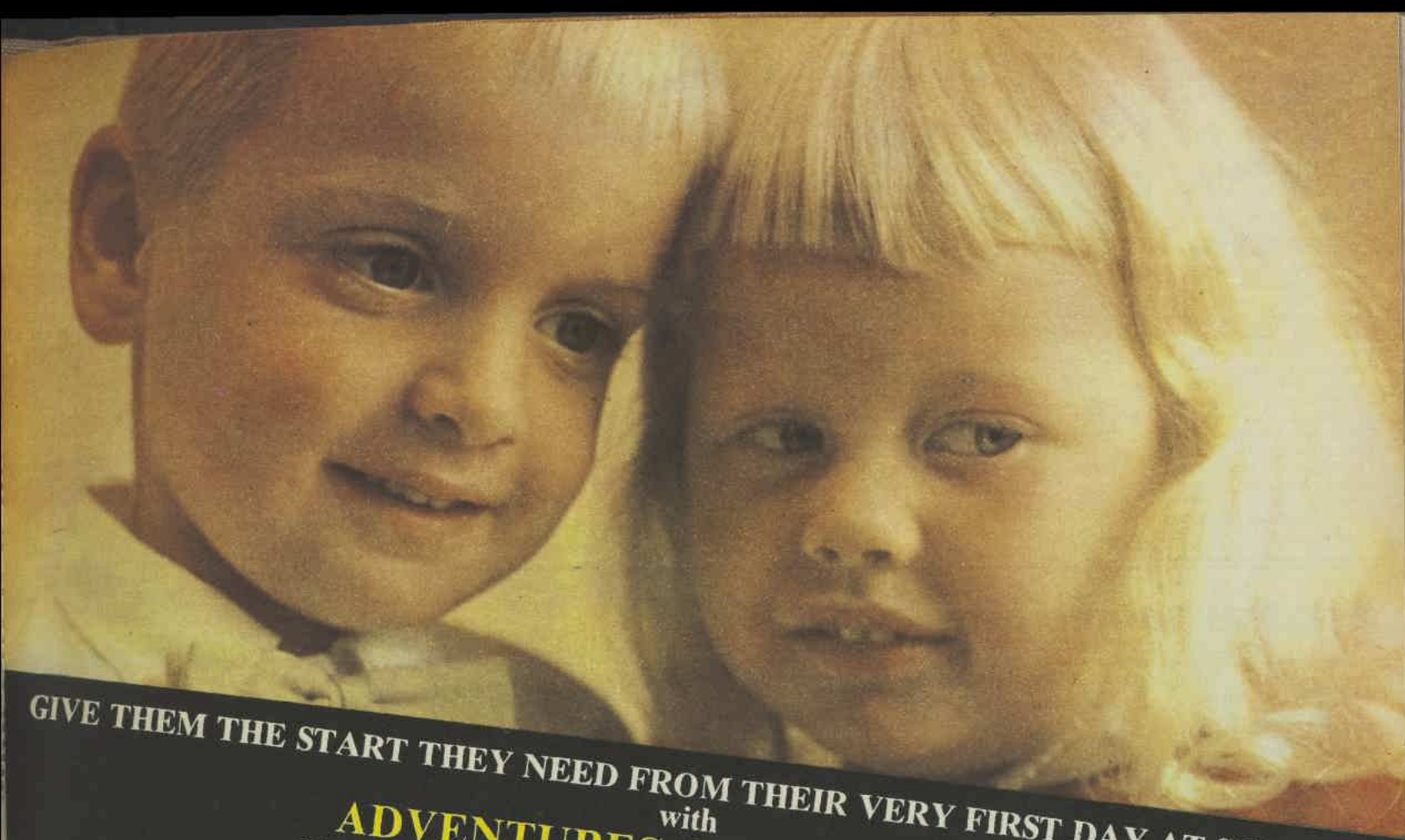
Available at chemists everywhere and selected department stores.

**95°**

L'OREAL OF PARIS PRODUCTS ARE MADE IN AUSTRALIA FOR NICHOLAS MARKET PTY LTD.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 16, 1967





GIVE THEM THE START THEY NEED FROM THEIR VERY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL!

with  
**ADVENTURES IN LEARNING**  
FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF GOLDEN BOOKS

SO MUCH TO LEARN . . . SO MANY PUZZLEMENTS TO MASTER EVEN BEFORE THEY START SCHOOL . . . EVEN BEFORE LIFE REALLY BECOMES COMPETITIVE. HELP THEM OVERCOME THE PROBLEMS OF PRE-SCHOOL LIFE WITH "ADVENTURES IN LEARNING"—THE FIRST-EVER CAREFULLY-PLANNED, STAGE-BY-STAGE PROGRAMME OF PRE-SCHOOL LEARNING.

As parents, let's ask ourselves a very honest question—Are we really properly equipped . . . more important, do we have the time . . . to give our pre-school toddlers the help they need to overcome the many seemingly momentous problems which revolve in the big, big world around them? This is the most important knowledge children ever absorb . . . which shapes their lives and personalities irrevocably. And we haven't the time to give it to them!

**FIRST IN AUSTRALIA**

This is the atmosphere in which "Adventures in Learning" was developed. Designed to give parents a stage-by-stage programme of active in-the-home learning (all the way from graphic help in tying shoe laces to the wonders of Nature), it will make your children's early schooling so much easier . . . make their progress in school so much smoother.

**PLAY CHARTS . . . TEACHING MACHINE**

"Adventures in Learning" contains all the elements your youngsters need for a solid foundation . . .

16 colourful, programmed books deal with every important subject . . . delightful play charts teach every-day skills. The "Learnatron" teaching machine is the first of its kind in the world.

Too often parents are unaware until it is too late how much a child can benefit from increased pre-school teaching in the home. Too often children miss out on the opportunities they deserve. Don't let this be the case in your home!

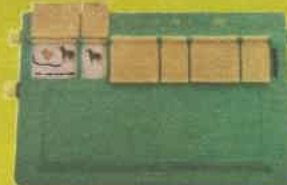
**YOU CAN BENEFIT FROM THIS UNIQUE PROGRAMME! SEND THE COUPON TODAY FOR FREE AND OBLIGATION-FREE DETAILS WHICH WILL GIVE YOUR CHILDREN THE VITAL PRE-SCHOOL TEACHING WHICH HELPS THEM TO ADJUST AND COMPETE IN THEIR VITAL, EARLY SCHOOL DAYS.**



1. 16 volumes of "how-to-do-it" play books . . . colourful, fascinating, yet scientifically guided to programme your children's learning gradually, carefully.



2. At left: One of the "Learnatron" play charts to give your children hours of pleasure and pre-school learning in vital activities which normally take months to master.



3. The unique "Learnatron" teaching machine—first of its kind in the world—is the most fascinating way to help your children master many of life's bewildering questions.

**FOR FULL OBLIGATION-FREE INFORMATION, MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO:**

**SPECIAL OFFER**

Please send me full obligation-free details of Adventures in Learning.

Mail this coupon today and you will receive free one of the famous Golden Books.

**EXCLUSIVELY DISTRIBUTED IN AUSTRALIA BY THE NATIONAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION INC. PTY. LTD. THE ORGANISATION WITH THE BEST REFERENCE**

NATIONAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION INC. PTY. LTD.,  
10 Dowling Street, Potts Point, N.S.W.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(New Zealand enquiries: Gordon & Gotch, Box 584, C.P.O., Auckland.)

W.W. 673



## Beauty Cleanse for Oily Skins

Skins which carry too much oil can now be cleared to normal radiant loveliness with a wonder-acting pink milk. This Entration milk absorbs excess skin greasiness and, on contact with water, drains it from the complexion in seconds. It refines enlarged pores, cleanses oily patches, and corrects greasy skin conditions that lead to blemishes, blackheads, and keratinisation. To give your complexion a peaches-and-cream softness, ask your chemist for a supply of deep-cleansing Entration milk.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 620 — CAFTAN

Smart caftan is available cut out to make in white, turquoise, grey, or black silk-finish corduroy. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$5.65; 36 and 38in. bust, \$5.85. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.



620

### No. 621 — BABY'S PILLOWCASE

Baby's pillowcase is available traced ready to sew and embroider on white, pale lilac, or blue organdie. Price is 65 cents, plus 5 cents postage and dispatch.

### No. 622 — GIRL'S SLIP

Girl's slip with lace trim and eyelet edging supplied is available cut out to make in white poplin. Sizes 23 and 25in. length, \$2.45; 27 and 29in. length, \$2.65. Postage and dispatch 10 cents extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O. Sydney, 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



621



622

## Special people brush with



## the special toothbrush



Only Tek has  
**ANTI-GERM**  
built-in germ  
fighting action

Johnson & Johnson

## STIRLING'S FOLLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

Having decided, under the impact of this, to give in, I knew that it would be foolish not to do so handsomely. "Miss Stirling," I said, handing her my glass, "give me another of those delicious cocktails, and I will be honored to hear your story."

**S**HE eyed me closely. "Was it really mixed right?"

"It was perfect."

"Thank you." She settled herself in the bergère as well as anyone so supremely un-Gallic could and, to be cruel, unfeminine, finished her cocktail at a gulp and replenished her glass with the remnants in the shaker. "It always upsets me to go through this," she explained, "and I need fortification." Then she began.

"Mother could never understand Father's feeling about his family. It was because she has never understood loyalty. To do her justice, she has always been able to stand alone, on her own two feet. But Father, like so many people, was tribal. He needed to feel that he had parents and siblings who were with him, right or wrong. And he had them. Grandmother Stirling was all good and all loving, and her baby, Grant, her last-born, her Benjamin, cared more, in collecting, for the most banal of her appreciations than he did for all the rhapsodies of Mr. Berenson.

"To this day I picture poor Grandma in black, expensively dowdy, terrified that she is going to say the wrong thing about a Houdon bust, and Father, anticipating her worry, miserable to have her miserable, rattling on about it so that she will not have to say a thing. And the three older sisters, all married to pleasant, faithful, unimaginative husbands, must have naturally turned to their collector brother for any initiation into the world of beauty. Even the two older brothers, less aesthetic even than the sisters, regarded Grant tolerantly as the 'genius' of the family.

"A fortune can disunite a family, but if it is vast enough it tends to pull them together. The Stirlings, staggered by the inheritance that had inundated them, held out hands to each other. Their faith and pleasure in their own company had some of the quaint and touching innocence of a royal family. They sat in neighboring pews at St. Bartholomew's, and joined lustily in singing the hymns.

"Of course, today people would say that Grant, as the youngest, was smothered in this prolonged domesticity, that he grew up wrapped round and round in the maternal apron strings, that he was overprotected from the male world of competition — and from the male's world of women.

"But he also grew up into a gentle and charming man whose principal wish was to return some of the love so showered upon him and to leave this planet a slightly more beautiful place than he had found it.

"Oh, I admit he had no great love affairs that we know of. In those days one didn't have to. His name was occasionally linked with that of an older woman, usually some famous beauty or former beauty, but for the most part he was considered a bachelor by choice and emotionally self-sufficient. People did not indulge in the disgusting speculations about bachelors and old maids that

are the rule today. 'Grant Stirling?' they would say if asked. 'Oh, he's in love with his art collection!' And so he was, until he fell in love with Mother, at the age of forty-four.

"It was one of those total, overwhelming experiences from which a man never fully recovers. Father's interior guards must have been sleeping, or at least they did not suspect Eros in the bosom of the family. When he realised that he had inspired love in the heart of a beautiful nineteen-year-old cousin, an heiress herself, who thus could not be altered by his money, an enchantress whose hand was being sought by all the most eligible young bucks in New York, he responded first with incredulity, then with gratitude, and at last with the most violent of passions.

"Arietta Morse in a week's time became the whole world to this confirmed and middle-aged celibate. Call me a romantic, Mr. Jordan, but people could still be that way sixty years ago!

"And she? Did she love him? Yes, at first. Mother has always started everything she ever started with absolute sincerity. She is a woman of strong passions, if not durable ones. Her type has ruined many a stronger man than Father.

For despite a genius for adapting herself to the status quo, despite having been born the squarest peg in the squarest of holes, the most normal, gregarious of creatures, a lover of men, of clothes, of parties, she nonetheless had, with the fatal perversity of her generation of American women, to conceive of herself as a soul apart, a poetess, a priestess of culture, a being hardly made of clay at all. Dear heaven! It was as if a Roman matron had conceived of herself as a Christian slave and pined for the arena.

"It might have been funny, Mr. Jordan, if Mother's type had been more easily spotable by her contemporaries, or if she and her ilk had been willing to shed their disguise after a brief romp. But that was just the trouble. They clung to their silly roles! Mother was perfectly willing to devote years, passionate, dedicated years, to her pose and then toss it aside, give it, so to speak, to her maid, like an old dress.

"Oh, she started well enough. Brides usually do. I'm told. That's what people mean when they say: 'The honeymoon's over!' The couple come back to reality. But if Mother had had her way, the honeymoon would have never been over. At least, she would have never come home. After a year of wandering, Father began to realise that he would have to take steps if they were to take up normal life again. He could not bear to disappoint his young bride, and I am sure that he had promised to take her as far as she wanted — for as long as she wanted — to the moon, if necessary.

"What man in love would not? But naturally he had not expected to be taken so literally. He could hardly abandon his old mother who had so little time left to live, his brothers and sisters, his friends, his art collection. Mother might have become the world to him, but a man still has duties.

"She did not see this. She reminded him of all his promises, and what could he say? I do believe that had she not become pregnant (with me, Mr. Jordan!) she might have

To page 66



After failing time and again in her driving tests, Vicky jubilantly sensed what was wrong

# TRY AGAIN

By IRMA SCHMIDT



WHEN Vicky Rossi failed her first driver's test, Albert, her fiance, stared at her in disbelief.

"But, Vicky, how could you possibly fail after all my careful instruction? What went wrong?"

"I really don't know, Albert," Vicky said slowly. "I guess I just became too nervous."

"That's ridiculous," Albert looked at her searchingly.

"Why should you be nervous when I have taught you to drive so well? You realise, of course, that your failure to get your licence has postponed our marriage."

"Couldn't I get my driver's licence after we are married?" Vicky asked hopefully.

"You know very well that I need a wife who can help me with the deliveries I must make in my business," Albert said. "I've explained all that."

"I'm sorry, Albert."

"Never mind, I'll give you some more pointers and you will pass the next time," Albert stated.

Vicky nodded absently as she twisted an imaginary diamond on the ring finger of her left hand. Albert had thought an engagement ring impractical. The money could be put into the business. Vicky understood his reasoning, but sometimes she wished he were more romantically inclined.

During the next few weeks, whenever she practised driving with Albert, Vicky had no trouble. His patient instructions could have been followed by a ten-year-old. Yet the thought of the next test terrified her.

On the day of the test Albert shook hands with her solemnly. "Good luck," he said. "Don't fail me this time."

"I'll try," Vicky said. She handed her card to the waiting officer.

"You're not the officer who tested me last time," she said, appraising the rugged, friendly redhead who reached for her card.

"No," the officer laughed. "We keep shifting around. Guess you're stuck with me today."

But the minute she got behind the wheel she began to feel a growing tension. What was wrong with her? She had promised Albert she wouldn't fail. For a few blocks everything went smoothly. She gave all the right signals and obeyed the young officer's commands. But all of a sudden she remembered Albert's warning. If she didn't pass they couldn't be married. She went through a red light!

"Hey, Miss Rossi, that was a red light back there."

The officer's voice sounded shocked.

"Oh," Vicky wailed, "how could I have missed it?"

"I don't know," the officer said, his hazel brown eyes regarding her seriously now.

Vicky drove on in silence while confused thoughts chased through her mind. Albert would really be angry with her this time, and she guessed he'd have a perfect right to be. After all, it was true that their marriage called for her ability to drive a car. It would be just for a while, Albert had said. Just until he was established and could hire someone else. Vicky wondered how long that would take. What if she became a permanent errand girl for Albert? She shook off the unworthy thought.

When she parked the car at the testing station the officer turned to her.

"I can't imagine why you didn't see that the light was red," he smiled at her gently.

"I can't, either," Vicky said, but as she returned the

officer's smile she felt, oddly, that it didn't really matter.

"The rest of your test was fine," the officer said, "but, of course, I really couldn't —"

"Of course," Vicky smiled. Somehow it didn't seem as though they were talking about the test at all.

Vicky was still smiling when she approached Albert. "You've passed," he said.

"Oh, no, Albert. I've failed again," Vicky cringed from the look in Albert's eyes as she explained what had happened.

"What ever is the matter with you? You're an intelligent girl. How could you do such a foolish thing as go through a red light?" Albert scowled at her. Vicky remained silent. What could she tell him? She couldn't explain it to herself. After thinking about it for days she decided that she wasn't being fair to her fiance.

"I've been thinking, Albert," Vicky chose her words carefully. "Maybe you should get another girl — someone who already knows how to drive. After all, your business —"

"What nonsense is this?" Albert stared at her, then began to laugh in his high, thin tenor. He pulled her to him. "You're upset, dear. Stop worrying. You'll pass next time for sure. Anyhow, I'm the man you love, remember?"

"Albert, do you love me?" Vicky asked.

"You are upset," Albert placed a gentle kiss on her brow. "Of course I love you."

The day of the third test Vicky listened to Albert's instructions, then went quietly toward the waiting officer. With joy she noted that it was the redhead of the previous test.

"Oh, Officer —" she began.

"Officer Flaherty, Miss Rossi. Generally called Mike." He grinned at her. The sun seemed suddenly brighter.

In the car Vicky fumbled with the seat-belt. "You'll make it today," Mike said reassuringly.

"I — I — don't know."

"Tell you what. I'll buy you a steak dinner if you pass today." Mike's infectious grin gave her new confidence.

"You're on," she agreed.

She drove smoothly, expertly, through traffic, around obstacles. She realised suddenly that she wasn't going to fail today. That meant she and Albert would be getting married. She panicked. Then she made a split-second decision. At the next corner, when Mike told her to make a right turn and give a hand signal, she held her arm out rigid. Twice after that she made deliberate errors and heard Mike sigh deeply.

When she had parked the car she turned to him. "Guess I just blew the steak dinner?" she questioned.

"Technically I'd have to admit that you did," Mike said, his eyes searching hers, "but I think we could let you have the dinner in advance — sort of against the time when you do pass."

"Do you really think so, Officer Flaherty?"

"Call me Mike," Mike said. "Oh, and I think that if you let me give you some lessons you'll do better next time. That is," he smiled, "if your fiance doesn't mind."

So he had guessed. Vicky laughed gaily.

"Who, Albert? He won't mind. All he needs is someone with a driver's licence." Vicky looked into the mischievous hazel eyes and added the final touch. "He doesn't know it yet, but Albert failed his test today, too."

(Copyright)

## Linen suit is the early word

Best of all, it's Dominex. It's long, it's lean, it's linen. A three-piece outfit. Here a slack suit. Here and there, with a skirt.

dominex



## THE ROLLER is the most important part of your blind ... make certain they are fitted with...



'Eclipse' self-acting spring rollers give dependable lifetime service because they are made of first quality close-grained timber with springs of the finest tempered Swedish spring steel.

BEFORE YOU BUY YOUR BLINDS ... LOOK FOR THE 'ECLIPSE' TRADE-MARK STAMPED HERE.

For complete satisfaction, insist that you get the world's most famous rollers. 'Eclipse' — Sweden's best!



## OUR IRON-ON TRANSFER

DUTCH motifs in red and blue, with pretty border motifs, make ideal designs to brighten up kitchen towels and breakfast placemats. They are from Iron-On Transfer No. 202. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15c plus 4c extra for cost of postage.



prevailed. But I gave poor Father the excuse that he desperately needed to come home. And once home he found ways to stay. Indeed, if it won't shock you, I will suggest that keeping her pregnant — which he did for four years — was the principal way. We girls may owe our existence to Father's filial devotion. An expanding nursery was the price he paid to see Grandma Stirling!

"Mother behaved bitchily; there is no other word for it. The only excuse I can make for her is that she may have suspected how quickly she would succumb to the temptation of becoming a society queen and may — even subconsciously — have sought to avoid it. She may have dimly conceived of herself as putting up a final fight before the image of being Mrs. Astor was substituted

for the image of being Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"Unhappily for Father, that fight took the form of being hateful to the Stirlings. She refused to see Grandma at all, on the trumped-up charge that she was turning Father against her, and she made herself poison to her sisters-in-law by flirting outrageously with their husbands. There is even a legend that Uncle Eben Potts wanted to run off with her. Father, however, never reproached her, even when her rudeness embroiled him with his relatives.

"He always felt that he could never, in a lifetime of devotion, make up for what he deemed her

to have sacrificed in not marrying a young buck her own age. What foolishness, Mr. Jordan! As if he had not brought Mother a million times what she brought him — in love, in sympathy, in kindness, in inspiration!

"And that is how Stirling Castle came into being. Father conceived it as a substitute for the romantic, wandering life his bride had dreamed of, for his age, for his relatives, perhaps for his very gentleness. He would gather together all the beauty of the ancient and modern worlds so that his Arietta would not regret living in the arid climate of America. The great court would be worthy of Ashurnasirpal, the gardens of Babylon, the throne room of the Forbidden City, the cloister of Mont Saint-Michel. And do you know where the heart of his tragedy lay, Mr. Jordan?"

## MISS STIRLING'S

eyes, very small now under her contracted lids, small and suspicious and more pig-like than ever, burrowed into me.

"That he failed," I suggested hesitantly. "That his aim too far exceeded his grasp. That what he tried to create was an impossibility."

"No," she cried, terribly agitated now, "that he succeeded! That is what people don't know. Because it's all gone. Very few ever saw Stirling Castle just before its destruction, just before its completion. There were hardly any servants in it, so Father did not entertain. But his sister Adelaide did. She told me that the difference, even in the final few months, was staggering. That it was simply the most beautiful house in the world!"

"Were there photographs taken?" I asked eagerly. "I mean just before the end? In all that perfection?"

"There were. But they perished, too, in the fire." Miss Stirling shook her head grimly. "And there was another visitor, too. Besides Aunt Adelaide. You can guess who it was. And she saw it all, Mr. Jordan! She saw it once how he had succeeded. She saw, in fine, that he had made good his promise, that he had created the beautiful home where they could lead the beautiful life that they had dreamed of.

"And how could she go back now to the giddy social existence that she had come to love, leaving all that beauty boarded up, rejected, to reproach her? Oh, sure, a rational woman could have, but since when had Mother been rational? So she did the only thing —"

"Oh, Miss Stirling, no!" I interrupted, jumping to my feet.

"Oh, Mr. Jordan, yes!" she cried, jumping up, too. "It was a simple matter. Only the superintendent and his wife, besides Father, lived in the castle, and they were in her pay. She explained to them that his collection was a dangerous obsession, that he might be cured without it. She offered them — heaven knows what — a fabulous reward. So they did the devilish deed, and the devil even became heroes by rescuing Father from the burning tower!"

"Miss Stirling! How do you know?"

"Oh, I know. I have my ways of knowing. Nobody believes me, and they never will, either, until this room, too, goes up in smoke. But there won't be anyone to rescue me, Mr. Jordan! I will succeed there where Father failed!"

When I finally escaped from that terrible apartment, I walked all the way down Fifth Avenue to my apartment in Washington Square. I took deep breaths of the cold winter air and occasionally tried to solace myself by whistling a tune or reciting a poem. But nothing could stop the shivers up and down my arms and back, and when, at Forty-second Street, I heard the shriek of a fire engine, it was all that I could do not to burst into a run.

Copyright (c) 1967 by Louis Auchincloss.

# Make your dog a Lucky Dog ...

Richer, better than meat...half the cost!

## Lucky Dog DINNER

— fed by more veterinarians and breeders than any other dog food



**RICHER THAN MEAT** 1 lb. of Lucky Dog Dinner provides greater food value, more essential vitamins and minerals than 2 lb. of meat, and in the correct quantities that dogs require.

**HALF THE COST** If your dog meat, at 20c per pound, is costing you \$1 a week, feeding Lucky Dog Dinner costs you only 50c a week.

**DOGS LOVE IT** Lucky Dog Dinner is made from top-quality meat, fish, liver, milk, eggs, yeast and wheat germ, plus added vitamins and minerals.

**EASIER FOR YOU** Lucky Dog Dinner is always ready to eat, stays fresh always. No refrigeration or cutting-up is required. Just pour from the packet.

Also in economy 4 lb., 25 lb. and 50 lb. packs



Send for free samples and information on Lucky Dog Dinner to I.G.Y. Veterinary Products, 25 Smith Street, Chatswood, N.S.W.

# Feasts for Lucky Cats ...

Cats and kittens simply go mad about Lucky Cat pure fish!

Lucky Cat fish is more nourishing than meat in protein, Vitamin A and Vitamin E.

**SAVE!**

Lucky Cat Tuna and Lucky Cat Anchovies are more economical and convenient than meat. After opening you can leave unused portion in can and store in refrigerator.

AT GROCERY, PET AND PRODUCE STORES EVERYWHERE!



In 14 oz. & 6 oz. cans



I.G.Y.

I.G.Y. VETERINARY PRODUCTS, 25 SMITH STREET, CHATSWOOD, N.S.W.

BRISBANE 91-5178 MELBOURNE 91-9666 HOBART 34-3509 ADELAIDE 51-2983 PERTH 28-2616



# BUTTERICK PATTERNS



4181. — Easy-to-make A-line skirt, darted into waistband. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. waist. Price 50 cents includes postage.



4181



3546. — Sporty bolero and bell-bottom pants, contrast banding, shoe-string lacing and trim. These are part of a beachwear co-ordinate wardrobe including a two-piece bathing suit, shorts and overblouse, long dress with side slits, and short sleeveless dress. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

3546



4270. — Young Jean Muir design, semi-fitted, A-line with princess seaming, oval neckline, and wide elbow-length sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

4270



3598

3598. — Semi-fitted, slightly A-line dress with shallow neckline. Pattern also includes sleeveless version with narrow self collar. Sizes: Young Jun., 30½, 31½, 33in. bust. Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 50 cents inc. postage.

4248. — Girl's full A-line dress with short bell sleeves or 1-length caftan sleeves as shown. Contrast banding. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50 cents includes postage.

4248

3599

3599. — Sleeveless, back-buttoned, high-yoked smock dress with top-stitch trim. Three-quarter-length sleeves also in pattern. Sizes: Young Jun., 30½, 31½, 33in. bust. Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 50 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.  
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

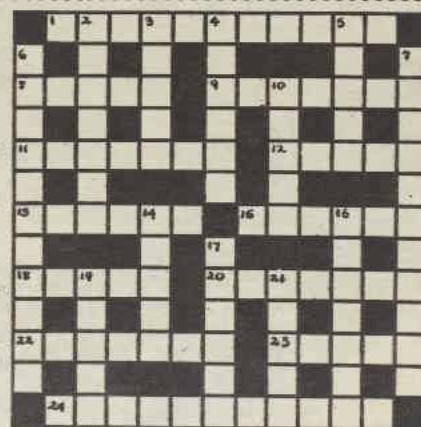
MANDRAKE, relaxing at luxurious Xanadu after having helped capture Dr. Zed, is telling friends about Lothar's athletic prowess and almost super-human feats of strength. NOW READ ON:



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. This is one way of voting (4, 2, 5).
8. So is a fertile spot in a desert (5).
9. Ox on a broken limb for collecting letters (7).
11. Red sows (anagr.; 7).
12. Young cod to be found in the middle of land or sea (5).
13. Causing strain (6).
15. Capital of Taiwan (6).
18. Change later (5).
20. Formation of troops in parallel divisions, each with its front clear of that in advance (7).
22. One of certain type of pigmy black human being (7).
23. Heart when coming early in the year (5).
24. Mother's apes (anagr.; 11).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

2. Systematic account of a shy riot (7).
3. Small brooms (5).
4. Starve while hiding a French friend (6).
5. Exclude bread (5).
6. Lines of carriages on railway, but not for bad people (5, 6).
7. Can be of any color, but not green (11).
10. Peninsula subcontinent, S. Asia (5).
14. A Finn, who was a world-famous runner (5).
16. Where painters mix their colors (7).
17. Indemnify about a blow (6).
19. Not leaky, but could be drunk (5).
21. She or a solid-hoofed quadruped (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.



# Say NO to cheap teas

## Buy Bushells

Flavor is more important than price  
and Bushells Tea sells so fast...you know it's always fresher



**Special Announcement**

Now Available —  
Bushells "SUPREME" Tea.

A higher-priced blend for that small  
but important group of dedicated tea  
drinkers who appreciate a really  
distinctive cup of tea.

Page 68

(plus 16-page liftout)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY